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OF THE
HOLY ROSARY.

Under the Direction of the Dominican Fathers.

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Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, Pray for us.

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CORRECTION.

In the "Cantic to the Holy Ghost," pp. 302 and 303, a line has unfortunately been omitted in verse 6. The whole verse should run thus:—

Spirit of Holy Fear! oh, I would be
Plunged in Thy very depths, all steeped in Thee;
That sin may never more find place in me;
That imperfection may grow less in me;
That thought of self may pass away from me:
That God's eternal light may rest in me;
That I may live in Thee, and Thou in me.

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AUGUST.

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THE FRUIT OF PRAYER AND MEDITATION.

BY THE VENERABLE LEWIS OF GRANADA.

EVERYONE knows that one of the greatest obstacles that man has to overcome in order to arrive at true happiness is the evil inclination of his own heart and the difficulty which he feels in doing good. For, if this obstacle be taken away, he at once begins to run in the way of virtue, until at length he reaches the end for which he has been created. "I am delighted with the law of God," says the Apostle, "according to the inward man; but I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin" (Rom. vii. 22, 23). And in truth it is this law which is the most general cause of all our sins.

Now, in order to overcome this obstacle and to bring about more easily our salvation, one of the most excellent means is devotion, which is nothing else (as St. Thomas says) than that promptitude and readiness of the soul which causes us to undertake joyfully and without delay everything that is in itself good. Devotion is a spiritual banquet, a dew from heaven, a movement from the Holy Ghost, a supernatural affection, which fills the heart of man with joy, strengthens it, changes it, gives it a taste for spiritual things, and makes it eager to do them, while, at the same time, it gives the soul a distaste for earthly things, and a horror of them. For it is for the most part after deep and fervent prayer that pious people renew their good resolutions, that they make up their minds to do good, that they stir themselves up to love the good and sweet Lord who has made Himself known to them, to bear fresh sufferings and new labours for His sake, and to shed their blood, if needs be, for the love of Him. In short, it is in time of prayer that their soul (so to speak) grows fresh and green, and renews its youth and life.

If you ask me by what means this living and noble sentiment of devotion may be stirred up in us, I will answer you,

with St. Thomas, that it is by the meditation and contemplation of the things of God; for the proper effect of this meditation and contemplation is to produce that feeling and affection of the will which we call devotion, and which inclines us to goodness. And therefore the saints have ever praised this exercise of meditation and contemplation, and recommended it to all the faithful; and certainly they had reason to do so, since it is so effectual a means of leading us to devotion, which is not only a virtue, but, as it were, a spur which rouses us and makes us fit to acquire all the virtues.

If you wish to be still more convinced of this, listen to St. Bonaventure:—"Do you wish," says he, "to suffer with patience the adversities and miseries of this life? Be a man of prayer. Do you wish to gain the strength and the virtue that are necessary in order to vanquish the temptations of the enemy? Be a man of prayer. Do you wish to mortify your self-will, with its affections and desires? Be a man of prayer. Do you wish to know the cunning arts of Satan and to escape his snares? Be a man of prayer. Do you wish to live in joy, and to walk securely in the paths of mortification and penance? Be a man of prayer. Do you wish to drive far from your soul the importunate flies of vain thoughts and vain cares? Be a man of prayer. Do you wish to keep devotion in your soul, and to occupy your mind only with holy thoughts and desires? Be a man of prayer. Do you wish to fortify your heart, and to fix it firmly in the road which leads to God? Be a man of prayer. And do you wish to root out all vices from your heart, and to plant firmly in it all virtues? Be a man of prayer.

"It is by prayer that you will receive the unction and grace of the Holy Ghost who teaches all things. Therefore, the moment you feel within you the desire of raising yourself to a high contemplation and of enjoying the sweet embraces of the Spouse, apply yourself to prayer, for with it you will succeed in satisfying your desire, and you will have a taste for the things of heaven.

"Thus you see what is the power and efficacy of prayer. But if you want other proofs, you may have, besides, the testimony of Holy Scripture, and it will be enough to remind you of what we have often heard said, have seen ourselves, and still see every day, namely, that a great number of simple people have arrived, by means of prayer, to all the ends which we have enumerated above, and to even greater still."

By these words of St. Bonaventure you may easily judge of the treasures and remedies that prayer contains.

Listen to another holy doctor speaking on the same subject. "In prayer," he says, "the soul is cleansed of its sins, its charity is satiated, its faith is enlightened, its hope is established, the mind is filled with consolation, the bowels dissolve with love, the heart tastes of peace, truth is unveiled, temptations are vanquished, sadness flies away, the senses are renewed, unsteady virtues are confirmed, lukewarmness disappears, the rust of vices is consumed, the longing for heaven breaks forth in living sparks whence come the flames of divine love. Great are the excellences of prayer, great are its privileges. The heavens open at its approach, the secrets of heaven are made known to it, and God even lends to it an attentive ear."

Surely this is enough to show the fruit which we may obtain from this holy exercise.

TO ST. DOMINIC.

"*O spem miram.*"

O wondrous hope, which, with thy failing breath,

Thou didst impart to those who wept for thee :

When thou didst promise that e'en after death

Still to thy children thou should'st helpful be !

Fulfil what thou hast said—in all our cares

Assist us, holy Father, with thy prayers.

MISSION WORK.

THE LEPERS' HOSPITAL, TRINIDAD.

THE *Missions Catholiques* publishes the following correspondence from two Dominican nuns of Trinidad, relating to the Hospital for Lepers at Cocorite, in that island, of which their community has charge :—

"Our lepers vary in number from 113 to 115 ; the hospital can accommodate no more than the latter number. It is a

remarkable fact that this terrible disease attacks adult coolies and creole children,* but never coolie children.

"It is our pleasure to have to register fresh conversions on every great feast. During the year 1875 eight adults and fourteen children, all of them Hindoos, were baptized. The feast of our holy father St. Dominic was distinguished by the baptism of a Protestant girl, ten years of age, named Gemina. She had been two years at the hospital, during which time she practised the Catholic religion, without paying any attention to her fellow Protestants, and would not take any part in their worship. She had at first to suffer some annoyance on this account, but they soon left her in peace. They thought that later on she would easily be brought back, but in this they did not reckon upon the power of divine grace. In the month of March, 1875, she of her own accord asked Father Mannes to receive her into the Catholic Church. He did not at once grant her request; he was not acquainted with English law, and the child was under age; he therefore took time for advice. Gemina did not bear these delays very willingly. She repeated her demand, and at length, losing patience, she came with her godmother during the month of July to ask permission to go to Port of Spain to be baptized. She had been tried long enough, and on the 4th of August the pious girl was baptized by the name of Marie Louise.

"Sixteen of our patients died during the year; of these four were baptized at their own request. The work of grace is, we may say, most evident in these baptisms *in extremis*. These poor souls, so ignorant and uncultivated, are transformed at once. The mysterious effect worked in them by baptism is visible even externally, and you may see, as it were, a reflection of the beauty which the soul has just acquired by these supernatural gifts. Our baptized lepers seemed unable to express their joy. One of them, named Philip, appeared to have a special knowledge of the grace of regeneration. He kept repeating, again and again:—'Now all well, well; all sins forgiven, washed away; to die, to go to God. Good, good.'

"We have also lost Jean Rejus, who had been an inmate

* The coolies are Hindoo labourers, employed in large numbers in the island. The creoles are the native inhabitants of the colony. Our readers will find many particulars relative to the coolies of Trinidad in our preceding volume, p. 9.

of the hospital for twenty years. He had lost both his hands and his feet by the disease; but his intellect, and his power of speech more particularly, were remarkable. He prepared himself to die like a good Catholic, and expiated, by more than a month of painful sufferings, faults which were excusable on account of his ignorance and early education.

"One of the first among the Protestants converted by our nine sisters who were carried off by the yellow fever in 1869 has gone this year to join them. James Gordon ever continued very faithful to his duties as a Christian. He suffered more than the rest at having his life brought to a close and consigned to oblivion in a lepers' hospital at the early age of twenty-one, but the thoughts suggested by faith consoled him. He was always ready to perform for the sisters any little service that was in his power. His sorrow for those of them who died would seem to have been the cause of the rapid growth of the disease in him. In a very short time he was covered with pimples, and then with ulcers, from head to foot; his body, which was frightfully emaciated, was one large sore. The last ten months of his life were a veritable martyrdom. One could hardly bear to look at him. He was a living skeleton covered with open wounds; his nerves were contracted, his mouth almost closed. Twice it was found necessary to perform an operation upon him to enable him to breathe and to take a little nourishment, and the opening became so small that Communion could be administered to him only with a small particle of the Sacred Host. However, up to the last his reason remained unaffected by his sufferings.

"Another of our patients, Ernestine, was so literally one great sore that, in spite of all our care, the day before she died she was eaten by worms and insects.

"I have now only to speak of Marie Jeanne. I ought, indeed, to have mentioned her first, for she was the angel of benediction of the asylum. If our young girls are pious we owe it to her, for she had the gift of making piety attractive. Three times a day she gathered all the women round her little altar to say the Rosary, the Litany, &c. She lost a part of her feet and hands, and could only crawl on her knees; but in spite of her infirmities she assisted at Mass every day, and never omitted her visit to the most Holy Sacrament. At half-past three we were sure of finding her in the chapel, and there she remained until half-past six. What was she doing

all those long hours? The angels alone know the secret, but we were both pleased and edified to look at her, kneeling with her hands crossed and her eyes closed. She recited her Rosary, or remained absorbed in prayer; while at times great tears rolled down her cheeks, which were disfigured by her terrible disease. On her communion days her visits were even longer still. If she was prevented by her sores from going to the chapel, she would be found kneeling before her own little altar. She understood the mystery of Christian mortification, and therefore she never uttered a complaint. She fasted three days in the week, and on Thursday she generally contented herself with a little dry bread. Her favourite devotion was to Jesus crucified, and during the last days of her life she repeated incessantly the aspiration: "Jesus, my crucified Jesus!" In her last moments she asked for Extreme Unction, prepared herself for it with her customary fervour, and at the moment of her agony asked Sister Mary Louisa to pray aloud. She was about fifteen or sixteen years of age when she died: a good woman found her by the roadside and brought her to the hospital. On hearing of her death one poor patient exclaimed, 'Marie Jeanne, pray for us!' We willingly joined in the prayer.

"On November 14th, 1875, we had seven infant baptisms in our chapel. Two of these children belonged to parents who were still pagans. An attempt had been made to have them baptized soon after their birth, for their parents lived at Cocorite, but the father would not consent. However, moved by a sudden impulse, this man himself came to ask it. On the appointed day the whole family came to the chapel in holiday costume. The father, clad in white, held by the hand his son, who was five years of age; the mother, wrapped in a long veil, carried her baby, nine months old. Both the parents seemed deeply impressed with the solemnity of what they were doing. They wished to see everything that was done, and paid the greatest attention to all the ceremonies. When he passed before the altar the father adored in the Oriental manner; he prostrated himself before the Hidden God, whom as yet he knew not, but who will certainly reveal Himself to him. Since that time the whole family comes to Mass every Sunday morning with touching exactitude. In doing so they are obedient to a movement of divine grace. May it knock so loudly at the door of their hearts that they may at length open them to Divine Light!

"On Friday, December 31st, 1875, the Sacred Heart sent us as a New Year's gift a negro who was nearly at the point of death. His half-decayed limbs were eaten up with worms, and his whole body gave out a sickening smell. The unfortunate man had been picked up in the streets of Port of Spain and thrown into a cell, where he had remained for four days without receiving any care. It was Christmas time, and no vehicle could be found to carry him to the hospital. The poor man bore his sufferings with great patience, and was so happy that he forgot everything else in order to thank us. As I saw that he was getting weaker, I asked the chaplain to speak to him in order to find out his sentiments. At the very first visit he asked to be baptized. It was postponed, however, on account of his very great ignorance of the truths of religion. But besides his sores his chest was affected, and he became so bad that on January 9th it was necessary to administer baptism to him on his death-bed. I decorated with flowers the little altar of the Blessed Virgin that stood beside his bed. Our sisters and a great number of coolies were present. Madame Corberon, his godmother, gave him the names of Mary Joseph. I cannot tell you the joy and surprise of the patient, who sat in his bed fully sensible, but wondering at the ceremonies, which were beyond his comprehension. However, we could tell by the radiance of his countenance what great things were passing within him. When the baptism was over, those who were present knelt down and said a prayer of thanksgiving aloud. The same day he became worse, and after seven days of suffering he breathed his last.

"We had a touching confirmation ceremony during the month of January last. Forty-seven persons received this sacrament, fifteen of whom were coolies. Two of them also made their first communion. Our poor chapel was adorned for the occasion with branches of palm and cacao trees. The convent bell rang out a loud peal as the Archbishop of Port of Spain arrived, accompanied by Father Stephen and Father Hyacinth. Those who were to be confirmed went to the chapel in procession, clothed in white. Archbishop Gonin made them an exhortation in fatherly terms, suitable to the ceremony and to their own condition as the disinherited ones of the earth. He then celebrated Mass, gave communion to more than forty-seven lepers, and afterwards confirmed them."

THE FOURTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Sovereign Lady, pierced with anguish,

Lo ! the last dread hours are nigh !

And a tender mission calls thee

On to Calvary.

Go ! in the humble fortitude of grace,

And by the dying Man of Sorrows take thy place.

Meet Him ! meet Him ! Mother blessed,

Fainting 'neath the wood divine :

He the brightness of the Godhead !

Jesus ! Son of thine !

O woman ! shrink not ; let no weakness prove

Thee less supremely fit to share His task of love.

Anguish giving, anguish sharing !

Lo ! the Mother and the Son :

She the Mother of redemption,

With His Passion one !

Move on, great Victims, until by His side

She stands victorious ! Mother of the Crucified !

O grievous way !

O holy Pair !

O patient hearts !

O union rare !

O Mother Eve,

Thy race accursed

Sees in these throes

Thy doom reversed !

In thee began

The great death strife ;

But Mary gives

The Tree of Life !

O bid me cast

My lot with thine,

That I may share

Thy tears with mine !

SK. TERESIA de Sp. Sto, Tert. O. S. D.

A CONVERSION THROUGH THE MOTHER OF GOD.

THE circumstance here related took place in the United States of America some years ago. It was a stormy evening late in the autumn. The pleasant room looked all the more attractive in contrast with the gloomy world out-doors; and as the reverend gentlemen there assembled had but few opportunities for such enjoyment, they entered with the hearty zest of rarity into the spirit of their host, the venerated and beloved Father Gartland, soon to be sent from their midst to Savannah as its first bishop. At this time, however, such a loss to old St. John's, which was still the Cathedral of Philadelphia, was not thought of. Father Gartland had been so long its pastor he seemed a part of itself, inseparably united with it. He was in the habit of gathering around him a few of the reverend clergy on a certain evening in the month, for the purpose of comparing their method of parish government, and discussing questions of religious interest. Himself one of those large-minded, warm-hearted men who can see the good points, as well as the dangerous or objectionable features, of every matter claiming attention, he was the soul of these little coteries, in which more than one toil-worn and almost desponding priest found fresh ardour to pursue his career of self-sacrifice and difficult duty.

On this evening the theme of discussion was unusually interesting, and it was a most unwelcome interruption when Father Gartland was told there was a "sick call." Rising up at once, and making preparations for his walk, he bade his guests good-bye, since the night would be far advanced before his return. Those were the days of omnibuses and slow travelling, and the call was to one of the villages across the Schnylkill that are now comprised in West Philadelphia. He could go thither in the omnibus, but must return on foot, as the vehicles did not run late. By a sudden impulse, the youngest of the party sprang up and insisted on going instead of Father Gartland. He urged his youth and vigorous health, his need of getting experience in these duties, as he was but lately ordained and appointed to St. John's parish, and, seconded by the whole party, who were only too glad of his offer, he prevailed on the good pastor to resign in his favour.

It was a generous act in the young priest, and he after-

wards declared he was tempted to repent of it during the tedious journey. The sick man's messenger was not inclined to give any information respecting the patient or the place of his abode. Father Walsh was beginning to think his first experience would prove a very unsatisfactory one, should his penitent be as surly as his companion, when the lumbering vehicle stopped, and a few steps brought them to their destination. It was a small house, evidently the comfortable abode of a mechanic; the woman and a group of children, who looked curiously at him as his conductor introduced him by saying carelessly, "Here's the priest!" were in tears, and that indescribable something which all instinctively feel told that it was now the abode of sorrow and death.

By a silent gesture the woman invited the clergyman upstairs. He found a young man, apparently in robust health, whose clear, frank eyes turned on him the first agreeable look he had met with. "You are very kind, sir, and very welcome," was the greeting. Father Walsh, in replying, would have taken his hand, but the woman interposed with a loud burst of grief, and the man who had brought him to the house and had followed him up stairs with an expression of suspicion and ill-will, explained that "Robert was all crushed to nothing by an accident in the machine shop where he worked, and the doctor who had dressed his wounds said he could not last out the night." The youthful priest felt his deepest sympathies aroused, but the words of tender pity which he uttered seemed out of place, so calm and bright was the face of the sufferer. He must be a saint, thought Father Walsh; but, to increase his amazement, when he mildly hinted his desire to be left alone with the patient, the man scowled upon him and muttered, "He's none of your'n;" and the woman, apparently making a strong effort to overcome her repugnance, added: "My husband is not a Catholic, but he wants to be."

It was altogether a strange affair to the young clergyman. Left alone with his penitent, he began to question him briefly as to his religious knowledge, and found that he had literally none. He did not know, he averred, whether there was one God or fifty, and indeed did not concern himself about the matter. Whatever the Father proposed, he would assent to; whatever he required of him, that he would do; all he was bent on was to be baptized and die a Roman Catholic. Utterly perplexed by such strong faith co-existing

with such utter ignorance of God, the young priest could not help expressing some misgivings as to his request. In reply, the young man told him he had never joined any Church, though in his boyhood he had thought of joining the Methodists, as his "boss" was one; but hearing much wrangling about different religions among the men in the shop, he had concluded to steer clear of the whole of them. One day they were talking about Roman Catholics worshipping the Virgin Mary, the Mother of Christ; he listened, and thought much about that; thought if there had ever been a Christ, His Mother must be somebody in heaven, supposing there was a heaven. Didn't answer when they urged him to join Church, but, thinking it over a good deal, came to leave it all to this Virgin Mary, whoever she was; if Christ was her Son, and if He founded any Church, she must know all about it, and want everybody to join that, of course; and that was just what he wanted to do himself. He got to saying at last, "Mother of Christ, teach me!" He said that at rising and going to bed, and on Sundays; had no notion of any other prayer, never learned one; and so he went on, without thinking any further, until that afternoon. When he was struck down his first impulse was to call for a Catholic priest. They all thought he was raving, and the surgeon was a long time at work; but as soon as he was free of him he asked again, and to satisfy him, Dick Ware, the best fellow that ever was, but hard on Catholics, promised to go to St. John's, the only Catholic church he knew of, and fetch one out.

With a song of thanksgiving to Mary sounding in his heart, Father Walsh baptized her trusting pupil. She had in truth taught him. And she had also, as may be readily believed, obtained for him the grace of leading a good moral life. He was a faithful husband and father, honest and upright in all his dealings with his fellow men; kind, too, and charitable to the needy and afflicted. Now, on his death-bed, he reaped the fruit of a life which, though short, was full, according to his light. He died at daybreak, the zealous priest remaining with him to the last, and administering to him all the beautiful and consoling rites of the Church. In the ardour of his faith the young Christian forgot the pangs that rent his frame, thankfully receiving each at the suggestion of Father Walsh; his last words were: "What it is to be a Catholic!"

"Ave Maria."

VEN. BARTHOLOMEW OF THE MARTYRS.

V.

THE Council of Trent concluded its labours in the year 1563. It had lasted altogether eighteen years, but it had only actually sat five years—two years under Paul III., one year under Julius III., and two years under Pius IV. It was during this last period that Bartholomew had been one of its members, and as soon as the sittings were ended he hastened to return to Portugal, in order that he might resume the care of his flock, from which he had been separated so long.

On his way home he passed through Avignon. The Vice-Legate of the Pope in that city received him with great honour, and made him acquainted with the following circumstance, which showed how beneficial his influence had been during the Council.

Two of the Bishops of that part of France had become infected with some of the heresies prevalent at the time. They had gone to the Council in company, but concealed their errors, on purpose that they might observe the conduct of the prelates of the Church, and oppose them in every possible way. They managed to keep their heresy a complete secret, but they were greatly struck by the conduct of the Bishops who were at the Council. They observed how careful they were to be guided by Holy Scripture and the tradition of the Church, and how far they were from inventing anything of their own, or attempting to introduce anything of human origin into the teaching of the Church. This greatly moved them, and God gave them the grace to renounce the errors they had embraced.

On their return from the Council they made known what had happened to them to the Vice-Legate at Avignon, and to many other persons; and they greatly praised the zeal of many of the Bishops, in the foremost rank of whom they placed the Archbishop of Braga.

Bartholomew arrived in Portugal in February, 1564. The people of Braga were in great joy when they heard of his approaching return, and they prepared a grand public reception for him. But Bartholomew heard of it in time to avoid it. He entered the city quite privately the night before one of the Sundays in Lent, and astonished his people by appear-

ing in the cathedral pulpit the next day, and making them an exhortation full of zeal and charity.

His first care was to inquire as to what had passed during his absence, how his orders had been observed, and what care had been taken of the poor. Then, before proceeding to any other business, he gave some days to retreat, in order to ask of God the grace to perform all his duties with zeal and prudence.

When this had been done, the first work which he undertook was the foundation of a seminary for the education of the clergy of the diocese, according to the decrees of the General Council at which he had just assisted. For this work he had to make heavy demands upon the incomes of the clergy, and naturally some opposition was made. However, he listened with patience to all the objections and difficulties that were made, and dealt so gently and prudently with every one that all opposition gave way. As was to be expected, he was himself the largest and most generous contributor.

The work was begun so promptly, and carried on with such vigour, that it was the first seminary opened in Spain or Portugal. Within six months the building was so far completed that there was room for sixty students. The Archbishop soon peopled it with promising subjects, and set over them superiors thoroughly capable of forming them to both learning and piety.

Bartholomew had now to continue the visitation of his vast diocese, which had been interrupted by his journey to Trent. His deep sense of the responsibility of his office, and his inflexibility in accomplishing everything which he believed to be his duty, made this work very difficult, and sometimes very dangerous; for, wherever he detected abuses, whether amongst the clergy or the laity, he was certain to condemn and correct them, and the rank of those who were in fault afforded them no protection whatever from his correction. In this way he made himself many bitter enemies, whom, however, he rarely failed to bring to a better mind by his patience and sweetness. One striking example may be narrated.

There was in the town of Poyarez, which formed part of the diocese of Braga, an important commandery of the Knights of St. John. The Archbishop had heard that the churches which were dependent upon this house were very much neglected, and very ill provided with the necessities

for the worship of God. He therefore determined to make his visitation there, and set in order all that needed reform. That he might have full power to do all that was needful, he obtained special authorization for the purpose from the Pope.

Accordingly he visited these churches, examined diligently into all that they wanted, and took possession of the revenues of the establishment until all that was needful had been supplied.

Now, the Superior, or Commander, as he was called, of this house was a man of very violent temper, and though now old was still extremely passionate, and when aroused his eyes seemed to flame with fire. When he had heard what the Archbishop had done his passion was aroused, and he forthwith assembled a band of armed men, and came to the place where the holy prelate was. It was very early in the morning, and Bartholomew was reciting his office when this man abruptly entered the house, and sent word to the Archbishop that he had to speak with him.

Bartholomew replied that he begged him to wait until he had finished his prayers, and meanwhile the Commander paced up and down, his rage increasing with the delay, until at length he sent a second message to the Archbishop, who made him the same answer.

When he had quite finished his office, Bartholomew sent for the Commander, and quietly asked him what he wanted with him. The latter, who was boiling with rage, said that he had come to inquire by what authority the Archbishop had acted as he had done on his domain; and then, passing to threats, he told him that he would teach him to treat a Commander of the Knights of St. John in a very different manner to the priests and common people of his diocese.

Bartholomew answered him gently, explaining that he had authority for what he had done both from the Council of Trent and from the Pope; and then he pointed out to him that his state of life and his high rank did not exempt him from the law of God and the authority of the Church, but only imposed upon him the duty of greater exactness and fidelity. The Commander was still more enraged at this, and replied with fresh threats of vengeance. The Archbishop made no reply, and did not show by the smallest change of countenance that he felt the outrage that he was receiving. At length he left the room, and went to the church to say mass.

The Commander followed him to the church, still burning with rage and indignation. The Archbishop prayed earnestly for him during the holy sacrifice; and whilst his prayers rose to heaven the grace of God descended upon the unhappy man, gradually enlightening the soul which passion had so blinded. Before the mass was ended the Commander was a changed man, and at its conclusion he went up to the Archbishop, and in the presence of all confessed his fault and asked pardon.

Bartholomew raised him and embraced him with much tenderness. The Commander promised to provide all his churches with everything that the Archbishop had ordered, and with even greater magnificence, and to perform whatever penance might be imposed upon him. He then went away, full of shame for his faults, giving thanks to God for the mercy that had been shown him. His companions could hardly believe what they saw, and that so great a change could have been accomplished in so short a time. The Commander assured them that it was nothing less than a miracle that had been worked in him by the power of the holy sacrifice and the prayers of the Archbishop. Wherefore ever after he looked upon Bartholomew as his father, and never wearied of publishing his virtue and holiness.

This visitation was the means of bringing the grace of God to many other men of rank and position, whom no one with less fortitude than Bartholomew would have dared to reprove for their evil lives.

But still greater good was done to souls by the Archbishop's visit to the remote mountain districts of his vast diocese, to every nook and corner of which he penetrated. The difficulty of doing so was very great, and not without danger. On one occasion the Archbishop's companions narrowly escaped perishing in a precipice of the mountains of Baroso, and they firmly believed that their preservation was a miracle due to the prayers of the holy prelate.

Churches abounded in these wild mountains, but they were mostly poor and neglected, and very insufficiently provided with sacred vessels. Many of them had chalices only of base metal; all these Bartholomew caused to be destroyed, and he supplied silver chalices in their place at his own expense.

The people were very ignorant, but they were full of faith, and their joy was great at the visit of their Archbishop.

They received him with many marks of affection, and he was no less delighted at being with them. When he met parties of them on his way, he would seat himself on a rock and gather them around him, like a father with his children, or a shepherd with his flock; and then he would instruct them with a patience and charity that knew no fatigue. He was extremely anxious to remedy the rudeness and ignorance of these poor people, and he thought that the best means of doing so was to take to Braga a number of the most promising from amongst the children, in order that those amongst them that had the vocation might be trained as priests, and return to be the pastors of the mountaineers, while the rest might receive a good Christian education, which would make them the means of spreading Christian instruction and manners amongst the rest of the people. This plan was carried out at his expense, with very good results.

THE CORONATION OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

JULY 3RD.

Our Holy Father the Pope has accorded a special favour to the august Sanctuary of Lourdes. This favour is the granting of a special crown to the statue of our Lady, as a public act of devotion in gratitude for the innumerable graces, both spiritual and temporal, that God has been pleased to grant in that privileged spot to those who have visited it.

The solemnity was fixed for the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of July. On the first of these days the different prelates who were to take part in the ceremonies were to arrive; on the second, the great Church, now completed, was to be consecrated; and on the third, the statue of our Lady was to be crowned. This programme was exactly carried out.

On July 1st the picturesque old town of Lourdes was gaily adorned for the feast. Everywhere the houses and streets were adorned with garlands and banners, blue and white flags in honour of our Lady, and others bearing the Pope's arms, being the most frequently seen. The whole aspect of the town was transformed, and was like a scene from fairy-land.

During this day vast numbers of pilgrims came in from all parts. Before evening it is calculated that at least sixty thousand had arrived. But during the whole three days that the festival lasted the numbers went on steadily increasing, and more than one hundred thousand persons must have been present at the close of the solemnity.

On the evening of the first day the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, accompanied by all the other prelates present at Lourdes, went in procession to the crypt of the Sanctuary Church, and exposed the relics that had been sent by our Holy Father the Pope, and which were to be deposited the next day, during the ceremony of consecration, in the sixteen altars of the church. During the whole night the crypt remained open, and the pilgrims continued to visit it, in order to venerate the relics.

The following were the prelates present:—His Eminence Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris; his Excellency Mgr. Meglia, Archbishop of Damascus, Nuncio of the Holy See at Paris; Mgr. Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse; Mgr. de Langalerie, Archbishop of Auch; Mgr. Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, formerly Bishop of Tarbes, in which diocese Lourdes is situated; Mgr. Pichenot, Archbishop of Chambéry, also formerly Bishop of Tarbes; Mgr. Dusmet, Benedictine, Archbishop of Catania in Sicily; Mgr. Ramadié, Archbishop of Albi; Mgr. de la Bouillerie, Coadjutor Archbishop of Bordeaux; Mgr. Pie, Bishop of Poitiers; Mgr. Mermillod, Vicar Apostolic of Geneva; Mgr. Magnin, Bishop of Annecy; Mgr. Mabile, Bishop of Versailles; Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble; Mgr. Becel, Bishop of Vannes; Mgr. Legain, Bishop of Montauban; Mgr. Leuilleux, Bishop of Cassaconne; Mgr. Fonteneau, Bishop of Agen; Mgr. Turinatz, Bishop of Tarantaise; Mgr. Besson, Bishop of Nîmes; Mgr. De Ladoue, Bishop of Nevers; Mgr. De Oliveira, Capuchin, Bishop of Olinda in Brazil; Mgr. de Cabrières, Bishop of Montpellier; Mgr. Jourdan, Bishop of Tarbes; the Abbot of St. Michael, near Tarascon; the Abbot of Senanque; several other abbots; and Mgr. Cataldi, Pontifical Master of Ceremonies deputed by the Holy Father.

The second day was distinguished by the ceremony of the consecration of the church. The officiating prelate at this function was the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, but each of the sixteen altars had, as its own special consecrator, one of the Archbishops or Bishops present. The Pontifical Mass at

the conclusion of this ceremony was sung by the Archbishop of Auch.

Late in the afternoon of the same day a solemn procession was formed, in which all the prelates took part, and an innumerable crowd of pilgrims, and which proceeded to the Esplanade of the Rosary. There a sermon was preached by the Rev. Père Roux, whose powerful voice was heard by vast numbers, if not by the whole of the great company of pilgrims.

And then, as the daylight waned and died away, another light grew and took its place. Lourdes was illuminated. The Parish Church was a great monument of light, the different convents each had their special devices, the very mountains all around blazed with fire, and all the roads and paths about the sanctuary seemed to be moving streamlets of light, on account of the unceasing movement and never-ending succession of the files of pilgrims, each bearing his lighted taper, as they moved along, entering and leaving the newly dedicated church or its crypt, or visiting the grotto below, to pay their evening visit to their Mother. Until after midnight this illumination lasted, and it had scarcely quite died away until the sun returned to herald in the day of coronation.

The third day of the solemnity was reserved for the coronation. The multitude of pilgrims had greatly increased, and, as it was Monday, large numbers of the clergy who had been kept in their parishes by their duties on the preceding days, arrived to assist at the festival. More than three thousand priests took part in the great procession of this day.

The High Mass of this day was sung in the open air, for no church could have contained the vast number of pious pilgrims that were assembled. The very hills around hardly gave them room, and everywhere the eye turned it rested upon masses and groups of pilgrims. The thousands of priests were gathered round the platform on which the altar was erected, and formed the choir. Nothing more magnificent could be conceived than the *Credo* sung by these innumerable voices, echoed and re-echoed by the mountains around.

The sermon after the Gospel was preached by the eloquent Bishop of Poitiers, Mgr. Pie.

At the conclusion of the Mass came the solemn act of the

coronation. It was performed by the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Meglia, deputed for the purpose by the Holy Father. As the Nuncio placed the diadem, with its triple row of pearls, on the statue of our Lady at the grotto, which stands in the very place where the Immaculate Virgin appeared to Bernadette, the bells rang forth a joyful peal, and an immense shout arose from the crowds of pilgrims on the hill-sides, who were the first to see the act. They were answered by another great shout from the pilgrims on the plain below, and at the same moment another shout of joy came from the other side of the Gave. It was uttered by a train of pilgrims, the latest arrivals; they had been delayed on their way, but they were in time to see from the windows of their train the act in which they had come to take part. Nothing can equal or describe the enthusiasm of that moment.

When it had subsided, the procession was once more formed and set in order, and mounted the slopes of the hill to the great church, where the Nuncio had now to crown the statue of our Lady which stands over the High Altar. The whole church was ablaze with lights, but the shouts of joy which hailed the coronation at the grotto below could not, of course, make themselves heard here. The ceremony, therefore, was performed in solemn silence. The Bishops then returned to the house of the Bishop of Tarbes, by the river side, but before they entered it they gathered in line and gave together their benediction to the vast multitude of the faithful that was spread out before them.

It was, perhaps, to be expected that such an occasion should have been distinguished by some special and miraculous favour from God, through the intercession of His Immaculate Mother. It would appear that this has been the case. We translate the following account of the miracle from the *Univers*, a correspondent of which paper wrote it on the very day of its occurrence, which was, as will be remarked, the very day of the coronation.

Lourdes, July 3rd.

I have just been the witness of a marvel, which I hasten to acquaint you with. Many other miracles have taken place during the past two days; but I say nothing of them, as I can give no details about them. But of this one I can speak positively, and numerous witnesses can give testimony of it.

Madeleine Lansereau, born at Montreuil, canton of Vouillé, diocese of Poitiers, who has lived 33 years in that city, where

she had charge of the linen of the poor in the parish of St. Radegonde, had had her hip out of joint for the last nineteen years, her left leg being drawn and twisted. For a long time she was confined to her bed; for fourteen years she walked with two crutches, and for the past five years with one crutch and what she used to call a hook. She came here with the Poitiers pilgrimage, doubtless in order that numerous witnesses might be able to prove her cure, and was radically cured this morning at a quarter to eight, at the moment when the Papal Nuncio (who was delegated for the coronation of the Blessed Virgin) was saying the *Pater* of the Mass which he was celebrating at the grotto. She tells us that, having plunged herself into the fountain, she at first felt nothing, when all at once an interior emotion took possession of her which she cannot express. "Why," she said, "I am cured!" and she came out of the fountain. And, as a matter of fact, she was walking, as I myself saw her, as if nothing had ever been the matter with her. "Where are your crutches?" people asked her. "Ah," she said, "I do not know where they are." It is impossible to express her joy and gratitude. "What have you been doing this night?" she was asked again. "Well," she said, simply, "I passed it in prayer at the grotto, where I made my communion at one o'clock; I prayed to St. Radegonde, to St. Joseph, but above all to the Blessed Virgin, and now I am cured." Her companions from Poitiers, who were also her neighbours there, could not believe their eyes. "Is it indeed you, Madeleine?" they said, and they wept with wonder and joy. Meanwhile, the Bishop of Poitiers came up and said, "Madeleine, thank the Blessed Virgin much: I am going to say mass for this intention."

THE POWER OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ireland has forwarded us the following narrative. The account is perfectly authentic, and the event happened quite recently, but it has been thought better to suppress the name of the place where it occurred.

In a certain poor locality in the city of ——— there has existed for some time past a nest of infamous women, whose

houses were the centre of vice, which spread its corruption to the neighbourhood around. Such was the evil repute of the place that it had become a grievous scandal to the virtuous inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood; and, notwithstanding the many retreats given of late in all parts of the city, nothing seemed to move these depraved creatures.

A few days ago one of the zealous priests of the parish in which this hotbed of iniquity, with all its shameless boldness, was situated, determined to attack the foul demon in his very stronghold. He went to the spot with his Rosary in his hand, and calling together the inhabitants of the street, he there addressed them, setting before these abandoned creatures the infamy of their lives and the scandal of which they were the cause; and he called upon them to repent, threatening them with the judgments of God which would otherwise overtake them.

These were strange words for women to listen to, who for so many years had closed their ears and their hearts to the word of God, and had given up all practice of their religion. But this was not all. The good priest then begged them to kneel down there, to recite with him the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. They did not like to refuse to do this; so they knelt down, and the holy prayer was said, and the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary deigned to listen to her own favourite prayer, though coming from the lips of such supplicants. The decades were said, and, as so often before, and so now again, that powerful prayer pierced the high heaven, and became the means of grace to these poor sinners. When it was finished, the result was that a dozen of these unfortunate woman consented to enter the Catholic Penitentiaries in the city. The courageous priest had the holy satisfaction of sending them off in cars forthwith, and of clearing out one of the worst dens of vice, and locking the door of the emptied house.

Thus once again the Rosary triumphed over sin when every other means had failed, and Mary, its Immaculate Queen, rescued from her demon foe these fallen ones of her own sex.

MIRABILIA DEI.

A MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

ANGELE BOURGE was born at Le Mans, in 1854. When she was about twelve years old her sister died of consumption, and in the following year she had the misfortune to lose also her mother, who died of the same disease. Shortly after, her own health began to decline, and to show symptoms of the same cruel malady.

At the age of sixteen she was apprenticed, but was often obliged to leave her work, and go for several weeks to the hospital.

In the beginning of the summer of 1873 she had so severe an attack of inflammation of the lungs that her life was despaired of. She recovered, however, and though still very weak, was able to leave her room. In the month of September a pilgrimage leaving Le Mans for Lourdes, she joined it, and in spite of prudent remonstrances she accompanied the pilgrims on their long journey, and reached Lourdes weak and ill, yet filled with confidence. But not at Lourdes was her faith to be rewarded. She regained a certain amount of strength, but the dread disease still held her as its prey, and in the month of May, 1874, eight months after her visit to Lourdes, she began to spit blood. Sad and frightened, she tried to conceal this terrible symptom, but her strength gave way, and on the 6th of October, 1874, she tried to rise from her bed, but found it impossible to do so, and she never left it again until the 5th of January, 1875, when she was miraculously cured.

Day by day she grew weaker, the loss of blood was so great. She could take very little nourishment; her voice became so weak that she could with difficulty make herself heard. Then her feet and legs began to swell, and the swelling soon extended upwards to the waist. When the doctor saw her in this piteous state, he declared there was no hope of recovery. "All that can be done," he said, "is to try and alleviate her sufferings."

But Angèle never lost her confidence in God's mercy and the intercession of our Blessed Lady, though no one who saw her had any other hope for her than that her sufferings might be abridged, so certain were they and the doctors that there was not the slightest chance of her recovery. Had she not

been to Lourdes and returned as ill as before her journey? and was she not now dying?

On the 28th of December the Sacristan came in haste to her confessor, the Rev. M. Trillon, and besought him to go quickly to see Angèle, as she was dying. It was a bitter cold day, and the snow lay thick on the ground, and as the good priest hastened his steps, he felt a sad conviction that in such severe weather there was indeed little hope for one whom the doctor had assured him was in the last stage of consumption. Knowing, as he did, the confidence of Angèle Bourge in the Immaculate Virgin, he had often shared her hope that she might be cured, but it now seemed to him that such was not God's holy will, and this thought became a conviction when he entered the sick girl's room and saw her lying in the arms of the nun who was tending her, insensible, her limbs stiff and rigid, her teeth clenched, and her face distorted.

In about two hours the poor sufferer's limbs became flexible, she was able to move, but not to speak, as she could not open her jaws. The priest gave her absolution and Extreme Unction, of which she seemed unconscious, her eyes remaining closed. The doctor arrived, but could do nothing, and as her teeth remained closed, no remedy could be administered. During that night and the following, one convulsion succeeded the other; during the intervals she became conscious, and made unavailing efforts to open her jaws—she only succeeded in making her gums and fingers bleed. She made signs for the Holy Viaticum to be brought, and the large tears rolled down her wan cheeks when she found she could not satisfy her longing desire to receive her Lord and Saviour. At last two priests succeeded—to her great joy and that of the assistants—in giving her the Holy Viaticum. One priest, using a spoon as a lever, forced her teeth apart, and the Rev. M. Trillon was able to introduce a portion of the Host into her mouth, and a few drops of the water of Lourdes. The following days brought no alleviation of the poor girl's sufferings; every hour she grew weaker, and the doctors again declared there was no hope, adding that she would soon expire. The prayers for the dying were recited, but Angèle made them understand that she still hoped in our Lady of Lourdes.

As the Rev. M. Trillon's confidence in the Immaculate Virgin has always been unbounded, he determined that every effort should be made to satisfy the hopes of the poor sufferer. There was no time to send to Lourdes, but he knew that at

Sens the Sisters of Charity of Nevers have in their convent an exact imitation of the Grotto of Lourdes, containing a fragment of the real Grotto, and that the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception is established there.

He therefore sent to the Rev. Mother to beg that she would begin a Novena, and send a cloth steeped in the water from the fountain. The cloth, wet with the water, was brought to Angèle's room on the 5th of January, and applied first to the forehead, then to the chest of the sick girl, whilst the persons in the room—there were several present—recited the Rosary. At first Angèle was seized with most fearful, unendurable pains; these soon passed away, and were succeeded by a feeling of ineffable sweetness, and she felt she was cured. She could open her mouth, and exclaimed, "Oh, how I thank you." She asked for some water to drink, and she who, a few minutes before, could not unclothe her teeth, now drank first water, then broth, and ate some bread with appetite. She rose and received without fatigue the crowds who came to see her.

The next day was the Feast of the Epiphany; she rose at five, made her bed, and assisted in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers at a Mass of thanksgiving, and received the Holy Communion.

Ever since that day Angèle Bourge enjoys perfect health, as is testified by several medical men, amongst others by that eminent physician, Mr. Lacachard, of Angers. Another doctor, after carefully investigating the case, wrote the following opinion:—"This cure is incontestibly miraculous. It is the more remarkable as the disease—tubercular phthisis—had reached the third degree, its ultimate period. The most confirmed scepticism must give way before so instantaneous a cessation of all the worst symptoms of that fatal malady,—the reabsorption of the tubercles, and the healing, in a few minutes, of the torn tissues and the lesions of the lungs."

CURRENT EVENTS.

ROME.—It is always interesting to hear the enemies of the Church bear witness to the fervour of her children and the beauty and impressiveness of her ceremonial, for such utter-

ances may be taken as the genuine sentiment of hearts that are certainly not favourably prejudiced. For this reason the following account of the solemnities at Rome, on the occasion of the 30th anniversary of the Pontificate of our Holy Father the Pope, will be read with interest, as it is taken from a letter of the *Times* correspondent :—

“The great movable feast of Corpus Domini was followed on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday by the 30th anniversary of the election, creation, and coronation of Pope Pius IX. His Pontificate has now passed beyond the limit of a generation.

“On Friday the Sacred College, or, at least, all its members present in Rome, headed by the Dean, Cardinal Patrizi, went up to the Vatican in a body to offer their congratulations and good wishes, and to present an affectionate address, to which the Pope replied by one of his customary discourses.

“On Saturday morning private audiences were granted ; first, to the foreign representatives accredited to the Vatican, who went to offer congratulations in the names of their respective governments.

“On Sunday evening (18th June) the *Te Deum* was sung in St. Peter's, and it is believed that the Pope assisted from the great hall over the vestibule, the windows of which overlook the nave of the church.

“Never since the year 1870 have so many people assembled in St. Peter's as those who crowded yesterday evening to hear the *Te Deum*. From half-way up the nave it was not possible to advance without touching someone. Under the dome the crowd was thick ; in the tribune it was dense. I should be afraid to attempt to estimate the number of thousands present, but there were many, and they were devout. At the places where the people take up their part in the great Ambrosian hymn of thanksgiving every voice seemed to join. I have never heard such congregational singing before, and what was the effect of so great a volume of sound re-echoing from the dome may easily be imagined. At the benediction, the organ—one of those great movable instruments which had been placed in the left arch of the tribune—played that lovely air the silver trumpets used to sound from the dome when the Pope was present, and though all beneath it did not kneel, those who remained standing were but units here and there. Whence all this came I cannot undertake to say. It may have been that the many and energetic committees for the promotion of Catholic interests worked strenuously to produce

a grand demonstration for the occasion, and were well seconded. They may have successfully made an unusual effort the better to impress the German Pilgrims. . . Many Romans were there—all the chief among the so-called faithful, of course—but the greater majority were Italians, and many whom I heard earnestly responding, and saw devoutly kneeling, I know to be patriotic Italians and loyal subjects of his Majesty.

"The scene in the Piazza as the crowd moved across after the *Te Deum*—the crowd of people, of carriages, and conveyances of all kinds, along the street to the castle of St. Angelo, and across the bridge, all obliged to move at foot pace—was such as has never been beheld since the days of the great Pontifical functions, and was not inferior to anything seen then."

Of course, our poor *Times*, correspondent cannot bear witness to this great demonstration of Catholic fidelity and devotion to the Holy See without endeavouring to account for it in his own way. It does not occur to him that loyalty to the Vicar of Jesus Christ the Eternal King is enough to explain it. How should it? He is of the earth, earthy; he knows nothing of the fervour of faith, and of the enthusiasm which it enkindles in warm hearts; and he cannot understand a demonstration unless it be "got up," like those which give a chilly welcome to Victor Emmanuel when he pays his rare and unwilling visits to the Eternal City.

In reply to an address of congratulation presented to him by the Roman nobility, the Pope spoke of the judgments of God which had fallen on those who had been unfavourable to the Holy See. He pointed out that the States of the Church had been protected and guaranteed by two great nations. Both had abandoned it, and both had since felt the weight of God's hand upon them, for both had suffered very grievous defeats and humiliations. He also spoke of the late Sultan of Turkey, who had protected a handful of schismatics, and since then had been driven from his throne as easily as a master turns a bad servant from his house.

It has been remarked that during the thirty years that Pius IX. has sat on the Pontifical throne there have passed from this world six emperors and eighteen kings. The emperors are Nicholas I. of Russia, Maximilian of Mexico, Napoleon III. of France, Ferdinand of Austria, and Abdul Medjid and Abdul Aziz of Turkey. The kings are Louis

Philippe of the French, Charles Albert of Sardinia, Frederick William III. of Prussia, Leopold I. of Belgium, Louis I. and Maximilian II. of Bavaria, Ferdinand II. of Naples, Ernest Augustus of Hanover, Otho of Greece, Christian VIII. and Frederick VII. of Denmark, William of Holland, Queen Maria and Dom Pedro V. of Portugal, Oscar I. and Charles XV. of Sweden, Frederick Augustus and John Nepomucen of Saxony, and William of Wurtemberg.

AUSTRIA.—Another striking Catholic demonstration was that which took place at Botzen, in the Tyrol, on the feast of the Sacred Heart. Some difficulties had been made as to the celebration of this festival by certain official personages, but the truly Catholic zeal of the Tyrolese overcame them. The solemnities were ushered in on the evening before the feast by an illumination of the mountains round the town. On all the heights bonfires were kindled, and the Alps far and away into the distance blazed with light. On the following day, June 23, the town was adorned with hangings, branches of fir trees, and the Papal, Imperial, and Tyrolese flags. The procession was the great feature of the day, and in it was borne the statue of our Lord, displaying His Sacred Heart. This statue was the very one before which the Tyrolese made their solemn compact to resist the invaders of their country, at the time when, under the first Napoleon, it was given over to Bavaria. This statue was carried alternately by six Franciscans and six Capuchins. Around it were borne the old flags under which the Tyrolese had fought in the war of independence, held by old men who had taken part in it. It is calculated that 12,000 men walked in the procession. Representatives of all the different parishes in the valleys of the Etsch and the Eisach were there, each party being accompanied by its parish priest, and reciting the Rosary. All these countrymen wore the costumes of their own villages, and the whole effect was greatly varied and most picturesque. The procession was followed by a sermon from the Prince-Bishop of Brixen, and High Mass, after which the solemn Act of Consecration was said by the Bishop, and repeated, word for word, by the people. The Papal Benediction was then given by the Bishop of Brixen, by special commission from the Pope. It is computed that at least 60,000 persons were present at this festival, and yet there was no disturbance whatever, although an attempt was made to excite one by some enemies of the Church.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the whole Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

That vocations may be granted to a religious community in America.

A Superioress recommends her community and its branches in New Zealand and South Africa.

Vocations and help in temporal necessities for a religious community.

The restoration to health of three priests.

That a person may obtain the means to accomplish an important undertaking.

That a young lady may obtain a suitable situation.

Two daughters earnestly beg prayers for the conversion of their Protestant mother, whom the dread of confession keeps back.

A brother asks prayers that his sister might be guided as to her vocation.

The perseverance of a youth who has entered religion.

The conversion of a young man who is leading a careless life.

The recovery of a young man.

The conversion of some persons out of the Church.

That some near relations and their families may be preserved from harm.

The repose of the souls of parents, and other relatives and friends.

The recovery of some sick persons.

The conversion of a young lawyer, who has given up good worldly prospects for conscience' sake.

That God's will may be accomplished in a spiritual matter.

The conversion of a relative.

The conversion from drink of the father of a large family.

For means to pay debts.

The perseverance of a relation in the religious life.

That two persons may obtain suitable situations.

Light to know God's will.

That certain persons may be moved to assist a large family.

Means to enter a convent.

The restoration of two persons to sound minds, and of a sister to health.

The conversion of an obstinate sinner.

That a married woman may be converted from intemperance.

The temporal affairs of a family that has suffered much for the faith.

Many other intentions.

Thanks are returned for several favours received.

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THE FIFTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

It may be well to remind the members of the Rosary Confraternity that a plenary indulgence can be gained on the days on which each of the fifteen Mysteries are commemorated. September 14, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, is the day upon which the indulgence can be gained for the Fifth Sorrowful Mystery, the Crucifixion of our Lord; the conditions for gaining it being confession, communion, and a visit to the altar of the Rosary; or if this cannot be done, a visit to any church.

The subject of the Fifth Sorrowful Mystery, the solemn act of Redemption, is one which, as we all feel, invites rather to a sacred and subdued silence than to much speaking. In venturing, therefore, to offer suggestions for devout meditation upon this most sacred of all subjects, it may, perhaps, be of service to our readers to give them, instead of our own thoughts, the substance of a sermon for Good Friday by an illustrious prelate and preacher of the middle ages, of the order of St. Dominic, Blessed James of Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, who did in 1298.

“They that sought my soul, used violence.”—PSALM xxxvii.

These words of the third penitential psalm may be considered, prophetically, as spoken by our blessed Lord of His passion and death. It was the excessive and persevering cruelty of the hard-hearted Jews which drew forth so tender a complaint from the lips of Jesus Christ. For they had often sought to lay hands upon Him; they took up stones to stone Him; their one envious and malicious aim being to take His life.

When the appointed hour at length came, true as it most certainly is that He laid down His life because it was His

own will, yet He permitted the powers of darkness to use violence and to take away His life.

To understand how true this is we must observe that formerly different opinions prevailed as to the seat of the soul within the body. 1. Some said it was in the head, because all the five senses by which the soul acts meet together in the head; and the Scripture says, God "breathed into his *face* the breath of life, and man became a living soul," and in John xix., "bowing His head, He gave up the ghost." 2. Others maintained that the soul is in the heart; for as all our deliberate thoughts and actions come forth from our living soul, Scripture seems to identify, in some sense, the soul and the heart, when it says, "From the heart proceed evil thoughts." It is also a commonly-received axiom that vital movements begin in the heart and end with its last pulsation. 3. Others again asserted that the soul is principally in the blood, according to a well-known text in Lev. xvii., "The life of the flesh is in the blood." And we know that to lose all the blood is equivalent to losing life. 4. A fourth common opinion was that the soul is entire in the entire body and in every part of the body; the reason being that as the soul informs and gives its perfection to the body, it must give life to, and must therefore be in not one portion only, but all and every part at the same time. Hence Scripture records Saul's words, "Anguish is come upon me, and as yet *my whole life is within me*" (2 Kings i. 9).

Now, as these four opinions were well known to the learned among the Jews, they studiously contrived that our blessed Lord should suffer in all those four parts in which they supposed the life or soul might be, namely, in His sacred head, in His loving heart, in His precious blood, in every part of His adorable body. "They that sought my soul, used violence."

1. His adorable soul was tormented by the sufferings He endured in his five senses which meet together in the head. In His *sight*, when His eyes met the cruel faces of the soldiers and the rabble; by the sight of the instruments prepared to torture Him; and by all the slow successive pains which caused Him to shed tears over the ungrateful city, over human guilt, and by reason of the anguish of His sufferings. In His *hearing*—from the harsh and unjust accusations, the blasphemies and insults of the crowd, the denial of His apostles, the reproaches of the bad thief, the sighs of His

sorrowing mother. In the sense of *smell*, when with their rude hands the soldiers struck our Lord in the face, and defiled Him with their filthy spittle; also while He hung upon the cross on Golgotha, which was a burial-place. In the *taste*, by intense hunger and thirst, by the vinegar and gall which pained His parched lips and swollen tongue. "They gave me gall for my food, and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." In the *touch*, by the cruel scourging, the crowning with thorns, the rough handling; by the intense weight of the cross, the painful position of the body distended in the crucifixion, and by all the reiterated throbs and pains which every bodily suffering caused to the brain.

2. He suffered in His sacred heart. By the fainting, spasms, and other acute pains which the overwhelming sorrow of Gethsemane had caused the day before, and which came to a crisis upon Calvary. The awful conflict which He endured because He had determined to take upon Himself that load of human sin, which was so utterly loathsome and intolerable to Him, produced an agony. So intense was this agony that long before the time expected by Pilate, and while the two thieves were still slowly dying, it caused (as we may well believe) the actual breaking of the Sacred Heart. The soldier's lance pierced His side, and the Sacred Heart yielded the remaining portion of its blood, as the last tribute of love.

3. He suffered in His Blood. Each of the five sorrowful mysteries tells us of blood-shedding. From every pore it was shed during the agony in the garden. Very much was shed in the painful scourging, and in the crowning with thorns; still more as He bore the cross along the Way of Sorrows; until, as His body gradually grew pale and stiffened in death, and His bones grew dry like fuel for the fire, it issued forth, not drop by drop, but in four full streams, literally fulfilling David's beautiful expression, "With Him there is copious redemption."

4. He suffered in all His sacred body. When He was tightly bound with ropes, and dragged to and fro; when His shoulders were bared, His every limb bruised, His skin and flesh torn off, until from the sole of His feet to the top of His head there was no soundness in Him. When He was struck in the face, His cheeks smitten, His face made swollen and livid with the brutal blows, His brow pierced, His knees bruised with frequent falls, His feet and hands dug with the

large nails, and the sinews and nerves torn and wrenched, and all His blessed body so worn and distended that the bones could be numbered.

How truly then might our Lord utter this gentle complaint, "They that sought my soul, used violence." He who dies upon the cross is the Living God, come amongst us in human form and with a true manhood, that He might give His life a redemption for many. His life was not taken from Him against His will, but He gave it up. He had power to lay down His life, and power to take it again.

F. A. B.

MISSION WORK.

THE SIOUX INDIANS.

THE recent massacre of United States troops by the Sioux Indians has drawn public attention to the wild tribes of North America. For this reason the following account of the peace made with the Indians in 1868 will be read with interest. This peace was mainly negotiated by the celebrated Jesuit missionary, Father De Smet, from whose letters, published in the *Catholic Review*, our narrative is taken. This peace lasted until the encroachments of the whites brought about the late massacre.

In the month of March, 1868, at the instance of the United States government, Father De Smet, in company with Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Harney, Terry, Sanborn, and other members of a Peace Commission, quitted St. Louis for the purpose of meeting the Indians in Grand Council, and concluding with them a treaty of peace that would be at the same time honourable and lasting. The United States government had on this occasion put forth its best efforts, and sent out its best men in the sincere desire to put an end to the terrible wars that had devastated the north-western frontiers.

Of all the tribes of savages that roam over the plains watered by the Upper Missouri, none were so formidable and so much dreaded as the Sioux. Several tribes of them, indeed, were peaceful or "friendly," but with the exception of those in the immediate following of Red Cloud and Spotted

Tail, few could be relied on. Those under the leadership of Sitting Bull, an Uncpapa chief, had never been brought on a reservation, and were openly and avowedly hostile. To reach these latter and induce them to be present at the council, and if possible induce them to be parties to the treaty that the Commission was empowered to make, was the task assigned by the government to Father De Smet. Travelling by way of Chicago and Omaha to Cheyenne City, thence to North Platte City, a council was held with Spotted Tail and other chiefs of the Brules, which resulted very favourably. There it was decided that the council should be held at Fort Rice, and scouts were sent out inviting the various tribes, friendly and hostile, to attend it on a given day, or to send delegates to represent them. Awaiting the arrival of the tribes, and for the purpose of preparing for the council, the military proceeded to Fort Laramie, while Rev. Father De Smet returned to Omaha, and after passing Easter there, took passage by the steamer Columbia to Fort Rice, a distance of 1,005 miles. The waters of the Missouri were then very low, and their progress was necessarily slow and difficult, but the good Father managed to comfort himself by ministering to the spiritual wants of those on board, most of whom he found to be Catholics, by marrying couples here and there at the landing-places, and by baptising infants. After thirty-three days' voyage he arrived at Fort Rice, where he was met by a number of Indians, several of whom were old acquaintances, and all of whom met him with rejoicing. Here he remained six days, the first of which he devoted to the Indians, the three following to giving a retreat to the Catholic soldiers at the post, and the last two, the 1st and 2nd of June, to making preparations for his journey in search of the hostile bands.

On the 3rd of June, having offered up the holy sacrifice of the mass and invoked the blessing of God on his work, he left Fort Rice, accompanied by Mr. Galpin, an Indian trader; Two Bears, Chief of the Yanktons; Running Antelope, Chief of the Uncpapas; Bear's Rib, The Log, Black-all-Over, Spirit Ghost, Red Cloud, Little Dog, Sitting Raven, and other chiefs, with a following of about eighty of their picked warriors. After traversing the valley of the Missouri for some distance they struck the Yellowstone, along whose banks they continued. On the 16th of June they first discovered any trace of hostile tribes. Four chiefs had been sent in advance several days before, with the usual peace offering of

tobacco, and they had been received favourably, and eighteen warriors had been sent forward to inform them, in the name of the great chiefs of the camp, that the entrée to the camp was open to the Black Robe, and to assure him that no other white would escape with his scalp, and that the chiefs and warriors of the village awaited him with impatience in the desire to hear him and know the motives of his visit. Three days after, they reached the village, about four miles in advance of which about 500 warriors were drawn up. Four of the principal chiefs advanced, and after many compliments the Red Father was conducted to a magnificent tepee which Sitting Bull, the generalissimo of the braves, had had specially created for his use, and which was guarded by his picked soldiers. Tired and hungry, he ate a slight meal and had a good long sleep. On waking, he found in his tepee Sitting Bull, Four Horns, the grand chief of the camp, with Dark Moon, the chief orator, and the Man without a Neck. Sitting Bull advanced and addressed him in these words:—"Black Robe, the blood of the whites is on my hands, and it rests on me as a heavy burden. But the whites began the war. Their many acts of injustice towards us, their disgraceful treatment of our families, their most cruel butchery of 600 of our wives, children, and grey-haired parents, have filled my veins with fire. I have seized the tomahawk and have sought revenge in every way possible. To-day you come into our camp, and my arms lie motionless beside me. I will listen to your proposals for peace; and as wicked as I have been towards the whites once, just so peaceable and good am I ready to become."

Each of the chiefs spoke, and on leaving, Sitting Bull announced that a grand council would be held on the following day.

The meeting was held on June 21, in a large field surrounded by a circle of tepees. The council was opened by Four Horns and Dark Moon, and though it lasted over three or four hours, it was conducted with perfect order and decorum. The calumet being passed, and each one present having smoked from it—Father De Smet being the first to receive it from Four Horns—Dark Moon rose, and addressing him said: "Speak, Black Robe, our ears are open to listen to your words."

Rising to his feet and raising his hands to heaven, De Smet offered a prayer to God, asking for light in his work and a

benediction on his efforts. For more than an hour he spoke to them of the disinterested motives that brought him amongst them. He spoke to them particularly of the dangers that surrounded them, of their weakness, of the power and number of the whites if the Great Father should be forced to direct them against their tribes. He spoke of the horrors of the wars that had been waged. He said that the Great Father desired that the tomahawk be buried and all be forgotten. To-day he had the hand stretched towards them willing to help them, to give them implements of agriculture, domestic animals, school masters and mistresses to instruct them and their children. All was offered them without remuneration on their part, not even the cession of their land.

All the points were taken up and discussed, and finally they resolved to send a deputation to the Peace Commission. Four chiefs spoke, but their harangues were all on the same subject and in the same strain. The oration of Dark Moon will suffice as a specimen of all.

Rising to his feet, the calumet in his hand, addressing his people, he said:—"Lend your ears to my words," then solemnly raising the pipe to heaven and pointing it toward the earth, as if to take heaven and earth to witness the truth of what he would say, he passed the pipe to De Smet, who touched it with his lips, took a few puffs, and passed it to the others, then in a loud voice he commenced. "The Black Robe has journeyed far to come amongst us, his presence here with us sends a thrill of joy through me, and with all my heart I bid him welcome to my country. The words that the Black Robe has addressed us are comprehensible, good, and full of truth. I shall carefully keep them in my memory. Nevertheless, our hearts are ulcered, and have received deep wounds, wounds which still remain unhealed. A cruel war has desolated and impoverished our country. The desolating torch of war has not been lighted by us. It was the Sioux of the east and the Cheyennes in the south that struck the first blow, a blow of retaliation and of vengeance for the injustice and the cruelties of the whites. We have been forced to take part in it, for we also have been victims of their rapacity and their misdeeds. Now when we pass over our plains we find here and there the verdure spotted with blood. The spots are not of the red blood of the buffalo or the deer killed in the chase, but of the blood of our own comrades or of whites immolated to our vengeance.

The buffalo, the stag, and the antelope have quitted our immense plains, and cannot be found but far asunder, and always in decreasing numbers. Is it not the odour of human blood that has put them to flight? Against our wishes the whites intersect our country with their railroads and highways, with their routes for transport and for emigration; they build forts at different points, and surmount them with their thunder. They kill our animals out of all proportion to their wants. They are cruel to our people, they kill and maltreat them without cause, or for the least possible motive; everywhere they are looking for food, game, or roots for their children or their wives. They cut down our forests in face of our protest, and without giving us the value of them. In fine, they ruin us and our country. We are opposed to the railroads and highways, that drive away the buffalo from our lands; it is our soil, and we are determined not to cede it. Here our fathers were born and here their bones rest, and we their children desire to live here as they did, and that our bones repose in the same soil. We have been forced to hate the whites; let them treat us as brothers, and the war shall cease. Let them remain in their own country. We shall never trouble them. The idea of seeing them coming and building their cabins amongst us is revolting to us, and we are determined to oppose them or to die. As for thee, thou messenger of peace, thou givest us a vision of a better future. Well, be it so! Let us hope so! Let us stretch a veil over the past and forget it. One word more. In presence of all my people I express to thee here my gratitude for the good news thou hast brought us, and above all for thy good counsel and advice. We accept thy tobacco. Some of our warriors shall accompany thee to Fort Rice. They shall listen to the words and the propositions of the Great Father, and if they are acceptable we shall make peace."

Dark Moon was followed by Sitting Bull, Two Bears, Running Antelope, and others. Before breaking up the council the principal chiefs begged so hard to be left a small white banner of the Blessed Virgin which De Smet carried as an emblem of peace that he allowed them to retain it.

The day after the council he set out for Fort Rice, accompanied by four representatives of the tribes who took part in the deliberation, and signed the treaty of peace.

Such is the history of the treaty of 1868, and the way it was brought about.

THE DIVINE COMPASSION.

"I have blotted out thy iniquities as a cloud, and thy sins as a mist ;
return to me, for I have redeemed thee."—Isaias xlv. 22.

O words so loving and tender !
Words so mighty and strong !
Ye come to me like the music
Of a long-forgotten song.

Words that God spoke by His prophet
Long ere the Saviour's birth,
Telling how deeply He loved us,
Though children of sin and earth.

Surely ye are the sweetest
The world has ever heard,
For the Divine Compassion
Speaketh in every word !

Oh, come, ye broken-hearted,
Wearied with toil and strife,
And weave these words of gladness
Into your daily life !

And like unto music triumphant,
So strange, and sweet, and dear,
Those love-breathing words of the Saviour
Shall sound to you who hear !

For though the rich melody wanders
Into a minor strain,
As if in tune to the beating
Of human hearts in pain :

Yet, e'er our life struggle ceases,
Into the sweet old key
Rushes the glorious cadence
With its burden : "Return to me !"

And let our only sorrow
(Waked by the music's touch)
Be that *we love so little* !
The Saviour Who loves *so much* !

K. W.

Matlock.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

I.

THE situation of Lourdes is very remarkable, standing as it does at the entrance of all the lovely and picturesque valleys and gorges that lie amid the wild and magnificent mountains of the Pyrenean chain. The great railway that joins the Atlantic to the Mediterranean crosses its territory, and three railways from Bayonne, Bordeaux, and Toulouse deposit at its station tourists and travellers coming from the West, the North, and the East, all those, in fine, who seek in the Pyrenees either the beautiful and the picturesque, or the salubrious springs and life-giving air of the mountains. To these may now be added innumerable bands of pilgrims who seek the grotto and sanctuary of Mary Immaculate. Lourdes, with its castle, was always the key to the entrance of the regions of ancient Iberia. The Romans held it from the time of Crassus, lieutenant of Julius Cæsar, until driven out by the Visigoths.

In the eighth century, Charlemagne, in his wars with the Saracens, besieged it. After a brave struggle the Saracens were driven out of the town and took refuge in the, in those times, formidable castle. The old chronicles tell us that one day an eagle passing over the castle let drop on the highest tower a large fish. Mira, the Saracen chief, sent it to Charlemagne to show him how useless it would be to try and reduce them by famine. Thereupon Charlemagne commissioned the Bishop of Puy to negotiate with Mira the terms of a capitulation. The Saracen chief, after several days spent in conversing and disputing with the Bishop, became convinced of the truth of Christianity. One day the Bishop said to Mira, "If you will not surrender to Charles the Great, surrender to the most noble Lady that ever was, to the Holy Mother of God, Holy Mary of Puy. I am her servant; do you become her knight."

And Mira answered, "I surrender myself and all who are under me to the Holy Mother of the Lord. I consent to become in her honour a Christian knight; but be it understood that I make this engagement of my own free will. I and my descendants will pay homage to none other than Holy Mary."

The Bishop then took up a handful of hay from the meadow on which they were standing, and said, "Surely you wish to offer something in sign of homage." And Mira and all his companions put wisps of hay on the points of their lances, and surrendered themselves at the feet of Blessed Mary of Puy. The arms of the city prove that there is some truth in the old legend, for they bear three towers; the centre one, higher than the others, is surmounted by an eagle holding in its beak a fish. By the treaty of Bretigny (1360), Lourdes with its castle and territory was ceded to the English, who remained masters of it for nearly 150 years, when they were driven out of all that part of France, and it again reverted to France, and was always considered as one of the most important fortified places in the south. Its name is mixed up with all the wars that troubled these countries during the middle ages.

In modern times its military governors were appointed by the king until the reign of Louis XVI., when the fortifications of the town and the many high towers were dismantled, and Lourdes, unencumbered by its strong walls, rapidly extended itself on every side.

Its castle, that escaped the devastating fury of the Revolution, is now but an addition to the beauty of the landscape, and a remembrance of a past power and glory, with which is linked some of the grandest names in the history of the past.

But a greater glory now surrounds, and will for ever encircle with a light at once resplendent, pure, and celestial, the name of Lourdes and its grotto of Massabielle, where Mary Immaculate deigned to appear.

The rocks of Massabielle are situated on the banks of the Gave, to the west of the town, behind but in full view of the castle, and facing the green meadows, where, according to the old chronicles, the Saracen chief and his warriors proclaimed themselves the subjects of our Lady of Puy, and offered her the suzerainty of the town, its castle and territory.

In 1858 there was not in the vicinity of Lourdes a more solitary spot than the rocks of Massabielle. They rise abruptly against the side of a spur of the first chain of the Pyrenees, and were pierced by curiously-shaped rents and excavations, the lower and larger of which, called the grotto, is in shape somewhat like an irregular dome, cut through the centre, about twelve or thirteen feet in height. It is not, as

might be imagined, dark and gloomy; the recess is not deep, and the opening being very large, the light freely inundates it in every part. Above the grotto, a little to the right, is another excavation; seen from outside, this opening in the face of the rock has the form of an elongated O. It is about seven feet in height, and penetrates, sloping downwards, through the rock, and opens into the back part of the grotto.

In this oval niche Bernadette saw the apparition of which we intend giving a brief history.

At about twelve o'clock on the morning of the 11th of February, 1858, three little girls, Bernadette and Marie Soubirous, and Jeanne Abbadie, set out in search of firewood, for their parents were poor and glad to avail themselves of the privilege of gathering wood on the banks of the river. The children wandered on until they reached the extremity of the meadow below the castle. Here Bernadette said to her companions, pointing to a mass of stones and sand, "Let us cross these stones and see where the canal finishes." They scrambled over the stones until they stood opposite the rocks of Massabielle. The grotto was at that time full of sand and broken branches of trees and pieces of wood thrown up by the torrent which in those days washed the base of the rock. The little wood-gleaners saw before them a good harvest, and although the day was cold they determined to cross over to the grotto by the help of some large stones that lay in the bed of the river. Jeanne and Marie took off their shoes and stockings and crossed safely, but not without complaining loudly how cold the water was. Hearing this Bernadette hesitated. She was very delicate, subject to severe fits of asthma, and only just recovering from a cold, for which reason her mother had reluctantly permitted her to go out. All these reasons caused the child to refuse to join her companions. Her sister offered to return and carry her across, but to this Bernadette would not consent. "You are not strong enough," she said, "you would let me fall." But as Jeanne Abbadie was older, and a very strong girl, Bernadette ventured to ask her to carry her to the grotto. But Jeanne refused, making use of some very strong expressions—a sort of swearing unfortunately too common amongst the children of the poor.

"For shame," said Bernadette; "if you want to swear, go elsewhere."

"And pray why not here?" Jeanne replied.

"Because it is very wrong. You would do much better to pray to God than to profane his name."

Jeanne called her a Puritan, but Bernadette's looks silenced her, and ashamed of herself she offered to carry her across, but the young girl answered, in a tone of sadness, "No, thank you, as you make use of such bad words, we shall go out no more together; and," she added, "Marie must not be your companion." A few minutes before she had been obliged to reprove her sister, who, following the example of Jeanne, had crossed the river in a very unbecoming manner. "Marie, what are you about?" she said. "Let down your dress—better let the hem of it be wet."

In thus rebuking evil, and defending the honour due to the name of God and to modesty, Bernadette unconsciously disclosed the two distinctive characters of her young soul—piety and purity. All evil, however slight in appearance, was repulsive to her, and seemed to cause her intense pain.

Outwardly she appeared to be a timid, delicate child, small for her age—she was just fourteen years old—gentle in her manners, that had in them something so pleasing that they won for her the interest of all who lived with her. She was intelligent, but wholly without education, and had passed her infancy and childhood with some peasants in a neighbouring village, tending their sheep on the verdant slope of the solitary hills around their dwelling. Untaught, except the catechism and her prayers, she had learnt instinctively that great secret of the saints, how to keep herself constantly in the presence of God.

Her foster-parents loved her for her sweetness of disposition and entire truthfulness. She had only left them a short time since to return to her parents, and prepare for her first communion, which she had not yet made.

She had obtained her parents' consent to have night prayers in common; she recited them, and would never begin until everyone was present. She loved prayer, especially the "Our Father" and that beautiful prayer of the unlettered—the Rosary. Such was Bernadette. In preventing her two companions from doing wrong she was simply following the good impulses of her heart, but God and the blessed Virgin saw her virtue, and rewarded it by choosing her to interpret to her fellow-creatures words of mercy and pardon.

VEN. BARTHOLOMEW OF THE MARTYRS.

VI.

WE have had several occasions to speak of the charity of Bartholomew to the poor. We have now to tell how this virtue displayed itself even to a still greater degree in the extraordinary trials with which his people were afflicted.

In the year 1567, a great famine desolated the kingdom of Portugal. During the preceding years the harvest had been bad, but this year it was much worse than before. The country people were naturally the first to feel the scarcity, and, finding themselves reduced to great want, they began to flock into the large towns to seek for the means of subsistence. Large numbers came to Braga, trusting to find compassion and help from their charitable Archbishop.

Bartholomew was not slow in coming to their assistance. Two noble works were then being carried out by his pious liberality; one was the building of the Jesuit College at Braga, and the other the foundation of a convent of his own order in the busy seaport town of Viana. He at once suspended both these undertakings, in order that he might devote the whole of his means to the relief of the poor, who are the living temples of Jesus Christ. Only a very small part of the revenues of his see had ever been spent on himself or his own household, but he contrived to reduce still more his modest expenditure, for he could not bear that there should be abundance in his house, even of the plainest fare, while there were so many of the poor who lacked the necessaries of life.

The famine was not of short duration. For eight successive years the harvest failed, more especially in those parts of Portugal that lie to the north of the river Douro, where the diocese of Braga is situated. The distress, therefore, was continually increasing. Many died of hunger by the roadside. Bartholomew himself saw a man fall, exhausted by hunger, before his very eyes. Braga was filled with poor, and sometimes as many as three thousand were assembled together at the Archbishop's door, seeking for relief.

The holy prelate, who loved discretion in the practice of charitable works, soon saw that, to give effectual help to so vast a number of destitute people, great order would have to

be observed. The following system was therefore carried out under his care.

Every day at the Archbishop's dinner hour, towards noon,* a bell was rung, and then all the poor who desired relief entered the palace. A familiar instruction was then given them by some priest, in order to teach them to glorify God in their poverty and trials. They then passed one by one through a door, where stood Father John de Leira, who gave money to each person in proportion to his needs, and according to the number of children in each family, of which he kept careful account. Thence they passed on to a second door, where a priest distributed bread according to the same system, and afterwards to a third, where they received soup and meat.

The Archbishop overlooked the whole proceeding from a window, and if it happened that some poor person came late, he would himself call some of his household and have him relieved like the rest, for he could not bear that anyone should return sorrowful to his home.

When night was come another class of persons received his aid. These were persons of good station who were suffering from want. They came at night (and some of them disguised) that they might not be observed, and Father John de Leira at once gave them privately what was necessary for the support of their family.

This system of relief continued for eight years, until the harvest of 1575, which was very plentiful.

It seems incredible that the revenues of the Archbishop, ample though they were, could have borne such a charge. Nor could they have done so but for his great prudence and careful administration. He foresaw the approaching scarcity, and laid in a very large provision of grain, even borrowing large sums for the purpose.

Moreover, he received much help from rich and charitable people of his diocese, who were roused to zeal both by his example and his words; for the sight of the sufferings of the poor gave great force and energy to his exhortations in the pulpit. He often spoke against the cruelty of those who hoarded up large stores of grain in order to sell it at a high price, thus trafficking in the necessities of the poor, and making them a source of gain. He told the rich that they greatly deceived

* It must be remembered that in southern countries few people take anything to eat until towards the middle of the day.

themselves if they thought that they were in such sort masters of their goods as to be permitted to spend them in useless and foolish expenses; that if God would demand an account of every idle word, much more would he demand an account of wasteful expenditure; and that, after having spent on themselves that which Christian moderation permitted, the rest belonged to the poor. He also told them that if luxury was pernicious and criminal at all times, it was still more so in time of famine; and that a Christian who could see a fellow-Christian weak and dying for want of food without being moved by pity to help him, if he was able to do so, did not deserve to be counted amongst Christians, or even amongst men.

The miseries of this calamitous time were increased in 1568 by the breaking out of the plague.

It happened that the holy Archbishop was absent from Braga at this time, though he was on his way thither. He received the news that the pestilence had reached Braga with great sorrow, but without surprise or trouble of mind, and at once hastened his return. He was met outside the gates of the city by the magistrates and other chief men, who had come to beg of him not to enter it. They told him that they were most grateful for his charity in coming to them, but that they could suffer no loss so great as to lose him, and that therefore they begged him not to put his life in danger. They said that whilst he lived all those who were devoting themselves to the assistance of the sick would continue their work with courage and confidence, but that if he were to die they would lose heart, and the whole country would be in desolation.

These were fair reasons, but Bartholomew was not to be persuaded by them. He thanked them for their affection and consideration for him, but he told them that he would rather follow their deeds than their words. They had not thought it enough to give their orders from a distance, but had judged it necessary to remain in the city; how much more, therefore, was not he, their bishop, bound to be in the midst of the sick and dying, since he had the care of their souls and the obligation to encourage the clergy by his example.

The holy Archbishop had no sooner entered the city than with his usual prudence and activity he began to take various measures for the care of the sick and the preservation of the healthy.

His first proceeding was to set in order a large house outside

the city walls, and in a very open and healthy spot, to serve as a hospital for the plague-stricken. He sent there a physician and a surgeon, with all the attendants necessary for the service of the sick. He also sent two priests, who were to have the general direction of the hospital and the spiritual charge of the patients, and he ordered them to have a special care of those who were the poorest and most destitute. He also set apart another house to receive those who were recovering, in order that they might have no communication with the sick.

He then selected a body of men whose duty it was to visit the whole of the city in order to find out those who were infected with the plague, and to remove them to the hospital of which we have just spoken, and to bury the dead. It was also their duty to purify the houses where any plague-stricken person had been.

He also took all possible precautions to prevent the pestilence from spreading. He gave directions that the city should be kept in the greatest possible state of cleanliness, and he caused great fires to be kindled in the public squares and streets, as that was thought to be an excellent means for lessening the infection.

Moreover, Bartholomew personally superintended all these matters. Every day he visited both the plague hospital and the house of the convalescents, and he himself inquired of the doctors as to the state of their patients and whether they wanted for anything, and in this way he encouraged everyone to zeal and perseverance in the performance of his duties.

The result of Bartholomew's care and watchfulness was most consoling to his charitable heart. Although many of the canons of the cathedral had fled from the city, the parochial clergy remained at their posts without a single exception, and the offices of the Church continued to be performed with all the accustomed solemnity, as well as the other extraordinary prayers which the Archbishop had ordered to be said during the time that the pestilence lasted. The poor suffered comparatively little, and, indeed, the city of Braga had much less to endure than other towns of the kingdom. The people were hardly wrong in attributing this mercy to the prayers and labours of their good Archbishop.

THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

I.

IN looking at the great external trials and triumphs of the Church, we must not forget its inner life. The sanctity of the children of the Church is no less a feature of her history than are the great public manifestations of her power. The beauty of the forest lies not only in the great trees which breast the storm or fling up their mighty arms into the sunshine, but also in the glancing colours and vocal harmony of countless birds and insects which seek food and shelter under those wide green branches, in the deep cool shades, in the soft voice of hidden streams, in the sweet mingling perfumes and varied tints of myriad flowers and grasses.

From the beginning of the Church men had been attracted by the exalted beauty of Christian perfection. The first Christians of Jerusalem, "having all things in common," "with one heart and one mind," might be said to form one great monastery. And when the first fervour began to cool there were still always many men and women who made profession of a higher life. These were called *Ascetics*, a name given by the Pagans to the candidates in the games, who prepared themselves by severe and continued training for their great struggles. At first they found sufficient solitude in their own homes; but as Christian society enlarged, and as its claims became more pressing, they began to seclude themselves from the gaze of men. They still, however, remained in the neighbourhood of human habitation. Even in Egypt, where the religious life had taken deepest and quickest root, it was long before its professors thought of leaving the fertile but contracted Nile valley, and retiring into the rocky deserts which bordered it, and which from earliest times had been considered uninhabitable.

The third century was already drawing to a close when St. Antony fixed his abode among the rocks that fringe the western coast of the Red Sea. But when it was found that he was willing to receive and instruct disciples, multitudes flocked to him, and the desert was quickly peopled by fervent men seeking closer union with God, or anxious to atone by an old age of penance for a manhood of sin. St. Antony was not altogether the first who began to practise the hermit life, for we all remember how he found, far in the depths of the wil-

derness, St. Paul, called the First Hermit, who had left the world thirteen years before St. Antony was born; but he was the first to set example to others, the first men knew of, and the first to put some degree of method into the life, and to give lessons in it. A little later St. Pachomius, on the Upper Nile, gave the first idea of the monastic or cenobitic life, which differed from the hermit life in this, that its professors, living under the same rule and the same superior, held all things in common, and were in constant and necessary communication with one another. The hermits sought the same end by another road. They might live in the same place, under the same superior, nay, under the same roof; but each had his separate and self-chosen rule of life, each had his own private occupation, and they held no communication one with another. Both constitutions, each excellent in its own way, spread rapidly from Egypt through Palestine and Asia Minor, and even as far as Persia and Scythia. St. Athanasius during his exile introduced them into the West, where they took root as in a fertile soil. But it was ever to Egypt that men turned from East and West when they wished to recall the old traditions and virtues of the monastic life. And we shall perhaps in no way gain a better idea of that wonderful desert-life than by attaching ourselves to one of those parties of pilgrim monks* who from time to time journeyed through Egypt, drinking the monastic spirit at its source.

The time shall be the close of the fourth century, when Antony and Pachomius had been dead some fifty years, but while their disciples still survived, and when, Rufinus tells us, there were as many monks in the desert as there were people in the towns.

We have visited the grand monasteries which fill the city of Alexandria, and we have been struck with wonder at the great examples of holiness they contain; but wherever we go we hear from these humble monks the same cry: "If you wish to see real perfection, go into the desert." And so at last we make up our minds to visit the famous mountain of Nitria,

* The chief of these were St. Jerom, Rufinus of Aquileia, Cassian of Marseilles, Palladius of Helenopolis, and Sulpicius Severus. The accounts of their pilgrimages, or selections from them, together with the lives of monks and hermits by various authors, and the maxims and doctrine of the Fathers, are found in the famous "Lives of the Fathers," a book which was compiled as early as the middle of the fifth century.

on which we are told there are 5,000 hermits. We leave the city by the Sun-gate, and soon find ourselves embarked on the great lake Mareotis, with our faces to the South. It is a rough and dangerous passage of eighteen hours. Even on the lake itself we begin to catch the out-drifting signs of the new land we are coming to. On the small fishing-boats we see here and there a man dressed in a hair tunic, with a shaggy mantle of goatskin, and a helmet-like hood on his head. Perhaps there is one even in our own boat working in silence and recollection among the sailors. He may be a slave whose scrupulous justice forces him to pay his masters what he would have saved them had they not allowed him to go and serve God in the desert, or perhaps he is trying to gain money to buy a copy of the Scriptures, or to release some wretched debtor from prison.

On the further side of the lake, which the luxurious Nile vegetation has covered with vines and fig-trees, we begin to meet the anchorites in greater numbers. The basket which that old monk is giving so carefully to the two young novices holds some fresh-gathered figs, which they are to take to a sick father, two days' journey in the desert. They will lose their way in the wild solitude and will die of hunger rather than touch the deposit which obedience has confided to them for another purpose.* Amongst them all, hermits and monks, there is no virtue they set so much store by as humble, simple obedience.

But our camels are waiting for us, and after another eighteen hours' journey, more distressing still, and hardly less dangerous, we reach the mountain. It is a wonderful sight. The hill is covered with the grey brick houses of the solitaries, but no one appears outside. Not a sound breaks the stillness of the desert. These men never leave their enclosure except to go to the church or to relieve the necessities of their brethren; they never speak unless to God or for the spiritual utility of their neighbour. Or if it is the hour of None (three o'clock), then, before the single meal of the day which each is about to take in his own cell, "all the five thousand inhabitants of the mountain join their voices in hymns and prayers to Christ, so that we fancy ourselves raised up into the Paradise of pleasure."† There are fifty houses of various sizes, one containing as many as a thousand,

* *Lives of Fathers*, book iv.† *Lives of Fathers*, book viii.

some only sheltering a single anchorite. Though all are under one Superior, they never meet together except for the Mass and Communion, and Spiritual Conference of Saturday and Sunday. Each keeps ever in his own cell, and submits to the direction of some experienced father the guidance of his own spirit.

But when we strangers are seen or heard, the rites of hospitality and fraternal charity take precedence, "and like bees they swarm out to us, bringing bread and water to refresh us"* after our hot and dusty ride. Then they take us to the great church, and the chief of the eight priests that serve it welcomes us in. It is the only church on the mountain, but it is large enough to contain all the hermits together. We may be sure there are no seats or cushions in this church, but, strange to say, there are three small palm-trees growing in it. The brethren catch our curious glance, and whisper to us that when a solitary has committed a grave fault, or a robber has been captured by some indignant and courageous monk, or when some notorious offender happens to stray into the place, the simple but severe justice of the desert requires such a one to clasp one of these palm-trees and receive a certain number of lashes.

H. B. M.

THE FIRST COMMUNION OF TWO ORPHAN FLOWER-SELLERS.

BY THE VERY REV. F. COOKE, O.M.I.

SOME years since a poor Irish Catholic died in a miserable court in one of the poorest neighbourhoods of London. His wife soon followed him to the grave. They left behind them, alone and unprotected, two orphan children, who were twin sisters. These poor little ones had been baptized, but were too young, at the death of their parents, to be instructed in their religion. They could barely recollect that their dying mother bade them always to remember that they were Catholics.

Years passed by, and they grew up in utter ignorance of all religious knowledge. A special providence watched, however, over them. The baptismal grace was still fresh and undimmed within their souls. A charitable person set

* Rufinus, *History of Monks*, chap. xxi.

them up as flower-sellers. They were two fair flowers themselves in outward form, but more still in inner purity of mind and heart. Their calling was one of great danger for children so fair and unprotected, but an invisible hand was shielding them from evil. The lilies in their flower-baskets quickly faded and withered, but there was a lily within their young souls which nothing could tarnish, sheltered as it was by the special protection of Heaven, and by their own instinctive modesty. In their sisterly attachment for each other they found a safeguard against the intrusion of dangerous companions. They always remained together, and each was as the visible guardian angel of the other.

They had now reached their fourteenth year, but had not yet found their way to a Catholic church, nor spoken to a priest. A mission, in which the writer took part, opened in a church in their neighbourhood. The grace of the mission reached first one and then the other of these young souls.

One day during the mission the writer was accosted in the church by a young girl of gentle manner and of modest appearance, in these words: "Sir, I have heard that kind gentlemen have come hither to teach little children the way to go to heaven. Will you please tell me how I am to go to heaven, as I wish very much to go there?" She then, in reply to questions put to her, made known her simple, touching story, as above related.

The writer willingly undertook the task of instructing one so eager to learn. Having expounded to her point after point of the doctrine of the Church, he at last ventured to speak of our Lord's Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament.

At first he hesitated to place this great dogma before her at so early a stage of her religious instruction. He counted not on the help his teaching was to receive from the gift of faith which had been communicated to her in holy Baptism. The doctrine of the Real Presence was scarcely proposed to her when her soul seemed to rise at once to a perception of its beauty. When her instructor first said to her that our Lord was really present in the Holy Eucharist, she exclaimed, with extraordinary energy, "Is it our Lord Himself—*Himself*?" "Yes, my child," was the reply, "it is our Blessed Lord Himself, who is willing to become the food even of your poor little soul." Visible emotion rose to her countenance; she seemed for some moments lost in deep thought. The Holy Spirit was, without doubt, at that instant filling her

soul with the brightness of Eucharistic faith. Recovering somewhat from her emotion, she cried out, "How beautiful—how beautiful!"

The writer witnessed this scene with wonder. He was surprised to behold how quickly this poor child, brought up amidst the dregs of London society, in poverty and ignorance, became the devout contemplator of the great mystery of the Holy Eucharist. Her young heart had scarcely caught the fire of the knowledge and love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, when she also felt glowing within it a burning desire to communicate to her dear sister the glad tidings which had reached herself. Interrupting her instructor with an apology, she said: "I do wish that my sister could hear all that I have heard to-day about the Blessed Sacrament. With your permission I will go in search of her, and when she comes you will kindly tell her that our Lord is present Himself in the Blessed Sacrament, and she will be delighted, I am sure, to hear it."

In a few minutes she returned in company with her sister. They were sisters in mind and heart as well as in bodily resemblance and in kindred. The latter who presented herself soon rivalled the former in devotion to our Lord's Eucharistic Presence. After the lapse of some days they both knelt together to receive, for the first time, Jesus Incarnate into their loving hearts. Many scenes were being enacted that day within the precincts of the great city of London, but it may be questioned whether any one of them so fixed the gaze of Heaven as the First Communion of the orphan flower-sellers.

THE PEASANT SAINT OF UMBRIA.

"Jesus, my God, my best-beloved friend,
Mother Mary, whose aid I implore,
My heart, my soul, my life, I commend
To your protecting care evermore."

ABOUT three hundred years ago there lived a country boy who used to pour forth the devout affections of his heart in such verses as the above. He was born at Cantalicio, in Umbria, a district of Italy that has been especially blessed by God. It was there that the seraphic St. Francis was born

and lived, and ever since it has seemed to be the very home of Christian poetry and art.

The name of our young poet was Felix. His father was a farmer, and from his childhood Felix was engaged in the occupations of a country life; whilst he was young he minded the sheep and cattle, and as he grew older he was entrusted with the plough and yoke of oxen, and cultivated the fields. He loved these employments, for they took him out of the society of men into a solitude which to him was the society of God.

Felix never neglected his work, but he always contrived to hear mass every day; he loved prayer, and when his sheep were in safety he would cut a cross in the bark of some tree, and pass long hours in prayer before it. It was at such moments that his pious canticles welled forth from his heart like limpid springs which bubble up from the earth. He was a true poet; he sang of that which he loved, and so all his songs are of Jesus and Mary, because his heart was devoted to them alone. His prayer was simple enough, chiefly the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*, for his mind had not been trained to deep thoughts. Most of all he loved to repeat over and over again some of the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, for in these he found all that his heart desired to say to God.

It happened that he heard read the lives of the Fathers of the Desert. The narrative of their lives, so severe and so entirely given to God, had a great attraction for him, and he was moved by God to desire to imitate them. He therefore desired to become a lay brother in the Capuchin order, which had then only just been established, and edified the whole Church by its fervour. With this view he went one day to the Capuchin convent at Citta Ducale. The Guardian showed him a crucifix, saying to him with tender devotion: "See how much Christ has done for us!" Felix burst into tears, and felt within his soul an intense desire of becoming like to his crucified Master, by poverty, humility, and self-denial. In this spirit he entered upon the religious life.

Not long after his profession he was sent to the convent of his order at Rome, where he remained until his death. For forty years he had the office of collecting the alms for the support of the community. It was an office of no small difficulty, accompanied by much fatigue and many temptations, but in it he perfected his sanctification. He rejoiced

in the humiliations and slights he received. So far from being distracted by it, his mind was always filled with the thought of God. He was modest and gentle in his manner to all, though very simple and straightforward. His words were few, but edifying; and those who knew him well testified that they never heard him speak an idle word. At the same time, he was always cheerful, and the word that was most in his mouth was "Thanks be to God."

Before midnight he had always finished his short night's rest, and he remained in prayer until he served the first mass in the morning. He went to confession twice a week, and received Holy Communion nearly every day, and with such fervent devotion that the hand of the priest who gave him the Blessed Sacrament was wetted with his tears. His chief devotions were to the Infancy and Passion of our Lord. During the greater part of the year he chiefly contemplated the Passion of our Lord, but from the beginning of Advent until the close of the Christmas festivals his soul was turned to the Holy Child of Bethlehem. This devotion to the Infant Jesus caused him to have a great affection for all children, and they, in their turn, were greatly attracted to him. He had also a great devotion to our Lady.

When he thought that he was alone in the church, after the friars had all retired to rest, he would give free course to the fervour of his soul. It sometimes happened at such times that his brethren watched him, and then they would hear him break forth into singing the praises of God; at times he would weep, and then he would pray aloud for benefactors or for those who had asked his prayers. Sometimes he would remain standing motionless for hours, without uttering a word, and so absorbed in God that he felt nothing. He also delighted in singing the antiphons of the Church, such as are sung at Vespers. It was considered a miracle that he should be able to do so, for he was quite without education. He was himself accustomed to say that he could read only six letters, of which five were red, and one white; and he explained that the five red letters were the wounds of our Lord, and the white one our Lady.

St. Philip Neri loved him greatly on account of his humility, and often conversed with him. When St. Charles Borromeo sent the rules which he had drawn up for his Oblates at Milan to St. Philip, that he might revise them, St. Philip referred the matter to Brother Felix. St. Felix

declined the commission on account of his ignorance. But he was compelled by obedience to hear the rules read and give his opinion upon them. There were some important points which he advised should be changed, and St. Charles complied, expressing his admiration at the heavenly discretion of the humble lay brother.

And thus, in the practice of all the virtues by which Christians imitate their Lord, did our humble saint persevere to the end of his long life of seventy-two years. Just before his death he was consoled by a vision of the Blessed Virgin. He had just taken his last meal upon earth, when he was seen suddenly to raise his eyes and his arms to heaven, uttering cries of admiration the while. When the brother who was waiting on him asked what he saw, he replied that he saw our Lady with a multitude of angels. That same day he breathed forth his soul in peace.

St. Felix of Cantalicio died on the 18th of May, 1587. His feast is kept on May 21st.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ROME.—On July 25th the Holy Father gave audience to the students of the numerous foreign ecclesiastical colleges of Rome. He said to them :

“ If you who have been consecrated to God continue firm in your vocation, which is to instruct the people which will be committed to your care, to enlighten them with the light of the Gospel, and to bring sinners from the darkness of sin to the brightness of grace, then it is to you that the Divine Saviour speaks, as of old He spoke to the Apostles, saying : ‘ Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.’

“ You remember the miraculous draught of fishes which so filled the nets that they broke, and so a part of the plentiful draught was lost. The miracles of Jesus Christ have their meaning. The multitude of fishes gathered in the nets signifies the multitude of the believers who have followed the voice of God. The nets, rent and torn, from which many of the fish escape which had been united with the rest, signify the heresies and schisms which have often torn the Church, and which, even in our own time, cause the loss of unbelievers, of sectarians, and of the followers of the perfidious and blinded writers of the last century. These are the teachers of errors ;

these are they who, by the position which they hold, corrupt the people; these are they who are so persevering in assailing the Church of Jesus Christ, and in robbing and oppressing it.

"You will one day find yourselves placed in the midst of this society, whose aim it is to corrupt, and it will be your duty to combat error in various ways, but especially by your exemplary lives. You must also combat it by means of sound reasoning, strengthened by science, and fortified by the grace of God. . . .

"If any one of you be slothful, let him rouse himself and be self-denying, for sloth hinders study and works of piety. If another has a character opposed to discipline, let him cast himself at the foot of the crucifix, and, laying aside his pride, let him take up his cross and clothe himself with humility. By such acts of self-denial you will render yourselves fit to fight against the errors of the world, and you will be able to succeed in the works of your ministry."

GERMANY.—It has now come to be considered an offence against the laws of Prussia even to baptize a child in danger of death. A priest was on the point of doing this at Berlin, in the absence of the parish priest (though he did not actually perform the ceremony, as the parish priest arrived just in time to do it himself), and this has been construed as being an act of defiance of the civil law, as he did not first ask permission of the authorities. Again, quite recently a parish priest of the diocese of Posen was prosecuted "for usurping episcopal authority," because giving some dispensations to eat meat in Lent! These examples clearly prove that the recent legislation of Germany aims at the very destruction of the Catholic religion.

IRELAND.—The Very Rev. F. Carbery, O.P., of Limerick, has lately been elected Provincial of the Order of St. Dominic in Ireland.

TRINIDAD.—News has lately reached us of the death of the Rev. F. Henry Matthias Gracia, O.P. This good, religious man was the first missionary in the Marquesas Islands, where he laboured for some years; he afterwards published a work on their natural history. Later on he passed twenty-five years in different convents of South America, everywhere zealously labouring for the good of souls. He ended his days on May 24th, at Arima, in the island of Trinidad, being in the 75th year of his age, having received the last sacraments.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the whole Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

The conversion of an apostate and his family.

That a member may hear from her sister, who has been six years in America.

That a member may be delivered from unjust accusations made against her to her husband.

A member asks if it be God's will that his sight (grievously impaired by study) may be restored.

A community recommends the children under its care.

For God's blessing on a marriage.

For peace in two families.

That two persons may have grace to overcome evil habits.

A member asks that she may obtain grace to open her heart to her confessor.

That vocations may be granted to a religious community in America.

A Superioress recommends her community and its branches in New Zealand and South Africa.

Vocations and help in temporal necessities for a religious community.

The restoration to health of three priests.

That a person may obtain the means to accomplish an important undertaking.

Two persons given to intemperance.

Two daughters earnestly beg prayers for the conversion of their Protestant mother, whom the dread of confession keeps back.

A brother asks prayers that his sister may be guided as to her vocation.

The repose of the soul of some deceased friends.

The conversion of a lady, of a Protestant family, and of a young person negligent of religion.

Many other intentions.

Thanks are returned for several graces received in answer to prayer.

A priest sends the following account of favours granted through our Lady of the Rosary:—

"Two very devout Catholics have desired me to ask you if you would kindly insert the following account of a great favour which they have received through the intercession of our dear Lady of the Holy Rosary, in the Rosary Magazine. Last year Mr. and Mrs. S—, residing in Lancashire, were placed in great difficulties through the hard-heartedness of a landlord, and there was every prospect of their losing a considerable part of their hard earnings. This caused them great trouble of mind, because the demands which were made upon them were most unjust. They are both members of the Holy Rosary and of our Lady's Guard of Honour; they therefore had recourse to our dear Lady of the Rosary, and sent a petition through me to be placed in the Bede-roll Box, begging of her to help them in their great trial; at the same time they promised to have some masses said in her honour, and to give something in charity. They also promised, if their petition should be granted, to have the fact inserted in the Rosary Magazine. Our Lady, who is ever ready to help her devout clients, has obtained all that they have asked of her. I can vouch for the truth of the above statement, as I was the spiritual director of the parties at the time.

"Yours, &c., S. B."

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THE ORIGIN OF THE ROSARY.

THOUGHTS FOR THE FEAST OF THE HOLY ROSARY, OCT. 1ST.

WHEN the archangel Gabriel was sent by God to the Blessed Virgin Mary to make known to her the Mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, he saluted her in these words: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women!" These words, the happiest that have ever been listened to by a creature, have been re-echoed from age to age by the lips of Christians, and from the midst of this valley of tears they cease not to repeat to the mother of their Saviour, "Hail! Mary." The hierarchies of heaven had sent one of their chiefs to the humble daughter of David to address to her this glorious salutation; and now that she is seated above the angels, and above all the heavenly choirs, the human race, which owns her as its daughter and its sister, sends up to her from this lower world the angelic salutation, "Hail! Mary." When she heard it the first time from the voice of Gabriel she became the mother of the Word of God; and now, each time that a human voice repeats to her these words, which were the indication of her maternity, she is moved by the remembrance of that moment, which had none like it in heaven or on earth, and all eternity is filled with the happiness with which it fills her.

But although Christians had been accustomed thus to direct their hearts towards Mary, nevertheless, the immemorial custom of saluting her with the words of the angel had not been regulated or put into any precise form. The faithful did not gather together in companies that they might thus address their beloved protectress; but everyone followed the impulse of his own heart. Saint Dominic, who was not unaware of the power which union in prayer possesses, thought that it would be useful to apply it to the angelic salutation, and that this united cry of an assembled people

would rise to heaven with great power. The very shortness of the angel's words required that they should be repeated a certain number of times, like those acclamations which the loyalty of nations repeats as their sovereign passes by. But, on the other hand, repetition might cause distraction of mind. Saint Dominic provided against that by distributing the repeated salutations into several series, to each of which he attached the remembrance of one of the mysteries of our Redemption, and each of which was for the Blessed Virgin a subject of joy, of sorrow, or of triumph. In this way meditation was joined to public prayer; and, whilst the faithful saluted their Mother and their Queen, they followed her in their thoughts through all the principal events of her life. Saint Dominic formed a Confraternity, considering that such an association would be the best means for securing that this method of prayer should be lasting and solemn.

His pious thought was blessed by obtaining that which is the greatest of all successes, a success amongst the people. The Christian people have attached themselves to the Rosary, from generation to generation, with a fidelity that would hardly be believed. The Confraternities of the Rosary have multiplied without end; and there is scarcely a Christian in the world who does not possess a rosary. Who has not heard in country churches at night the grave voices of the peasants reciting alternately the angelic salutation? Who has not met processions of pilgrims passing through their fingers the beads of their Rosary, and beguiling the length of the way by the alternate repetition of the Hail! Mary? Whenever anything becomes perpetual and universal, it must necessarily contain within itself some mysterious harmony with the wants and destinies of man. The rationalist smiles as he sees pass by rows of people who repeat, over and over again, the same words; but he who is illuminated by a better light than that of reason understands that love has but one word to say, and that, though it says it always, it never repeats itself.

F. LACORDAIRE.

THE GREAT INDULGENCE OF ROSARY SUNDAY.

WE wish to draw the attention of our readers to the great Indulgence of the Feast of the Holy Rosary, kept on the First Sunday of October. It is the amplest indulgence that has ever been granted by the Holy See; and, so far as we know, there is but one other that is equal to it, namely, that of the Portiuncula, to which it is exactly similar.

This special favour, which is confined to Rosary Sunday, is a plenary indulgence applicable to the souls in Purgatory, which may be gained by every visit made to the Altar of our Lady of the Rosary (in memory of the Victory of Lepanto), from the first vespers of the feast until sunset on the day itself of the Feast, that is from about two o'clock on the Saturday afternoon until half-past five of the afternoon of Sunday.

The conditions for gaining this indulgence are:—

1st. Confession.

2nd. Holy Communion made on the day of the feast.

3rd. A visit to the Altar of the Rosary, at which prayers must be said for the Pope's intentions.

This great indulgence was first granted by Pope St. Pius V. on March 5th, 1572, in his Constitution *Salvatoris*, in commemoration of the great victory gained by the Christians over the Turks at Lepanto on the first Sunday in October of the preceding year, 1571, and which victory was held to be due in great measure to the prayers of the Confraternities of the Rosary all over the Church.

By the constitution we have just mentioned the indulgence was granted only to members of the Confraternity of the Rosary, but the same Pope afterwards extended it to ALL THE FAITHFUL.

This indulgence was afterwards confirmed by Pope Innocent XI. in his brief *Nuper pro parte*, dated July 31st, 1679, and it was again confirmed by our present Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., in an audience granted to the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, April 5th, 1869. Moreover, the present Pope accorded that in those churches where the statue of our Lady of the Rosary is exposed for the feast, not on the Altar of the Rosary, but at

the High Altar, or in some other part of the Church (as is the custom in some places), the visit may be made to this statue instead of to the Altar of the Rosary.

Of course, this indulgence can be gained only in those churches where the Confraternity of the Rosary is established, as, for example, in all Dominican churches, and many others.

A priceless treasure is thus offered to all the faithful who are within reach of a church in which the Rosary Confraternity is erected. Any such Catholics, who approach the Sacraments on Rosary Sunday (the Communion may be received in *any* church whatever), may gain a plenary indulgence for every pious visit that they make to the Altar of the Rosary, praying for the intentions of the Holy Father. These visits may be begun at about two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and continued, as frequently as they choose, until about half-past five on Sunday afternoon.

Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys, or two decades of the Rosary, or any similar prayers, will certainly suffice for each visit.

We earnestly exhort our readers to avail themselves of this excellent means of obtaining in abundance the spiritual favours of the Church. They should be mindful of the needs of the holy souls in Purgatory, to whom this indulgence is applicable, and apply all the indulgences they can gain, or at least those which they do not need themselves, to these suffering souls.

If our readers do not neglect the opportunity thus given them, a vast number of these blessed prisoners of Divine justice may, on this next Rosary Sunday, obtain their entrance into the glory of the heavenly kingdom, there to begin their never-ending songs of praise to the Majesty of God, and their intercessions for the Church and for those who have been the instruments of their release. What a harvest may be reaped for God's glory and the good of souls by the Great Indulgence of Rosary Sunday!

OUR ANGEL GUARDIANS.

Oct. 2nd.

I.

How brief the term of mortal life,
Replete with anxious cares,
Its onward course with dangers rife,
Its pathway sown with tares!
Such is man's lot—his earthly dower,
Bequeathed to Adam in that hour,
When yielding to temptation's power,
He fell 'neath Satan's snares.

II.

If we would greater havoc find,
By Satan's victory wrought,
Search deep the human heart and mind,
Both now with malice fraught.
There sin hath left its lasting trace,
Impressed on all of Adam's race,
Cleansed only by that wondrous grace
By Christ so dearly bought.

III.

Yet we must bear the weight of sin,
From cradle to the grave:
All storms without, and foes within,
With front heroic brave.
And aided by that faithful Guide,
Who stands e'er ready at our side,
O'er perils we shall safely ride,
And stem destruction's wave.

IV.

To us in mercy God has given
A Leader in our ways,
To bring us on our road to heaven,
Through earth's alluring maze.
This Guardian is an angel bright,
A messenger from courts of light,
Who, moving ever in God's sight,
Protects us all our days.

V.

If love of this vain world assails,
We scorn its threat'ning raid :
Our Champion's strong arm prevails,
Though hellish hosts invade.
We feel secure if he be near,
No monster enemy we fear,
Our supplication he will hear,
And grant his mighty aid.

VI.

His inspirations pure dispel
The clouds that in us roll :
Should our defiant wills rebel
Against his kind control,
E'en then his gentle voice is heard,
He gives us courage, bids us gird
For combat, with consoling word,
The promise of our goal.

VII.

Then we will to our Angel cling
In pleasure as in woe ;
And sheltered 'neath his spreading wing,
Defy each deadly foe.
Though storms and tempests may be near,
Our barque in safety he will steer ;
His company shall bring us cheer,
As on through life we go.

F. S. S.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

II.

As Bernadette would not let them carry her across, Marie and Jeanne remained on the opposite side of the water, near the grotto, making up their bundles of sticks. At last Bernadette determined to cross over the canal to join them.

Leaning against a large stone she stooped down to take off

her shoes and stockings; at that moment she felt a sudden gust of wind, strong and sonorous, sweep past her. The air had been so very calm and still that, quite surprised, the child stood upright and gazed around. All was quiet—not even a tremor in the branches of the poplars that grew on the banks. Again she stooped forward to remove her stockings, and again she felt a loud wind rush rapidly past her and break against the rocks of Massabielle.

Greatly alarmed she started to her feet and looked towards the grotto. At that time a beautiful wild-rose tree grew in the niche, its luxuriant branches, then almost leafless, trailing to the ground. As Bernadette looked towards it the niche became illuminated by a most beautiful splendour, and in the midst of the radiance, under the arch of the niche, her feet resting on the eglantine, the child beheld, with feelings of wonder, delight, and awe impossible to describe, a young and beauteous Lady, who, bending slightly forward and sweetly smiling, seemed to salute her. At first the child stood motionless, then she rubbed her eyes, then shut them for a moment. When she opened them, and saw that the beautiful vision had not vanished, she took out her Rosary, and from a vague sentiment of fear, as if to protect herself, she tried to make the sign of the cross; but her arm fell powerless by her side. At that instant she saw the Lady take the cross of the rosary that hung on her left wrist in her right hand, and with it make a very large and impressive sign of the cross, and looking towards the child, and smiling with a look of ineffable benignity, seemed to say, "Do as I do."

Understanding the gentle invitation Bernadette raised her arm, and found no difficulty in making the holy sign of our redemption. Then the Lady raised and folded her hands as if in prayer, letting the beads of the Rosary pass one by one through her fingers. The child imitated her and recited the Rosary. Calm now and reassured, Bernadette was able to notice the beautiful figure in the niche. She saw that the Lady wore a long robe of dazzling white, which fell in ample folds to her feet without entirely covering them, for on each foot could be seen a gold-coloured rose. A broad blue girdle, the ends simply passed one through the other without a bow, fell down in front below the knees. A white veil covered the back of the head, and falling over the shoulders, but leaving the arms disengaged, descended behind to the bottom of the dress. On one arm a long Rosary was suspended, the beads

of which were white as alabaster; the crucifix and chain appeared to be of very brilliant gold.

Ravished with awe and delight, Bernadette, as she prayed, contemplated this lovely apparition, following most attentively every movement of the mysterious being, whose benign and gracious gestures filled her innocent little heart with love and confidence.

Marie Soubirous, happening to look across to her sister at the moment the latter first beheld the vision, saw that she was very pale, that she was kneeling as if praying, and looking with a rapt and fixed gaze towards the upper part of the grotto. She remarked also the double movement of her sister's arm before she made the sign of the cross.

"Do look how devoutly my sister is praying," said she to Jeanne.

"What an idea," said the other, "to come here to pray, as if it were not enough to pray in the church. Let us leave her, she is only fit to say her prayers." And with mocking words on their lips they turned away, and, laughing and shouting, scampered up and down the slopes to warm themselves.

What a vivid picture of what daily takes place in the world ! The thoughtless, the worldly, the scoffers, neither believe nor heed the many wonderful manifestations of God's love and mercy ; they pass on their way in a whirl of pleasure, despising and ridiculing all that is not of the earth, earthy. Nearly an hour did the vision last : it seemed to Bernadette but as a few moments. The Lady, with a gesture of exquisite grace and sweetness, made a sign with her hand, as if to invite the child to cross over the water and to come near ; but Bernadette did not dare move. At last the vision extended her arms towards her, bowed gently, as if to bid her adieu, smiled graciously, and in an instant disappeared. The brilliant light also vanished, and Bernadette saw again the niche empty, the bare rock and leafless eglantine, and could hear her companions laughing and talking.

She rose from her knees, finished taking off her shoes and stockings, and, although apprehensive that the shock of the cold water might bring on a fit of asthma, determined to visit the grotto. A cry of surprise escaped her as she entered the water, which rose over her ankles. She called out to her sister, "Why did you say such an untruth Marie ? You said the water was very cold. Why, it is quite warm !"

"Warm!" said the children—"warm! The idea of the Gave being warm in winter! What nonsense!"

"Well, I assure you it feels to me as warm as the water we use to wash the dishes in."

"Oh, don't talk such nonsense!" said Marie. "Look at my poor feet, bleeding and swollen."

She stooped down to feel her sister's feet, and, greatly astonished, she exclaimed, "They are really warm." Jeanne felt them also. "How fortunate you are," said she. They then all tried to put on their stockings. Bernadette found no difficulty about hers, but the other two had great trouble putting on theirs, as their feet were so much swollen.

We give all these details, and the dialogues between the children, as they show how far distant from their young minds was the idea of anything supernatural having taken place.

Bernadette, once the vision flown, knew not what to think, and she asked her companions, had *they* seen anything in the Grotto whilst playing there?

"Seen anything?" said they. "No! Did you see anything?"

Quite troubled to find that she alone had beheld the apparition, she replied, hesitatingly, "Oh, then—no matter." And nothing further was said.

All three little girls now ascended the slopes, to return home by the then narrow and difficult path above the rocks of Massabielle. Jeanne being somewhat in advance of the sisters, Bernadette said to Marie, "Promise me not to tell anyone, and I will tell you what I saw in the grotto when you noticed me kneeling opposite, saying my beads." And then she told her sister what she had seen. Marie, half believing, and rather frightened, remarked, "How could you see all that up there? You are a simpleton; I am sure you saw nothing."

"Oh, yes, I did," answered Bernadette; "but do not speak of it; perhaps mother would scold."

The poor child instinctively felt that she would not be believed, and shrank from hearing what to her seemed so heavenly made a jest of.

When they reached home the mother reproved them for staying out so long; then Marie told her what her sister had confided to her, and Madame Soubirous, having obtained from Bernadette a full account of all that had taken place at

the grotto, became greatly alarmed, and strictly forbade her children to return to the rocks of Massabielle.

This was a great blow to Bernadette, who was so charmed by the vision that she could think of little else, and desired nothing so much as to see the beautiful Lady again. All day she felt sad at the thought that her mother would never allow her to go again to the grotto; and when she began to say night prayers she burst into tears.

Madame Soubirous was so much troubled that she could not rest all night. Her child spoke with so much candour and simplicity that she could not disbelieve her; but she feared it was an evil spirit that was trying to mislead her.

The next day, to relieve her mind, she confided her anxieties to some of her friends; Marie told several little girls of her acquaintance; so that the vision that had been seen by Bernadette became the subject of conversation in the neighbourhood.

For three days Madame Soubirous kept Bernadette at home. On the fourth day, Sunday, February 14th, after High Mass, several little girls came to poor little Bernadette, who looked very sorrowful, and said, "Shall we all go together to the grotto?"

"Oh, how I wish I could!" she answered; "but my mother will not allow me."

"Perhaps," said they, "she will, if we beg of her very hard; let us try, at least."

And they all gathered round the good mother, who was a truly kind and worthy woman, and they coaxed and entreated until at last she consented. She made them promise to be very good, to say their Rosary, to be cautious not to fall over the rocks where the path was so narrow, and to be sure to be back for vespers.

VEN. BARTHOLOMEW OF THE MARTYRS.

VII.

BARTHOLOMEW had never abandoned his ardent desire of resigning his archbishopric and ending his days in the solitude of the cloister, which he had quitted so unwillingly. He had petitioned three successive Popes to grant him this avour, but each, in turn, had refused. When Gregory XIII.

became Pope he resolved to try once more, and this time he was successful.

It may easily be imagined with what sorrow the people of Braga heard that they were to lose their good Archbishop. He had been their pastor for upwards of twenty-three years, during which time he had applied himself without a moment's relaxation to the duties of his office. He had instructed them with marvellous wisdom, and his words had been the light of their souls. He had been the father of the poor, and the consolation of all who were in distress. Large numbers owed their very lives to his charity during the famine and the plague. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should have been universal mourning in Braga when the news of his resignation reached the city.

Meanwhile, Bartholomew lost no time in betaking himself to the Dominican Convent of the Holy Cross at Viana, which he had founded himself, and which was to be the place of his retirement. As soon as he had arrived there, and the religious had come forth to receive him, he cast himself on his knees before the Prior to ask his blessing, and said he had come once more to be received amongst his brethren, with the resolution to regain all that he had lost since he had been absent from conventual life. He then bade farewell to those of his attendants who had come with him, consoling them, and encouraging them to continue to labour faithfully in the service of God.

Bartholomew, finding himself now entirely free from the care of business and from intercourse with the world, gave his whole mind to the work of dying to himself that he might live to God alone. It soon became evident that he had left his archbishopric in order to make himself the least and most abject in the House of the Lord, for he made himself noticeable in the community only by his wonderful humility, modesty, and obedience.

His principal occupations were prayer and the study of the Holy Scriptures; nevertheless, he did not omit to labour for the sanctification of others. As long as his health permitted he went out on foot into the neighbouring villages to instruct the simple country people. He continued to do this for three years, and only gave it up when his failing strength made him unequal to the exertion.

The charity towards the poor, for which he had ever been so remarkable, still continued to distinguish him. The Pope,

in accepting his resignation of the see of Braga, had obliged him to receive an annual pension out of its revenues. Bartholomew had himself been opposed to this, for he had wished to live in the poverty of a simple religious, but as he was obliged to receive this money, he made use of it to satisfy his charitable desires, and he distributed it with great generosity, but at the same time with prudence and discretion, amongst the poor. Some examples have been preserved of his great charity at this period of his life.

As he was returning one Sunday to the convent of Viana, after having preached, according to his custom, in a neighbouring village, he was met by a number of poor people. He distributed amongst them all that he had, and then there came up to him a poor woman, already advanced in years, who begged him to give her something. He told her that he was sorry that he could not help her, for he had absolutely nothing left. However, she continued to press him, saying that she had a daughter at home, and that they had not so much as a bed to lie on.

Bartholomew was touched, but he had no money, and did not expect any for some time to come. What could he do? He resolved to give her his own bed, and bethought himself how he could do it without being discovered. He told the mother to come to the convent after dark, and place herself beneath the window of his cell, explaining the exact spot in order that there might be no mistake.

When night came he made up his mattress and bed-clothes into a bundle, and as soon as the woman arrived he thrust it forth to her, and she carried it away rejoicing. Her joy, however, was not so great as that of Bartholomew, who found himself more like our Blessed Lord in not having a bed whereon to rest. It now became his object to hinder its being known in the convent that he was without a bed, for he knew that the want would quickly be supplied if it were discovered. He therefore kept in his cell as much as possible, and if any one came to see him he would not admit them, but went outside to see what was wanted.

The fact at last became known through the woman who had become the recipient of Bartholomew's charity, for she could not help speaking of it to her neighbours, and thus it soon got spread through the town. At length some persons spoke of it to the religious of the convent, thinking that they knew all about it. They were of course very much surprised,

and at once understood why Bartholomew had kept his door so carefully closed.

On another occasion a poor countryman applied to him for help; he had lost his yoke of oxen, which formed his only riches. Bartholomew gave him what he had at the moment, which was, however, not enough to repair his loss. A few days after, while he was saying mass, the brother who was serving him noticed that he paused a long time at the memento of the living, and then finished the mass rather quickly. He then left the altar without making his usual long thanksgiving, called his servant, and gave him a considerable sum of money, telling him to go at once to a certain place, where he would meet a poor man carrying a rope, and that he was to give the money to him. The servant did as he was bid; he found the man at the exact place that had been pointed out, and delivered the money to him. It was the very countryman who had lost the yoke of oxen, and who, not having obtained enough money to replace them, had unhappily fallen into despair, and acknowledged that he was then on his way to a retired place in order to commit suicide.

Bartholomew survived eight years after his retirement to the convent of Viana; during the latter half of this period he suffered much from illness. During the summer of the year 1590 his infirmities greatly increased; he concealed them as much as possible, and the religious of the convent remarked only that he rose rather later and retired to rest earlier than was his usual custom, and that he appeared to be extremely weak.

One day at the beginning of July he felt that his illness had greatly increased, and that it would no longer be possible for him to conceal it. However, he made a last effort to say mass, passed a long time in making his thanksgiving, and then visited each altar in the church, as if to take a last farewell of the holy place. As he returned to his cell he visited that of F. Andrew of the Cross, who was his especial friend, and said to him, "Father, I am come to let you know my happiness. I think that God has at last granted me that which I have so long asked of him. Do not forget to pray for me, for I have great need of it."

He suffered great pain during the last few days of his life, but he was so much the master of himself that he allowed no sign of suffering to escape him. His mind remained always fixed on God, and in the midst of his greatest suffer-

ings the only words he uttered were ejaculations of praise and thanksgiving.

It was soon noised abroad that he was dying, and the news reached his successor in the Archbishopric of Braga, Dom Augustin of Jesus, a religious of the order of St. Augustine. This prelate no sooner heard it than he set forth from Braga to visit his dying predecessor, and, travelling all night, he reached Viana the following morning. He remained with Bartholomew until his death, administered to him the sacrament of extreme unction, consoled him with pious thoughts, and rendered him every sort of charitable attention.

Bartholomew received the last anointing with wonderful devotion. He was in perfect possession of his senses, and begged those who were present to help him with their prayers, in order that this sacrament might produce its full effects in his soul. When the penitential psalms were recited, he himself said each alternate verse, and the rest answered. Sometimes it happened that their tears hindered them from saying properly the verse that fell to their turn, and then Bartholomew took it up quite calmly and said it for them.

The Archbishop of Braga recited the recommendation of the departing soul. A few minutes after it was finished Bartholomew raised his hands and his eyes to heaven, and calmly gave up his soul to God. It was the 16th of July, 1590; he was seventy-six years and two months old.

A controversy soon arose as to the place of his burial. The canons and citizens of Braga demanded that he should be interred in their city, founding their claim upon the fact of his having been their archbishop. But the inhabitants of Viana strongly protested, alleging that Bartholomew had chosen to end his days and be buried there. The matter was referred to the Archbishop, who wished to reserve the matter for future discussion, and would have had the convent of Viana receive the sacred remains in deposit, and give them a temporary resting-place. But the Prior of the convent, F. Francis of the Holy Ghost, would by no means agree to receive the body as a deposit only, for the wish of Bartholomew was that he should be buried in that convent, and so the matter was finally decided.

God was pleased to honour his servant by many miracles that were wrought by his intercession. Great numbers of people, therefore, came to visit his tomb, and recommended themselves to his prayers.

About nineteen years after his death his body was removed from its first resting-place to a more sumptuous tomb. The place where it had first been placed was extremely damp; nevertheless, when the grave was opened, the body was discovered to be quite entire. Only in one part was the flesh at all decayed; everywhere else it was quite solid and incorrupt, though it had not been embalmed. Moreover, it exhaled a very pleasant odour, which was perceptible to all who were present. This translation took place on May 24th, 1609, on which day is commemorated the translation of St. Dominic, the spiritual father of Bartholomew.

F. A. D.

THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

II.

HAVING in our last number given some general account of the life led by the Fathers of the Desert, we come now to a description of their virtues. This father who is entertaining us at our supper of bread and preserved herbs (which they esteem the height of luxury) is the venerable Arcisius. He is a disciple of the founder, St. Ammon, and tells us of the Saint's wonderful life: how he belonged to one of the richest families in Egypt, but was richer still in spiritual gifts; how, when his parents forced him to marry, he persuaded his young wife to live with him as his sister; and how, after eighteen years of peace and prayer, she at last agreed to let him retire into the desert, while she remained to change his house into a monastery for women; and, in fine, how the fame of his virtues and miracles spread, and men flocked to him.

And then Arcisius takes us to see the living wonders of that holy mountain. In this mountain of Nitria is the admirable Abbot Or, ruling the great monastery of one thousand hermits, a man of angelic appearance, whose frame has not been wasted by the labours of ninety years, and whose face is still bright and full of animation, so that his mere appearance excites reverence.* At first he lived in the far desert, but an angel called him thence to be, like Abraham, the father of many nations. Usually he eats but once a week. His whole time is taken up in instructing his monks in contemplation. He has the gift of infused science. Then

* Palladius.

we go to the cell of Saint Benjamin, who for eight months has been suffering from so fearful a dropsy that he has lost even the appearance of a human being, and we cannot bear to look at him. But no sign of impatience betrays his fearful suffering. "Pray, brethren," he says to us, "that my interior man suffer not this disease, for as to the external covering, what matters it?" And they tell us that his touch heals the diseases of other men. And as we leave his cell we meet another abbot, who humbly salutes us. Our guide whispers to us that this is another Ammon, and a worthy disciple of the first. His body, they tell us, is covered with scars, for he is accustomed in time of temptation to apply a red-hot iron to his flesh. His right ear he cut off himself, to escape being made bishop, for he is a learned man. He knows both Testaments by heart, and most of the writings of the great Egyptian doctors, Clement, and Origen, and Didymus.

But we have reached the cell of the Abbot Pambo, a most holy and learned man, who "had discretion of speech above all the Fathers of the Desert, even above the blessed Antony." And here an unhopèd-for opportunity awaits us. The light of the desert, the Abbot Macarius, has come from his distant hermitage to take counsel with St. Pambo, and as soon as our company perceive the holy man, they crowd round him, and beg from him "a word of edification." And, his voice almost drowned in tears, he tells them: "For myself, brethren, I have not yet become a monk, but I have seen monks. Once, while I was sitting in my cell in Scete, my thoughts urged me, saying, 'Rise up, and go into the wilderness, and consider what you see there.' And my soul refused to entertain the thoughts during five years, for I said, 'Perhaps this suggestion is from the devil.' But when the thought clung to me, at last I went into the desert. And I found a pool of water, and in the midst an island. And the wild animals of the desert came down to drink there, and amongst them I saw two men naked, and my flesh trembled, for I thought they were spirits. And seeing me and that I trembled, they said, 'Fear not, we also are men.' I said therefore to them, 'Whence are you, and why have you come into the desert?' And they answered, 'We belonged to a monastery of monks, and forty years have passed by since we received permission to come out hither.' And then, in their turn, they asked me, saying, 'How does the world go on? Does the river rise as

of old, and the earth bring forth its abundance?' And I answered 'Yes.' And then I asked them, 'And how shall I become a monk?' And they said, 'Unless a man renounce all that is in the world he cannot be a monk.' And I said, 'I am weak; I cannot be like you?' 'Then,' said they, 'remain in your cell, and weep over your sins.' And I asked them once again, 'Do you not feel the cold of winter, and the heat of summer, does it not burn as a furnace?' But they said, 'God has given us a dispensation, so that we feel neither heat nor cold.' Therefore, brethren, I said to you 'I am not yet a monk;' pardon me, brethren." And then another brother tells us of a similar story which had been related to him by the holy Abbot Paphnutius. How he had found, seventeen days' journey in the desert, a hermit who was a bishop, but who having fallen in the violence of persecution had, forty-eight years before, retired into the desert to expiate his sin. And our hearts begin to burn within us, and we ask whether there are many like to these holy men. We have touched a chord to which all their hearts vibrate, and all the night long we sit listening to the wonderful accounts they give us. They tell us of that desert land which stretches out west and south from Nitria far among the sands of Libya and the rocks of Ethiopia; compared with whose solitude "the mountain" is a crowded city, and beside whose life that of Nitria is luxury. Nitria is on the confines of the fertile land of Egypt, but these men live out in the howling wilderness, with outlaws and wild beasts as their only neighbours. Those that are nearest to the river have two or three miles to go for water, and to cross the sandy hills which fringe the Nile along its whole course. One father, they tell us, wishing for complete solitude, went a whole day's journey into the rainless desert, taking with him water-jars, and when the dew fell thick he would collect it with sponges, to keep against the time of drought. The Abbot Moses, who had been a captain of robbers, and whose former wicked life had left behind it horrible temptations, during six years employed himself every night in carrying water for his weaker brethren. These fathers, they tell us, live in holes hollowed out of the rock; some of them, as St. Macarius has told us, under the sky of heaven, through the cold of winter and the heat of summer, which at mid-day in that country is like the Babylonian furnace. Some live for years in cells in which it is impossible for them to stand upright or to lie down. They

eat only a little bread once a day, or once in two or three days. St. Antony, who, we are expressly told, had not been at all remarkable for bodily mortification, even in his old age took daily but three ounces of bread and three olives. The fact is, they hardly think of food at all. They tell us of an old hermit who went to visit another. They began to talk of spiritual things until the declining day told them it was time for their simple meal. The host went to prepare it by steeping two small cakes in water. But before eating they began to talk again, and, lost in sublime communings, they went on all night and all the next day, until evening arrived again. And as evening was the time for returning to the cell, they separated without thinking of the food, and too late the host discovered what he called his want of hospitality. Then our entertainers tell us of the long prayers, lasting sometimes whole days or nights. They tell us of the Abbot Arsenius, who had been tutor to the emperor's sons, and who now lived not far from them, how every Saturday evening he turned his back on the setting sun, and extending his arms, remained thus in prayer till the morning sun shone in his eyes.

This very Abbot Macarius, who is telling us these things with such enthusiasm, is himself one of the glories of the desert, one of its great examples of prayer and mortification. In order to conquer an importunate temptation, he remained during six months in a swamp, from whose fetid waters sprang swarms of gnats which were as large as wasps, and whose bite was equally painful. And this solitude was filled with hermits, who found there all they wanted, a few herbs, a little water, and complete seclusion. The cave where he was then living was next to that of a lioness, for the fathers lived at peace with the wild beasts of the desert, or rather domineered over them. It was fitting that those whose lives almost equalled the life of primeval innocence should partake also of its privileges. And our hosts tell us with a holy exultation how the wild beasts are subject to them. One father, coming to a monastery on the Nile, and finding that the priest who was to say mass for them was afraid to cross on account of a crocodile, ordered the animal to bring him over and carry him back again. Another saint brought two serpents, or, as they call them, dragons, to guard his cell from robbers who were going to attack it. Another was guarded by a lion. To another a wolf came every day for food. But the story which interested us most was one about the Abbot John, who was

distinguished for his simple obedience, even amongst these models of obedience. Sent on a message by his spiritual father, and knowing that a lioness infested the path by which he had to travel, he demanded what he was to do if she came upon him. "Oh!" said the Abbot, laughing, "you must catch her and bring her along with you by a piece of string." Well, it happened when he reached the place that the lioness sprang out upon him, but instead of doing him any injury, she began to run away when he attempted to hold her. But the saint followed after, crying out "No, no; that will not do. I have got to bring you back to the monastery with me." And then she stood, and he brought her home with him.

The hermits, when in health, eat little more than bread and salt, yet there is wine kept on the mountain for the sick, and there are doctors there. That aged monk, whom we had seen working his passage across the lake, was the Abbot Apollonius, who has devoted his time and his wealth to the great charity of bringing medicines and fruit from Alexandria, and now through the open door of our cell we see him going round to distribute them to the sick.

The fathers are chiefly engaged in the making of linen, for labour is as necessary a feature of life in the desert as prayer itself. Nay, the hands are often at work when the mind is engaged in contemplation. By the power of Christian charity, which makes possible the seemingly impossible, the poor of Alexandria and of all Egypt are chiefly supported by the far poorer inhabitants of the desert.

And we must not think that they neglect study. "Nowhere," says Rufinus, himself one of the most learned men of his age, "nowhere have we seen such meditation and understanding of the Divine Scriptures; nowhere such skill in theology, so that you would think each one of these fathers was a master of Divine wisdom."

But it is time to bring our description to a close. We have not enumerated one thousandth part of the wonders which filled that blessed place. We have merely indicated the perfection of their teaching and their practice. But our space will not allow us to give more than a broad and general idea of that country, and that life which gives so much of its character to the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries, and which preserved pure doctrine and perfect morality in an age when heresy and crime were rampant elsewhere.

H. B. M.

SERVANTS OF MARY.

TWO CHINESE TERTIARIES.

WE are indebted to the *Couronne de Marie* for the following letter of the Rev. F. Guixa, O.P., addressed to the Vicar Provincial of the Mission of Fo-kien in China, and which we have slightly abridged in our translation :—

“Kang-boc, Dec. 18, 1874.

“REVEREND FATHER,—I take up my pen to-day in order to fulfil the promise I made you, a short time back, of giving you a sketch of the lives of two sisters of our third order, who died during the present year in the district of Kang-boc. Their names were respectively Mary and Rose. Both were advanced in years, and full of virtues and merits in the sight of God. In considering their lives it is impossible not to acknowledge that the one was in a certain way the imitation of the gentleness, amiability, and continual prayer of our heavenly Mother, whilst the other continually endeavoured to imprint upon her life that character of mortification and penance which distinguished St. Rose of Lima. Thus both were worthy of the names they had received at their baptism.

“MARY HAN-KWA was born in 1786. From her earliest years she was remarkable for that docility and obedience which is generally found to be in children the presage of a holy life. Her diligence and modesty increased with her years, as well as her punctuality in performing all her practices of devotion. These happy beginnings showed what she was likely to become, and, as she grew older, she was ever humble, patient, a lover of silence, retirement, and meditation, and especially devout to the Blessed Virgin.

“Her parents were in very comfortable circumstances; nevertheless, she looked upon herself as inferior to everybody. Hence she was so condescending and gentle to all that she gained everyone's good will. Evil tongues found no matter for criticism in her, but for all that her patience was put to a severe test. It was her own mother who, by a mistaken judgment, was the cause of this trial. She unceasingly mortified her daughter, and even spoke ill of her to others. But Mary Han-Kwa knew that in order to follow our Lord it is necessary to renounce self, and she therefore bore these

trials with wonderful constancy until she was sixty years of age; it was only then that her mother, who had been so unkind to her, passed to another life.

"She never indulged in the spirit of criticism, and was a great lover of silence; she thus kept her soul in great recollection, and was nearly always occupied in prayer. She was accustomed to pass several hours, both day and night, in meditating on the Passion of our Lord. She had learnt from her spiritual guides that in order to preserve purity it is necessary to keep the passions in subjection, and therefore she never neglected to mortify her senses. She eat but little at any time, observed exactly all fasts, and very rarely eat meat. During Lent she increased her penances, wearing hair skirts, and taking the discipline, in order to conform herself still more to our Divine Redeemer.

"She knew that it is morally impossible to persevere in fervour without a special devotion to the Mother of God. She ever cultivated in her heart a great love for Mary, and a special devotion to the Holy Rosary. Before sunrise every day she had saluted our Lady with affectionate devotion by the meditations and prayers of the Rosary; and she never took her evening meal without having first recited the whole Rosary.

"She had long desired to wear the habit of the third order of our Father St. Dominic. At length she received it in the year 1816. She did not, however, make her profession until the year 1827. It is not surprising that her profession was delayed for eleven years, for at that period the missionaries were so few in number that the Christians hardly saw a priest more than once a year.

"When she had thus consecrated herself to her Divine Spouse under the banner of St. Dominic, she had but one desire, that of advancing every day in the way of perfection by the exact observance of the rules of the third order. During the forty-six years that she wore the holy habit she was never known to fail in any point of the rule, or to stain the habit she wore by anything unworthy of her profession.

"She thus lived to the age of eighty-six years. She passed the last two years of her life in suffering, confined to her bed; her body became like one large wound, but her soul was entirely resigned to the will of God. She gave up her soul to God on January 3rd of this year [1874]. Her pure and innocent soul had but to rise to the heavenly

kingdom, there to receive the reward promised to virtue. Her death was greatly lamented by all who had the happiness to know her.

"ROSE CHIAM-KWA was the name of the other sister of the third order, of whose penitent life I have now to write. She was born in 1793, in this village of Kang-boc, of poor but virtuous parents. She had the happiness to have an elder sister, also a tertiary, who died young, but whose good example pointed out the way of virtue to Rose.

"Rose's parents wished her to marry, and had made all the preliminary arrangements. This was a subject of great affliction to her, for she had resolved to consecrate herself to our Lord, and she could find no means of escaping from the engagement which her parents had made for her. In her distress she had recourse to our Blessed Lady, the Queen of Virgins, entreating her help, and protesting that she would belong only to her Son Jesus. Day and night she repeated her prayer, accompanied with many tears, and to render her petition more efficacious she made a vow to fast on the Tuesday and Friday of each week for the rest of her life, if her request were granted. Such touching and persevering prayers could not fail to be heard by a Mother so full of tender goodness, and the engagement was broken off, as Rose desired. She was so exact in keeping her weekly fast of two days that during the whole of her long life she did not fail, even once, in its observance. A month or two only before her death she asked her confessor to dispense her from it.

"She also kept all the fasts prescribed by the rule of the third order. On such days she took only one meal, if, indeed, the small amount of rice and vegetables that she eat could be called a meal. Only on the great festivals did she eat a little meat, if any were given her as an alms. Her bed was nothing but a bench made of reeds, with no other mattress than a wretched mat, and with no other pillow than a block of wood. During the last forty years of her life she had no covering for her bed, not even during the bitterest cold of winter. Her clothing was the very humblest that could be had. She wore some of her garments for more than twenty years.

"She lived quite alone, and never left her confined abode except to go to the church. Prayer and meditation were

her favourite occupations, and in them she passed the greater part of her days and nights. She had received but little education, nevertheless her judgment and memory were admired by all.

"By continual mortification of the senses she acquired a great tranquillity of soul, and preserved her conscience in wonderful innocence. Her demeanour was always extremely reserved and modest. So mortified a virgin deserved to be enrolled amongst the children of St. Dominic, and her desire to be a member of the third order was satisfied in the year 1824, when she received the habit, though, for reasons similar to those already mentioned, she did not make her profession until 1848.

"Once admitted into the third order, she strove to become every day a more worthy child of her holy Patriarch. She was exact in the observance of the rule, and laboured without ceasing to grow in perfection, in order that she might obtain the recompense promised to those who persevere. At length the day arrived which had been appointed by the Divine Master for the crowning of her merits. Fortified by the bread of life, she gave up her soul to God on September 11th, 1874, at the age of eighty years.

"I am,

"Your reverence's humble and devoted servant,

"FR. NICHOLAS GUIXA, O.P."

ANECDOTES.

THE ROSARY AND THE WRECK OF THE "STRATHMORE."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indo-European Correspondence* writes as follows:—"On the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph I read, in the *Mouth of Mary*, of the wonderful fruits obtained by devotion to the Holy Rosary. It is related how a bishop in Spain was unable to succeed in reforming his people until he preached the Rosary. By a strange coincidence, I heard on that day of the following. We have all heard of the unfortunate voyage of the *Strathmore*, and the hardships endured by the survivors. One of the passengers was Mrs. Wordsworth. This lady had received a Rosary from a Catholic lady, a convert, in Edinburgh, who asked Mrs. Wordsworth to use it when in trouble or affliction. The

vessel struck. At the last moment Mrs. Wordsworth thought of her Rosary, went down to the cabin and secured it. I make no comments; but I saw it mentioned in the newspapers that Mrs. Wordsworth is the only female who was saved."

A MONSTRANCE SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK.

Our excellent American contemporary, the *Catholic Review*, quotes the following incident from a San Francisco paper as a pendant to the example we have just narrated.

Many of the residents of this city [San Francisco, California] will remember Father Thomas, the Chinese priest, sometime stationed here as missionary among his countrymen. He is at present located in the interior of China, and has succeeded in gathering around him a large number of converted heathens, who, with great sacrifice, have erected a chapel in which to worship, and which is proving to be a centre of life and light to the whole region round about. Father Thomas and his poor congregation had done their best, and, behold, the little sanctuary was unfurnished, but devout Catholics are not the kind to despair, their faith teaches them to pray with absolute confidence that they will be heard; in fact, their whole lives are but one unceasing petition, according to the command, "Pray always," and they did pray. One form of the supplications was a letter to Mr. Flood, the bookseller of this city, requesting aid in procuring a monstrance, that He who is ever present on our altars should fitly, in the sublime mystery of the ever-blessed Eucharist, extend His blessed benediction upon faithful hearts. Mr. Flood read the touching letter of the faithful missionary to a few friends, and the sum of one hundred dollars was at once raised, and the monstrance, an elegant and valuable work of art, was forwarded to China by the ill-fated steamer *Japan*, accompanied by the prayers of both the intended recipient and the donors. In due time the news came that the *Japan* had been destroyed by fire in mid-ocean off the coast of China. The wreck was total. Neither an ounce of cargo nor a dollar of the immense treasure on board was saved, so the only thing to be done was to replace the lost monstrance. Before this could be done a letter was received from Father Thomas, saying that his beautiful piece of altar furniture had come to hand amidst the joyful anticipations of his people! It appears that an officer of the unfortunate steamer, on escaping into a life-

boat, bethought himself that he might save something, and so, snatching up the first parcel that came to hand as he rushed along the doomed vessel, finally delivered it at the agency in Hong-kong, without the slightest knowledge of its contents. Was it "mere chance," or was that monstrosity insured in heaven?

CURRENT EVENTS.

ROME. — Considerable excitement has been caused by the recent order of the Government forbidding all public religious processions, unless leave for them be obtained from the prefect of the province. In many places the people have insisted on the processions being made as of old, and when, out of submission to the law, the clergy have refused to take part in them, the people have made the procession without them. Even the public carrying of the Blessed Sacrament to the sick is to be considered as a procession, and is prohibited if it be done with the sound of the bell. Cardinal Patrizi, the Pope's Vicar for the diocese of Rome, has protested against this order, and has exhorted the faithful to make up for the want of respect thus shown to our Lord by accompanying the Blessed Sacrament in greater numbers than heretofore.

A correspondent of the *Catholic Times* relates in what manner the new order was first put in execution:—"The law received its first application on Tuesday last at Frascati, a town fourteen miles from Rome, and I cannot do better than give the facts of the case, to prove how the Government intends to carry out its own laws. On that day the Viaticum was being carried to several sick persons, and though hitherto great pomp had been observed, in consequence of the new law it had been very quietly attended—accompanied by four torches and preceded by no bell. Arrived in the middle of the piazza, the Delegate of Public Security ordered the soldiers to disperse the devout people who were following this modest procession, and the priest had only advanced a few steps, hurrying from the disturbance which this command had occasioned, ere an officer of the line rudely accosted him, and, *seizing him by the arm that held the Pyx*, intimated to him to return. The courageous priest turned to him, and, in a firm voice, warned him to respect the Blessed Sacrament. These words, and the aspect of the people, who seemed disposed to offer a resist-

ance, apparently determined the officer to desist from his attempt, for, after dismissing two of the boys who carried the lamps, he allowed the other two to accompany the Viaticum, and the priest to proceed on his way. On the latter's return to the church the people thronged into the sacred edifice, and intoned so heartfelt and enthusiastic a *Te Deum* that the canons in the choir were forced to desist from their office and join in the singing, while a number of citizens accompanied the priest to his home."

The Holy Father granted an audience to the rector and students of the Irish College on August 28th. Several of the students had greatly distinguished themselves at the annual examinations of the Propaganda, and these had the honour of laying their medals at the feet of the Pope. The following address was presented by the students:—"We cast ourselves at your feet, Holy Father, at the conclusion of the scholastic year, in order to thank you for the many proofs of favour and goodness which we have received from you during the course of the year. We have nothing to offer you in return but our humble prayers, which we offer to our Lord without ceasing, beseeching Him to preserve and prolong your precious life for the edification and illumination of the Christian world by the brightness of your heroic virtues. Vouchsafe, Holy Father, to grant us your Apostolic benediction now at the commencement of our vacation, in order that by it we may obtain strength to continue our studies beneath the shadow of St. Peter's chair, under the protection of your sacred and august person." In reply, the Holy Father encouraged the students to perseverance in study, as well as in the practice of the Christian virtues.

GERMANY.—The Catholics of Prussia have just been despoiled of two of their churches, which have been handed over to the handful of infidels and freethinkers who call themselves "Old Catholics." One of these is the Church of Corpus Christi at Breslau, which is one of the handsomest in the city, and is the parish church of a population of not less than 20,000 Catholics. Some "Old Catholics" applied for its use, and the Berlin government at once accorded it to them, notwithstanding the remonstrances and protests of the parishioners and Catholics of Breslau. The parish priest sang mass in it for the last time on Sunday, August 31st; the Blessed Sacrament was then carried in procession round the church, and benediction

was given. An immense congregation was present at this solemnity, and large numbers received Holy Communion. On the following day the "Old Catholics" assembled to take possession of it. However, the Catholics had determined that they should have it only by force, and the schismatics found all the doors locked. A locksmith had to be fetched to force them, a large and excited crowd looking on the while. The other Catholic church that has lately been transferred to the schismatics is one at Boppard on the Rhine, which formerly belonged to the Carmelites, and has, of late, been used as a parish church. Here the parish priest, after having said mass and given benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, removed the Blessed Sacrament as quietly as possible to the chapel of a neighbouring orphanage, thus taking final leave of his church.

It is interesting to know what use the "Old Catholics" make of the churches they have thus unjustly obtained from the Catholics. We have some information on this point.

A correspondent of the *Tablet* says:—"The fine Catholic parish church [at Königsberg], which has been given over to the 'Old Catholics,' is now usually empty and shut. It is only in the forenoon on Sundays that any persons are to be found in it, twenty or thirty at the most. On some Sundays, when the 'service' is performed by laymen only, not more than five or six are present."

A correspondent of the *Catholic Times* says:—"When they [the 'Old Catholic' schismatics] claimed and received the large Church of the Cross at Neisse, they had at first refused to accept another church which the Catholics had offered them, because it was too small for them. Since then the worshippers attending the Church of the Cross have carefully been counted Sunday after Sunday, and were found never to amount to more than thirty, so that the smallest chapel would be large enough for them. On the Assumption Feast the Alt-Catholics of Wiesbaden had neither High Mass nor singing or organ playing in the parish church; at the Low Mass only twenty-four persons were present, six of whom were lookers-on."

However, the "Old Catholics" are probably sufficiently satisfied. They have at least deprived the Catholics of these churches, and thus they have gratified their malice, if they have not filled the desecrated churches with their own followers.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

The conversion of two Protestant clergymen.

The conversion of five persons much given to intemperance.

Light to choose a confessor.

Help for three families in difficulties.

A vocation.

Relief from acute suffering, and to be able again to go to daily mass.

Succour for two children who are in danger of losing their faith.

Three husbands who have been the cause of great suffering to their families.

Two apostates.

The conversion of a Ritualist family.

That two scrupulous persons may be delivered from uneasiness of mind.

The conversion of a Protestant and of three young men.

The conversion of several Protestants, two of whom are clergymen, and in great doubt.

The spiritual and temporal necessities of a religious community.

The recovery of two sick persons.

The conversion of some bad Catholics and an unbeliever.

That three persons may obtain suitable situations.

For means to pay some debts.

For a priest who is going on a journey.

That a person may obtain the means to accomplish an important undertaking.

The recovery of some priests who are in bad health.

That the will of God may be made known in an important matter.

That a religious community may obtain means to carry out an important undertaking.

Some spiritual and temporal necessities.

Some relations, and the repose of the souls of some deceased friends.

That a young lady may persevere in the religious life.

Many other intentions.

Thanks are returned for two important temporal favours, recently granted, that were recommended in the Magazine.

Thanks are also returned for relief in sickness granted to several persons through the use of the water from the fountain of our Lady of Lourdes.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Rosarian is informed that the letters for our Lady's Bede-roll should be renewed at the end of September or beginning of October. The letters should be addressed to the F. Director of the Perpetual Rosary, St. Dominic's Priory, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.

A correspondent recently inquired whether some back numbers of the Magazine could be obtained. The letter containing the inquiry has, unfortunately, been mislaid, but if our correspondent will kindly let us know which are the numbers wanted we will endeavour to supply them.

All letters containing intentions for prayer to be inserted in the Magazine should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

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INDULGENCES. (III.)

WE propose to fulfil a promise made when we spoke recently of Indulgences, viz., to treat of the great practical advantages of applying Indulgences to the souls in purgatory.

Every Catholic is, of course, well aware that there is no obligation to assist the souls of the departed in this particular way. We may pray for them, offer masses and communions for their relief, give alms and perform penitential works, and yet most lawfully retain for ourselves all the Indulgences we can gain. The Church, indeed, in granting the great treasure of Indulgences, makes them, for the most part, *applicable* to the souls in purgatory, but leaves the application entirely to the charity and good-will of those who gain them.

We are now going to follow in the steps of approved spiritual writers, as well as the express guidance of the Holy See, by suggesting reasons why it is very desirable, when we have gained Indulgences, to make them over entirely to the relief of the suffering souls.

Three reasons, solid and well-grounded, will suffice.

1. The first reason is that God is honoured and glorified by the entrance of souls into heaven. What is it which detains souls from God's everlasting embrace? The penalty, still unpaid, of past sins, of imperfect contrition, of earthly imperfections. They are debtors to God. Now, if we discharge their debt for them (as we are able to do by reason of the Communion of Saints), they will be set free, and will speed their flight to God. Let us not imagine that the entrance into heaven of one soul more, or one less, is a small matter. Nothing is small which has to do with the next world, for everything there is eternal; and every soul in that eternal world has its own history, its own merits, and its own tribute of glory to offer to God. Now, let us imagine that a soul is sent to heaven more quickly on account of the prayers and Indulgences we apply to it: in proportion as that soul sees

God face to face, it knows Him ; in proportion as it sees and knows Him, it loves Him ; and as it loves Him, so it glorifies Him. It has passed through time into eternity ; it has made its long journey from earth to heaven, and now rests in its last and everlasting End ; and so glorifies Him who made it, who loved it, died for it, and prepared for it a special throne of bliss before the world was made.

If we have it thus in our power to make God more speedily loved and honoured by helping the holy souls, we can, at the same time, make some little amends for the past dishonour we have done Him, and for all our coldness and negligence in the Divine service.

Moreover, in no better way can we show our gratitude to God for His immense kindness to us than by thus procuring a far more worthy thanks from the souls whom we set free, and who will unceasingly bless His Divine goodness.

The whole work of life is summed up in loving Him who has first loved us. Charity for the dead is a good sign of the love of God, especially when, forgetful of ourselves, we make over our Indulgences to them. "If God hath so loved us, we also ought to love one another. This commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God, love also his brother" (1 John iv. 11, 21).

2. A second motive to induce us to make over our Indulgences to the souls in purgatory is the greatness of their sufferings, both in intensity, and frequently also in duration. We can form no idea of sufferings in another world ; our earthly sense-bound standards, both of pleasures and pains, are but as painted pictures compared with the reality. The souls in purgatory *have seen God* ; and this means far more than we can say or understand ; for they are suffering, and they are suffering away from God, yet they are being fitted to see Him for ever. Speaking of purgatory, St. Augustin says, "This fire, I tell you, though it be not everlasting, yet it is passing grievous, for it doth far pass all pains that any one can suffer in this life." And Ven. Bede says, "No torture, either of martyrs or malefactors, can be compared with the pains of purgatory." It would be unreasonable, and against all authority, to make light of the sufferings of the next world, or to explain them away ; though we know for our consolation that the keenness of their sufferings is, in some sense, not mitigated, but counterbalanced, by their intense humility, joy, patience, and absorbing love of Him for

whom they, as willing captives, suffer. They can see now, in a way impossible here below, how infinitely beautiful and loveable God is; they are strongly drawn by love to worship His most adorable perfections, and they have a piercing consciousness of their present unfitness to stand in His presence, self-reproach convincing them that through their own fault they are detained from the vision. They remember well the many sins, and the few penances, and the imperfect sorrow, and the neglected graces, and the lost opportunities of their lives.

So then, for their many sufferings' sake, so searching, so prolonged, so far intenser than any of earth's sufferings, let us give them, at least, a share in our Indulgences. And let us bear in mind these two texts: "He that hath the substance of this world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall put up his bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him" (1 John iii. 17). "Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them" (Matt. vii. 12).

We shall find, in the end, that the disinterested charity which we have shewn to these holy sufferers will come back into our own bosoms, and flow over in abundant consolation and relief when our own time of need shall come. And this anticipates our third reason.

3. A third reason for parting with our Indulgences in favour of the souls in purgatory is one which rests upon the truest self-charity, though it needs a large-hearted faith and generous devotedness to be practically influenced by the excellence of this motive. It is briefly this: the more we renounce on behalf of the souls in purgatory, the greater will be our everlasting reward when we reach heaven. *When we reach heaven*; for we will suppose (what is not at all certain) that by paying off the debts of other souls, our own debts will have to be paid in full, and without any diminution.

Now, the truth of this motive which we are urging rests upon this very important principle, that the more self-renouncing and disinterested a good work is, the greater is the everlasting reward which awaits it. St. Thomas Aquinas says, "The affection of charity in him who suffereth for his friend doth make his satisfaction more pleasing to God than if he had suffered for himself."

Surely it is a most charitable thing, and consequently most meritorious, to make one of the greatest sacrifices which it is in our power to make, and be willing ourselves to remain debtors to God's justice, and be kept a long while from the

vision of God, only in order to send other souls into His presence who may glorify Him. It may seem a hard and difficult thing to do so, but no one can deny that it is heroic self-denial, and can only be prompted by a generous love of God and of our neighbour. By such an act we tread closely upon the steps of our Divine Master, according to the words of the apostle of charity: "In this we have known the charity of God, because He hath laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

When we gain Indulgences and then give them to the suffering souls, it becomes a question of comparing temporal sufferings with everlasting reward; and, beyond all doubt, the essential reward of heaven is infinitely more desirable than the forgiveness of any amount of temporal pain in purgatory. We may well resign ourselves to a very long purgatory if we can so increase our charity as to add indefinitely to our everlasting happiness in heaven; for the evil we may have to endure is but temporal, the good hereafter to be gained is eternal. And there is not a saint in heaven but would willingly, if God so permitted, return to earth and suffer again, if he could thereby increase his essential and never-ending bliss.*

St. Gertrude, who offered all her merits and satisfactions for a certain deceased friend, said to our Lord, "I hope, O Lord, that Thou wilt frequently cast the eyes of Thy mercy upon my indigence." Our Lord replied, "What can I do more for one who has thus deprived herself of all things through charity than to cover her immediately with charity?" And He added, "What advantage have you who are seated on the shore of an ocean over those who sit by a little rivulet?" Meaning to say that those who keep their good works and satisfactions for themselves do well, and draw from a rivulet or stream of grace; but they who, for God's glory and the welfare of their brethren, renounce them, possess far more abundantly Him who is the boundless Ocean of all graces and of future glory.

Devout members of the Holy Rosary, and all who read these pages, weigh well these three reasons, and "*Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them*" (Heb. xiii. 3).

F. A. B.

* This is admirably developed in an excellent work, "A Remembrance or the Living to Pray for the Dead," by John Mumford, S. J.

FIFTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Lo ! the appointed hour is come !

Veil the face ! and bend the knee !

Hell the accursed victor seems !

Jesus dies on Calvary !

Jesus ! the eternal joy and bliss of Heaven,

Unto the rage of men and devils hath been given !

Stretched upon the tree of death,

Limbs disjointed, racked with pain,

Pouring forth His Precious Blood

Out from every Precious Vein !

Jesus hangs ! for sin the victim curst—

Dies the Lamb of God ; and Hell hath done its worst.

Mother of all sweet compassion

Suffering 'neath the accursed tree,

With the Eternal Father sharing

That great gift on Calvary !

Lo ! the last victory of man is won !

And thou, O Woman, too, hast conquered with thy Son !

O Great Redeemer !

O Sovereign Priest !

O tender Victim !

O world released !

What shall I give Thee,

O Love of God ?

Thou who the winepress

Lonely hast trod !

How shall I show Thee,

How shall I prove,

All my heart's sorrow,

All my heart's love ?

O by thy silence,
Sweet Mother mine !
O by thy meekness,
Thy patience divine !

Teach me to carry,
For His sake adored,
With love and in silence,
The Cross of my Lord !

SR. TERESA DE SP. S.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

III.

FULL of joy the little girls surrounded Bernadette: "Let us set out—let us go at once," said they, jumping and clapping their hands. "Gently, gently," said Bernadette; "you must not fancy that we are going there to play tricks. We must be good, and pray God. Have you your rosaries?"

"I have, and I,—and I,—" Two only had to return home to seek theirs, for Bernadette would allow no one to go with her without their beads.

"I do not know what this Lady is," said Bernadette. "Mother says she may be an evil spirit, and I am to take holy water with me."* As the parish church was close by, they all went in to pray a minute, and fill a bottle with holy water. On their way they were joined by several older girls, so that by the time they had passed by the old prison gate they numbered upwards of twenty; they descended the tortuous and steep declivity, saying the rosary, and when they reached the Grotto they all knelt down to finish it. Suddenly Bernadette exclaimed: "She is there—she is there! Do you not see her? See! she is stretching out her arm towards the opening above the eglantine!"

* We copy these Dialogues from the "Annales" of Lourdes, published by the missionaries, who guarantee their exactitude.

The children opened wide their eyes, eagerly looking towards the spot pointed out to them. But they looked in vain. "I cannot see anything," said they. "It is all nonsense," said some, "there is nothing to be seen." "Oh, but she *is* there," repeated the child, "See, she is smiling!" the elder girls remarked with astonishment a great and beautiful change in Bernadette's appearance. "Oh, see, see!" she continued to say, "she is saluting us!"

Her companions, vexed and disappointed at not being able to see anything, began to murmur.

"You are making fun of us—you are stupid—you are foolish—there is nothing here but ourselves," were their several exclamations. Some one told Bernadette to use the holy water; she took the bottle and sprinkled some, but it did not reach the vision. Rising from her knees she several times dashed the water towards the Lady, saying at the same time: "If you are from God, come!" She then turned to the wondering and half-frightened children, and said, "When I sprinkle the holy water the Lady raises her eyes to Heaven, then comes forward, leans towards me, and smiles."

Quite reassured, she ceased to use the holy water and remained immovable.

"What *are* you doing? How foolish you are," said her companions.

"Oh, do you then not see," she answered in a voice tremulous with emotion; "she is looking at us—she is smiling—oh, how beautiful! She is turning her head—look at her feet—the roses—see, the blue sash is floating in the wind—she has a rosary wound round her arm. Oh, she is so lovely! Now she is taking the rosary in her hand—she is making the sign of the cross." Then Bernadette became again silent, knelt down, and taking up the crucifix attached to her rosary, made the sign of the cross. For a short time her young companions left her quiet; at last they grew weary, and wished to return to the town. "Come, come away," said they. Two of the elder girls, more observant than the others, remarked how pale and altered Bernadette was; they spoke of it to her sister, and one, a girl of sixteen, alarmed at seeing her so changed, said that perhaps she might die in that state. Upon hearing this, Marie Soubirous begged some of the children to help her drag her sister away. For this purpose they seized her by both arms, and tried to

raise her from her knees. "I will not go away!" she exclaimed, "I see her still, I must stay!" But in spite of her endeavours, they forced her to rise, and led her away; she still kept her head turned towards the niche, crying out: "You must not do so, look! I see her still! She is following me!"

A woman from the mill now came up, and Bernadette, still struggling and stretching out her arms, and uttering plaintive little cries, was taken into the miller's house. The family immediately noticed the change in the child, and even now those who saw her at that moment speak of the beauty of her countenance. She was smiling, and yet tears like brilliant dew-drops glistened on her eyelids; and this reflection of some invisible brilliant light on her countenance, and even on the tears she shed, was invariably to be seen during the whole fifteen days when she was in presence of the vision. Marie Soubirous had run off to tell her mother, who soon arrived, but her daughter having seen the vision disappear was now in her usual state. The poor woman was alarmed at all she heard. She scolded Bernadette severely, and would have beaten her had she not been prevented. "Unfortunate child," she said, "what will come of all this? You will cause us to be put in prison through making so much disturbance in the place."

By this time many persons had gathered round the young girls who had been to the Grotto, asking questions about what had taken place; and as the bell for Vespers had not yet rung, the people were still in the streets, and the children's narrative of the vision and of Bernadette's strange state spread quickly from one to another, until the whole town for that and several following days was fully occupied in discussing these wonderful events; and, as on Monday, many from the mountains came into Lourdes. The affair was soon communicated to the neighbouring peasants.

In the meantime, Madame Soubirous kept her daughter confined to the house. On the Wednesday following, a lady who knew her called on her, and entreated her to allow Bernadette to go alone with her to the Grotto, saying that she would quickly discover if any fraud were practised. Madame Soubirous, not wishing to offend this lady, whom she knew to be a most excellent and prudent person, reluctantly gave her consent. Madame Millet, desiring to have with her a witness, invited Mademoiselle Peyret, a very pious.

and steady young lady, to accompany her and Bernadette the following Sunday to the Grotto.

Mademoiselle Peyret had heard of the vision without believing in it. She remarked that, to avoid giving time for any trick, and also to avoid observation, it would be advisable not to defer their visit until Sunday, but to start the next morning at break of day. This was agreed to, and the next morning, after hearing the five o'clock mass, they set off for the Grotto.

On the way Madame Millet spoke very seriously to the child, threatening her with severe punishment if she attempted to deceive them and play any tricks.

Bernadette said little, but when they drew nigh she rushed on with such astonishing agility, that her companions were not able to keep up with her, the road being so steep and narrow. As they reached the bottom of the declivity the child came running back, calling out joyfully, "She is there! Yes, she is there!" "Listen to me, little girl," said Madame Millet, holding up her hand with a threatening gesture; "if you say you see something, and it is not true—beware! you will be made to repent it!" As soon as they stood opposite the eglantine, the child repeated, "Oh, see! she is there!" pointing to the niche. As we have said before, Mademoiselle Peyret felt very doubtful as to the reality of the apparition, but she thought that in any case it would be well to bring with her a blessed taper. This she had done, and she now proceeded to light it, and placed it in a sheltered position in front of the rose-tree, thus unconsciously inaugurating the illumination that is now daily to be seen within the Grotto. They then all three knelt down and commenced the rosary; when it was finished, the ladies told Bernadette to ask the apparition to write down any request she had to make, as perhaps it might be a soul from Purgatory, and to promise that all she should ask should be done. She placed paper, pen, and ink in Bernadette's hands, and bade her go towards the vision. Bernadette advanced to the foot of the rose-tree, and held up the writing materials. Her companions were following her closely, but, without removing her eyes from the niche, she made a sign to them to keep back. They presently saw her slowly lower her arms, and after a few minutes, during which she seemed to be listening, she returned to them.

"What did the lady say?" they inquired.

"She smiled, and then she said: 'It is not necessary that I should write what I wish to say. Be so good as to come here during fifteen days. I cannot make you happy in this world, but I promise that you shall be happy in the next.'"

Mademoiselle Peyret told her to ask the vision whether she objected to their presence. The child obeyed, but as she again drew near to the niche, she called out in a tone of consternation, "Oh, she is gone!" "Never mind," said the ladies; "go close to the eglantine; she will perhaps return." They were right; for Bernadette said a moment after, "She has come back." She soon returned to them, and said that they might stay. They asked why she had made sign to them not to follow her. She answered that the lady had made a sign for them not to advance. "But," added she, "the lady looked at you, Mademoiselle, and smiled sweetly." They knelt down to pray, and in a short time the vision disappeared.

As they returned towards the town, Madame Millet put many questions to the child, who answered promptly and satisfactorily. It was then settled that all three should return the next morning early, and in private.

This day, the 18th February, was market-day, and they were observed by several persons as they returned. Bernadette was questioned, and she mentioned, amongst other details, that she was to return to the Grotto during fifteen days; the news quickly spread, and the next morning, when, accompanied by her mother, she and the two ladies reached the Grotto, to their great astonishment they found a large crowd anxious to see what would take place.

The child knelt down and began her prayers. Those who were near saw her countenance suddenly change. What took place that day as to Bernadette's demeanour continued to take place during the fifteen days she made her visit to the Grotto. On reaching that spot she used immediately to kneel down, as if in a church, without looking around her or noticing any one. Suddenly her whole appearance underwent a complete transfiguration. Her arms stretched themselves upwards with a gentle yet rapid movement, as if towards some dearly loved, yet highly revered object. She remained kneeling, but the whole attitude—the upraised head and hands, the lips apart and smiling, the movement of the whole body—gave the idea that she was about to spring upwards. From time to time she slowly bent her body

forward in a most graceful manner, as if saluting ; indeed, all her gestures expressed the most profound reverence, and whenever she made the sign of the cross, the action was so full of faith, so solemn, and so reverential, that all present felt assured that she was in the presence of a celestial being. When questioned on this point, she said it was thus the lady made the sign of the cross when she saw her the first time. During the ecstasy she was really beautiful ; her complexion became pale, as if her weak human nature could scarcely support the sight of the beautiful heavenly vision she was contemplating ; and the transparent appearance of her countenance, which seemed to reflect some invisible external radiance, was most wonderful. Some of the country people described this appearance of reflected light on the countenance of Bernadette by this happy comparison : " In our valleys," said they, " it is late before the sun rises, because it is hidden from our view by the Pic and the mountain of Gers ; but we know it is there, for we see its brilliant reflection on the flanks of the mountain of Batsurguères, which are all resplendent with light, whilst we in the valleys are still in the shadow ; but although we cannot see the sun itself, we know that it is above the horizon, and behind the masses of rock of the Pic and the Gers. We say Batsurguères sees the sun." This comparison, homely as it is, gives some idea of the translucent appearance of the child's face whilst she beheld the vision. The light was brilliant, and so impregnated with supernatural beauty, that everyone who saw it was impressed with the belief that it was not in herself, but that it was the reflection of some luminous centre invisible to all but Bernadette. All those who were present during the eighteen days that Bernadette saw the vision give the same description of her appearance ; all speak of the beauty of her countenance at that time. In her usual state, her personal appearance was that of a rather frail and delicate child, with no pretensions to beauty.

We have been careful to follow, in this relation of what took place at the Grotto, the account given in the " Annales " of Lourdes, the testimony of Dr. Dozous, and that of persons who were eyewitnesses of all that took place, and whom we ourselves questioned during our stay at Lourdes.

(To be continued.)

THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

III.—THE MONKS OF EGYPT.

WE have visited the hermits through the great desert plains, and rocky mountains of Egypt, and now we will take a glance at a different system, which must have struck wonder into those great champions who could fight, solitary and unaided, against the evil one. This new form of the religious life, called the common or monastic form, to distinguish it from the solitary or hermit life, and which now prevails almost exclusively in the Church, was founded (during the lifetime of St. Antony) by St. Pachomius, at Tabenna, on the Upper Nile, about 350 miles from the Mediterranean, and 100 from the Red Sea.

The monks of Alexandria have introduced us to the procurator of this monastery—a grave and reverend man—who has given us a cordial invitation to Tabenna. We will take advantage of the great monastery boat, which has brought down to Alexandria its cargo of mats, and is now about to return, laden with such things as the brethren require.

For many days we move slowly up against the stream, between the high Nile banks, our monstrous sails spread when the wind serves, or our long sweeps dipping softly into the calm river, which flows narrow between great tracts of weeds. It is the late summer. The waters have subsided some three or four months, and as we refresh ourselves with a walk along the banks, we see the country like a paradise, teeming with rich crops, and groaning under the weight of its abundance. And in the fields, working in silence and contemplation, we see—strange harvestmen!—the monks and hermits, who always in harvest-time hire themselves out to the farmers, in order to get alms for the poor.

Sometimes we meet great dark barges, creeping lazily down the stream, bursting with corn. And the grave men that salute us with a pious greeting as the boats pass one another, are also procurators of monasteries, and having supplied the necessities of their own poor, they are taking down their abundant alms to Alexandria. And we are told “that there are not poor enough in Egypt to consume the fruits and alms of their compassion.”* And one evening, as we are passing

* Ruf. xviii.

the distant Pyramids, which they quaintly tell us are the barns built by Joseph to contain the superabundance of the years of plenty, they inform us that here the holy workmen whom we saw, retire after the labours of the day to spend the greater part of the night in prayer. One day we land to visit the famous city of Oxyrinchus, which we find "swarming with monks, inside and out." * And indeed, there is not an old temple or public building, not a gate, or tower, or corner, which is not filled with them. We are met at the gate by those whom the town council has appointed to receive the poor and strangers. The bishop tells us that there are in his city no less than twenty thousand nuns and ten thousand monks : a proof of the rapidity with which the practice of Christian perfection recommends itself to the instincts of the Catholic heart. Every person in the city is a Christian, so that it matters not whether the bishop bring them together for prayer in the public street, or in one of the twelve churches which the large and populous city contains.

And further down we visit a grand monastery, which they tell us is exactly like their own ; a famous monastery of 1,400 monks. A great wall runs round its whole extent, and within are spacious and airy chambers, and wells, and watered gardens, and paradises of every kind of trees. In certain districts we find the river lined on both its banks with similar retreats of virtue and of labour.

And when we begin to compare the life of these monasteries with what we have seen in the desert, they hasten to explain to us the difference between the two systems ; how their own is framed in order to give weaker men a strength and a solace by union and association with others. But they are careful to show us that, while everything is accommodated for the weakest of the brethren, room is left for the highest mortification, and the noblest exercise of prayer and contemplation. In such conversation we forget the length of the voyage, and we are almost disappointed when the boat touches at the landing-place of the monastery of Tabenna, on the eastern bank. We pass through an immense garden, glowing with the freshness and colour for which in all times Egypt has been remarkable. And as we walk up the stately avenue to the monastery, we notice round the great entrance-door the

* Ruf. v.

postulants, prostrate or kneeling in profound humility, begging for the long-deferred admission.

Our companions put us into the hands of the venerable abbot, and taking us into the guest-house he washes our feet, and in silence places before us our simple but welcome meal. Our first visit, of course, is to the church, to which we have heard a trumpet-sound calling the religious; and it is a grand thing to see five thousand men assembled to sing the praises of God. They all chant together, and with religious slowness. For other spiritual duties, except mass and the night-office, they attend the private oratories of their own division of the house. It would, perhaps, scandalise our hermits, some of whom said the whole Psalter several times a day, to know that besides the night-office and vespers, these men only say twelve Psalms each day, in four divisions, or "hours," of three Psalms each. Nay, this seems so contrary to all the old traditions, that St. Pachomius, they tell us, expostulated with the angel who gave him his rule, until the angel pointed out to him that in common life the rule must be adapted rather to the weakest and more imperfect than to the best and highest. The "hours" are binding on them, even outside the monastery, and our companions on the voyage had often left us to say their "office." The choir presents a different appearance from what we had seen at Nitria; for the sheep-skin outer garment or tunic is now taken off, the belt unfastened, and a short mantle or cowl, marked with a purple cross, covers their head and shoulders. We are not surprised to see many of them working at their mats (of which each religious is obliged to make one daily) even during the Divine office, for the desert has taught us that the hands need not be idle while the spirit is engaged with God.

But the religious are coming out to dinner. We shall not be allowed (contrary to the universal custom of Egypt) to dine with them, for St. Pachomius was afraid visitors might be scandalised at the immortification of his unformed monks, and of his boy novices, whom he received at the most tender age. And, indeed, we could easily understand a Father, fresh from the austerities of the desert, being a little scandalised at what he might see at Tabenna. On all days, except Wednesdays and Saturdays, two meals are prepared of herbs fresh and dried, and fruits, and bread, and even sometimes of small salted fish. The ordinary dinner hour is also anticipated for the aged and the very young, so

that they seemed to us to be entering the refectory all day. But, on the other hand, with permission of the abbot, the same austerities might be and were practised there as in the desert itself. Many did not enter the refectory at all, but took a little bread and salt in their own rooms once a day or once in two days.

But now the abbot sees our evident anxiety to go through the house. The most extreme poverty reigns everywhere. There are, indeed, great store-rooms and libraries, but in the cells themselves there is absolutely nothing. They keep nothing of which they are not actually in want. If they are washing a tunic, and it is not dry in the evening, they put it into the hands of the procurator until the next morning. The only furniture of the cells is a table, a pitcher, and for each occupant (of whom there are three in each cell) a chair, which permits them to recline slightly, and which serves them for a bed. But in every cell there is a book, generally a copy of one of the Testaments, or the Psalms, or the "Life of St. Antony." St. Pachomius required that all his monks should be able to read; no slight requirement in that age, and from the poor country people of Egypt who formed the staple of the community. Silence prevails through the whole inclosure. From the conference in the morning to the evening assembly the time is spent in hard and silent labour. The great building is divided into separate blocks, in each of which dwells what is called a tribe or family, with its provost and subprovost. Those of the same occupation are in the same family. In the house which we had first entered dwelt the porters, old and perfect religious, whose duty it was to receive strangers and to instruct the postulants. Then there were those who served the sick in the infirmary, where, to our astonishment, we saw all sorts of delicacies; for St. Pachomius, with the true instinct of the monastic orders, was most indulgent to the sick, and once bitterly reprehended his children, who, following the old hermit-tradition, had refused meat to a sick brother. A third house contained the cooks, and these three were the three chief orders in the house. Then there were the carpenters, and the tailors, and shoemakers, and bakers, and all the trades that were necessary to supply the wants of five thousand men dwelling far from civilised life. Then we were taken through the gardens in which the numerous family of gardeners was working. They showed us the fig-tree which St. Pachomius had found to be

a source of temptation, and had ordered to be cut down; and when the holy old gardener, St. Jonas, who had been working in the garden 85 years, begged him to spare a little the glorious branches of his favourite tree, it was found withered, to show that obedience, to be acceptable, must be perfect. And they showed us the tannery, and the mills, and the smithies, and the camel stables. And here and there were a number of monks digging a pond or cleaning out a well.

And as we walked along by the river we watched them starting off in flat-bottomed boats for an island which belonged to the monastery, where they cut the rushes for their mats, and the herbs to be salted for the wet season. At the same time a party of carpenters was starting for the hills to cut timber.

And they showed us, round about, the other houses of the congregation; for St. Pachomius had founded, not a monastery only, but an order. And they tell us that for the "great week" and Easter week all the brethren come together into the mother-house, that the great church-offices may be worthily carried out, and all the brethren be united in perfect charity and one spirit.

And when we have seen all the wonders of the monastery, when we have fully inhaled that atmosphere of peace which spreads the colours of heaven on the ordinary labours of men under the sun, we return to the every-day world with new minds and hearts, like men who have seen some glorious vision, the memory of which can never leave them more.

H. B. M.

THE LAMP OF IRELAND AT LOURDES.

THE "Annales de Lourdes" thus describes the offering of the Lamp of Ireland to the Sanctuary of our Lady of Lourdes.

"A beautiful ceremony took place on Sunday, September 10th. A band of the sons of noble and Catholic Ireland had come to represent their country at the Grotto. For a long time they had the pious desire of offering to our Lady of Lourdes a lamp which should burn day and night in her holy sanctuary for their beloved country. A thousand subscribers sent in their names, and many more contributed

to the gift. Cardinal Cullen,[†] the illustrious Archbishop of Dublin, encouraged the idea, and gave the work his blessing. Mr. W. Thompson, of Dublin, received the commission to carry the Lamp to Lourdes. He arrived, proud of his glorious charge, and offered, with the Lamp, a beautiful banner of green silk, richly embroidered, and bearing the figure of St. Patrick, the Apostle and Patron of Ireland.

"The offering was solemnly presented before the mass, which was celebrated for the Irish at the Grotto. The Rev. F. Cuddihy, of the diocese of Dublin, made a short address, expressing the sentiments of the Irish people. The Superior of the Missionaries replied, thanking the Irish people for their gift, so precious in every respect, and congratulated them on their faith, charity, patience, and self-devotion. After vespers he still further developed this idea, in a sermon addressed to an immense congregation of Catholics of all nations. He spoke with affectionate tenderness of the Ireland of O'Connell, which, by its faith, unconquered by centuries of persecution, by its charity, which embraces and conquers the world, by its patience, its obedience, its christian fortitude, which nothing has been able to tire, has given to the world the example how to gain religious liberty, the source of all true freedom.

"Mgr. Errington, Archbishop of Trebizond, Mgr. Capel, Rector of the Catholic University College of London, and some other English Catholics, were happy to mingle in the ranks of their Irish brethren, and to join in their religious sentiments on this solemn occasion.

"The Lamp of Ireland has been suspended in the Sanctuary in front of the Tabernacle of the High Altar. It deserves this honourable position, not only on account of its beauty, and its value, but also on account of the devout feelings with which it has been offered by the Irish nation."

MIRABILIA DEI.

CURE OF A DEAF AND DUMB YOUNG LADY.

MADemoiselle AURÉLIE BRUNEAU was born at Chabris, in the department of the Indre, the 24th April, 1853. Her parents, Dr. de la Mardelle, the family physician, the notabilities of

the town, all certify that she was deaf and dumb from the moment of her birth.

When she was four years old her uncle, M. Bruneau, a notary at Montbazou, took her to Paris, that she might be examined by Dr. Delot, who lives at No. 2 Rue de Sèvres. She remained some time under his care, but he told her uncle it was useless to try further remedies—she could never be cured—as it was from her birth that she was deaf and dumb she would always remain so. She was a very intelligent and affectionate child. Her uncle was much attached to her, and every year she passed one or two months with him and his wife. She was educated at Orleans, in an institution for deaf and dumb children. The nuns, who had charge of the children, attest that she never noticed any sound, however loud or piercing it might be. In this state she remained until her twentieth year. Her aunt, Madame Bruneau, then determined to take her to Lourdes. Aurélie's mother was in too delicate a state of health to accompany her, but they were joined by a friend from Chabris, Madame Champion, and a young lady, Mademoiselle Constance Létat, of Blois, also deaf and dumb. They made their devotions at the Grotto, and used the water daily; but Aurélie derived no benefit from it, whereas Constance Létat was cured.

Poor Aurélie Bruneau returned to Montbazou very sad and discouraged; she thought she did not deserve that our blessed Lady should obtain so great a favour for her; but her friends encouraged her to hope, and the nuns of the convent where her cousin was at school offered to say a Novena for her. She and her aunt eagerly accepted the offer, and joined in it with the greatest fervour. Aurélie was staying in the convent, and on the third day of the Novena, during the evening recreation, one of the pupils happened to strike something on a table in the room where some one was playing the harmonium and others were singing to it. Those who were near Aurélie were surprised to see her start, and look round towards the place whence the noise came. The Reverend Mother was informed of what had taken place, and she called Aurélie to her, and began playing a hymn to the Virgin. Nothing could exceed Mademoiselle Bruneau's delight. Then they sang the words of the hymn, and she readily distinguished between the voice and the instrument. Every kind of experiment was

then tried; it was soon evident beyond a doubt that Aurélie could hear. Next morning she heard the bell for rising, and she showed great delight in listening to the ticking of a watch. And now she tried to pronounce some syllables and to imitate the different sounds she heard. Her friends began to teach her to speak. The good news was sent to her father and mother, who hastened to join her at Montbazou; it is easy to imagine their delight when they saw that their dear child, who had from her birth been deprived of the happiness of hearing their voice, could now listen with a beaming countenance to their words of affection. They and all their family hastened to the chapel of the convent, and joined the nuns and their pupils in rendering thanks to God; and in gratitude to our Blessed Lady the rosary was recited and the litanies sung. Aurélie was radiant with fervour and happiness.

She had to learn the Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed, &c., word by word, just as an infant lisps its first prayers; but she soon knew them by heart.

When she returned home, all those who had known her from her infancy were astonished beyond measure. Dr. de la Mardelle was at first incredulous, thinking it only an imaginary cure; but when he saw and spoke to her, he could not refuse the evidence of his own senses. Nevertheless, he would not at first formulate an opinion, but tried a great number of experiments.

At last, however, he thus expressed himself in a letter to a colleague: "Mademoiselle Aurélie Bruneau has undeniably obtained her hearing and her speech. She hears, and therefore she speaks; this cure, effected without the aid of medical, chemical, or surgical science, *bears a supernatural character.*"

Mademoiselle Aurélie Bruneau continues to hear and to speak. Her fervour and piety increase daily. She remembers with feelings of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin that the convent in which she was staying when she was cured by the use of the water of the Fountain of Lourdes, is in a parish specially dedicated to Mary Immaculate. Her cure is another proof that, with God's blessing, cures are effected by using the water of the Fountain without being at the Grotto.

VARIETIES.

THE ROSARY IN CHINA.

THE Rosary works wonders in Fo-Kien, a province of the Celestial Empire, as may be judged by the following extract from a recent letter of a Dominican missionary. "The Christians of Aw-poa have just celebrated with great devotion the Novena of the Feast of the Rosary. There have been great numbers of confessions and communions each day. On the octave day of the Feast a magnificent procession was organized, which passed along the public roads. A great many pagans of the town of Chian-chin came to witness it, and amongst them were fifty proselytes of the Protestant mission. The Holy Queen of the Rosary touched the hearts of many of the latter, and no less than forty of them gave up their errors and asked to be instructed in the Catholic faith."

THE GOLDEN PALM OFFERED BY PIUS IX. TO OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

At the beginning of last September a pilgrimage, of Italians arrived at Lourdes. The president and organizer of this pilgrimage, Professor Tolli, had been commissioned by the Holy Father to offer in his name a golden palm to our Lady of Lourdes. This palm is of pure gold, adorned with precious stones and enamels; it was a gift to the Pope from some pious ladies of Majorca, and was no doubt intended by them to be a testimony of their confidence in his ultimate triumph over the enemies of the Church and the Holy See.

The palm was offered by Professor Tolli, the leader of the pilgrimage, and Mgr. Folicaldi, Archbishop of Amata, who was one of the pilgrims, pronounced the following short address.

"We are come as the ambassadors of Pius IX. to the great queen of earth and heaven. He has charged us to present to Mary this golden palm, the symbol of victory. When he confided this precious gift to the president and organizer of the pilgrimage, Pius IX. spoke these words: 'Take this palm; it is the symbol of victory. I have therefore decided

to send it to Mary, because it is she who triumphs in all adversities !' Would that we now had the words of Pius IX. to explain his thoughts !

"To Mary belongs the palm, because she has triumphed over the infernal serpent from the first instant of her Immaculate Conception.

"To Mary belongs the palm, because she is that great woman promised by God from the beginning of the world ; because she is the Star of Jacob ; because all nations have proclaimed her blessed ; because she has been the companion of Jesus in His Passion and in His Triumph. Mary has triumphed in all the adversities of the Church. To her, therefore, is due the palm of triumph !

"O, Mary, look down on the devotion and love of Pius IX., on his meekness in his tribulations. Behold how he is held captive by those on whom he has heaped favours, who had sworn fidelity to him. Now, O shameless ingratitude ! they have stripped him of his temporal dominions ; and, if the gates of hell could prevail, they would drag him down also from the immortal throne of his spiritual power.

"*Eia ergo Advocata nostra !* Console our Sovereign Pontiff, console the Universal Church ! Have pity on Italy, our dear country, which they would fain deprive of its faith, its most precious treasure. Have pity on this glorious French nation, to which thou hast shown so much love. Look down on these two nations, which are sisters, and which are so devoted to thee. Hasten the hour of triumph, since, at the marriage feast of Cana, Thou didst hasten the public manifestation of Thy Son.

"With certain confidence, therefore, we lay at thy holy feet the palm of victory. Pius IX., thy devoted son, and our supreme pastor, sends it to thee, because thou dost triumph in all adversities."

The palm was received by Mgr. Jourdan, Bishop of Tarbes, who laid it at the feet of the crowned statue of our Lady in the upper church of the sanctuary.

After a triumphant *Magnificat* had been sung, the Bishop of Tarbes spoke a few words of gratitude for the Pope's gift. He explained that the palm is a sign of combat and of victory ; therefore the Church places it in the hands of her martyrs. He concluded by saying :

"Our duty is to aid Pius IX. in his struggle with the enemies of the Church. Our arm is prayer, which gives us

the power of God Himself. Our prayer is the prayer of Jesus Christ Himself, Jesus Christ must pray in us.

"We shall triumph by making our Lord live in us, according to the example of Mary, and of Pius IX.

"We shall triumph by making Jesus Christ conquer and reign in us, by vanquishing ourselves and our evil passions.

"We shall aid our brethren and the Catholic nations to triumph, first of all by our prayers, and then by giving them the example of our victory over evil and sin. And after the triumph of the Church, of Pius IX., of the Catholic nations, and of our own souls here below, we shall receive the palm of eternal victory in heaven."

THE POLISH PRIESTS IN SIBERIA.

COUNT LADISLAUS PLATER, writing to the *Germania*, says:—

"The condition of the Polish priests who have been exiled to Siberia is now somewhat improved, thanks to the assistance which has been rendered them. The number of these exiles, is, however, very great, and is constantly increasing; besides, many of them are so enfeebled by age and sickness that they are unable to procure a livelihood by their labour. Hence our work needs the continued help of Catholics. In order to form a notion of the afflictions to which these confessors are exposed, we must remember that persecution follows them even after death. The poor victims are deprived even of Catholic burial. Their companions in suffering carry them to the grave, but Russian priests recite the burial service. Such Catholic churches and chapels as exist are in most places closed; priests are forbidden to say mass, and it is only in secret that they can celebrate the divine mysteries. They are continually watched, and are never permitted to absent themselves from the places assigned to them."

It was in behalf of these confessors of the faith that the present Pope dispensed with nearly all the exterior solemnities of the holy sacrifice. They are allowed to celebrate Mass without vestments or consecrated altar; they are not required even to have a chalice, but may use any other decent vessel. If it were not for these relaxations of the ordinary laws of the Church, they would never be able to say or to hear Mass, or even to receive Holy Communion, so close is the vigilance exercised over them by the agents of the Russian Government.

THE ROSARY IN THE VALLEY OF POMPEII.

A NEAPOLITAN Dominican thus writes to the *Année Dominicaine* :—"During the month of October, 1873, two Dominican Tertiaries were passing the autumn vacation at Pompeii, and occupied themselves in distributing rosaries to the inhabitants of the neighbouring valley. They soon became aware that not only were the greater number of these poor people ignorant of the devotion of the rosary, but that several could not even make the sign of the cross, and that nearly all were in a state of great ignorance. Though the people scattered about the valley were about two thousand in number, they had no school, and the old parish church could hardly hold a hundred persons; thus they received no education, did not hear Mass, and never listened to the preaching of the word of God.

"The following year, at the same season, I was invited to give them some instructions in the rosary. Some numbers were enrolled in the books of the confraternity, kept by me at Naples, at the Church of the Rosary, near the Porta Medina. In 1875 some fresh progress was made. The two Tertiaries already mentioned went from house to house, and invited every person to celebrate solemnly the Feast of the Rosary. A novena was preached by three missionaries whom they had obtained, and it was crowned with much success. Permission was asked by the bishop of the diocese (Nola) to erect an altar of the confraternity in the old parish church. But he answered that, as the church was altogether insufficient for the needs of the people, it would be better to build a new church, and to give it the title of *St. Saviour and the Holy Rosary*.

"I obtained the diploma for the erection of the confraternity from our Most Rev. F. Vicar-General, and on Feb. 13 of the present year I established the confraternity canonically in the Valley of Pompeii. On the same day I gave the scapular of the third order to the priests of the place, and to several pious people, and since then the blessed Virgin has done wonders there. The following April the site for the new church was bought; the building has been commenced, and is going on favourably; while, on their part, the good country people of the Valley of Pompeii recite every day with great exactness the precious Crown of the Rosary.

"I am, &c.,

"FR. ALBERT RADENTE."

THE VEIL OF OUR LADY AT CHARTRES.

THE 12th of September is a day which will be remembered with pleasure by the people of the city of Chartres, as well as by all those who were present there on the occasion of the late festivities in celebration of the thousandth anniversary of the reception of the veil of the Blessed Virgin. On the same date of the year 876, this veil or holy tunic was presented by Charles the Bald to the ancient capital of the territory of Beauce. It was sent to his grandfather, the Emperor Charlemagne, by Irene, Empress of the East. Its genuineness has long since been settled beyond dispute. Even the most sceptical must acknowledge that it is exceedingly ancient, and is a portion of an Eastern garment. The miracles performed through it are very numerous. We will mention here that it was the standard under which the people of Chartres defeated the fierce Rollo and his Norman hordes in 911, the first check suffered by these barbarians. It escaped the ravages of the Revolution, though the case in which it was enshrined was broken to pieces. In 1832 the spread of the cholera ceased as soon as it was borne through the streets. These examples give but a very faint idea of what has been done through its agency. On the 12th inst. twelve bishops, over a thousand priests, and a countless multitude of the faithful assembled in the old cathedral of Chartres, which is one of the most beautiful and most remarkable churches in the world, to do it honour. The relic was temporarily transferred to this noble church, and placed in the middle of the choir on a throne which might literally be said to be constructed of flowers and lights, under a double illuminated crown suspended from the ceiling. Mgr. Meglia, the Papal nuncio, celebrated Pontifical High Mass, and the Père Marcel, guardian of the Capuchins of Versailles, delivered a beautiful address on the subject which they were assembled there to celebrate. In the afternoon all the bishops together gave their blessing to the people, who could not find even standing room to receive it. Then, after the vespers of the octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin were sung, took place the procession, or rather the triumphal pomp of the precious veil, the incomparable standard and "guardian of the people of Chartres." Next day the bishop of the place, Mgr. Regnault, celebrated the golden jubilee of his elevation to the priest-

hood and the silver wedding of his episcopal consecration.—*Catholic Review*.

THE PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE *St. Louis Times*, a Protestant journal, gives the following statistics of the Roman Catholic institutions of St. Louis: "There are to-day in this city thirty-four parish churches, twenty-seven parish schools, five Catholic hospitals, six convents, three Catholic colleges, seven Catholic orphan asylums, and three female protectories and reformatories. There are about sixty secular priests and forty-five priests belonging to orders, all actively at work. There are thirteen female religious orders, and seven male religious orders, each, according to its institute, doing the work of God. There are twenty-four conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, numbering 1100 active members, and distributing each year, in systematic and judicious charity, fully \$20,000. And there is a Catholic population of at least 150,000. There is not a form of human misery, not an ill that flesh is heir to, which does not find a relief in the Catholic Church of St. Louis. The orphan, the sick, the deaf, the dumb, the insane, the fallen woman, the widow, helpless infancy and helpless old age—for all these there is health and comfort, and more than friendship (for the love of Christ) in the religious orders of St. Louis."

CURRENT EVENTS.

ROME.—On September 26th, the Holy Father received about three-hundred pilgrims, who had come to Rome from the diocese of Tarbes. They brought with them a magnificent album, containing an address to which about twenty-thousand signatures were attached, of persons who had lately visited Lourdes. The Pope replied in the following terms:—

"It is a great consolation to me to be thus surrounded by devout priests and christians who have the happiness to dwell under the very shadow of a Miraculous Image which God is

pleased every day to make the instrument of working miracles, and bestowing graces and mercy to the whole Catholic world. Oh, that all men, and more especially all christians, may evermore sit beneath the shade of that Mystic Plant which has brought forth the Fruit of our Redemption, and has cleansed from man's brow the sentence of condemnation!

"Let us recommend ourselves to this most holy Virgin; let us give ear to her counsels and carry them into effect. When, at the marriage feast of Cana, the wine failed, Jesus Christ was present with His mother, desiring to sanctify by His presence the natural contract of matrimony, and raise it to the dignity of a sacrament. As soon as she had taken notice of what had happened, and had seen the confusion of the master of the house and of the servants, she was touched, and by her charity obtained the first miracle recorded of our Lord in the Holy Gospels. She said to the attendants, 'Go to my son, and do as He commands you.' This is a lesson for us, dear children, and it tells us that we must listen to the voice of the Mother of God, and put in practice the good counsels she will give us in this vale of tears. She will have us go to Jesus, that we may learn from Him what it is that He requires of us. He desires nothing of us but that we should all follow after Him. He calls, but all do not answer at His calling. He calls, and says, 'Come to the marriage feast!' But many answer, 'I have bought a house.' For their pride and conceit hinder them from coming to Jesus Christ; and therefore they remain away from Him, saying, 'We cannot come.'

"This, alas, is the age of materialism, as I have so often had occasion to say. How many there are in the world, and especially here in Italy, who endeavour to raise themselves even by unjust means. Many, who heretofore belonged to the lowest classes, have enriched themselves by means of the revolution, and those who used to live in poverty now ride in splendid carriages drawn by fine horses. Perhaps a part of this wealth is derived from property which formed the patrimony of the Church, and which will serve for the destruction of those who now possess it and their fortunes, as past experience teaches. These also answer, 'We cannot come.'

"Jesus Christ turns to others, who answer, 'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.' These are they who

live in the indulgence of their passions and of a corrupt life.

But we, dear children, will turn to Mary, and will invoke her, like the Church, as the Mighty Virgin: *Virgo potens*. She had the power to crush the infernal serpent's head, and to conquer heresies throughout the world! she will also have the power to put down the passions that are loosed upon earth. I pray that she may give us back peace, and that she may draw from the plains of Sennaar and out of the streets of Babylon all those who have strayed from the right path: but, as her enemies and those of her Son still continue to grow in pride, may she strengthen all those who struggle, not only that they may persevere, but that they may fight with greater courage."

IRELAND.—The Very Rev. F. L. Hickey, O.P., has lately been appointed Prior of the Dominican Convent of Holy Cross, Tralee.

A Dominican Father of the Convent at Cork writes:—"Yesterday (September 24) four of our students here were ordained priests by the Bishop, at the Convent of Mercy Chapel, St. Mary's of the Isle, which is built upon the site of our ancient convent, so that we may well suppose that the spirits of the old friars whose remains slumber about that ground rejoiced on the occasion."

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

The conversion of two Protestant clergymen.

That a religious community may obtain means to carry out an important undertaking.

The spiritual and temporal necessities of a religious community.

The recovery of two sick persons.

The conversion of some bad Catholics and an unbeliever.

That a person may obtain the means to accomplish an important undertaking.

The recovery of some priests who are in bad health.

The conversion of a Protestant brother who is very ill.

The repose of the souls of some deceased relatives and other persons.

The spiritual and temporal necessities of some relatives.

The welfare of a confraternity.

That three persons may obtain suitable situations.

The conversion of several Protestants and bad Catholics.

Two sisters desire to return thanks for their mother's conversion to the faith, for which prayers were asked in the September number of the Magazine.

A person returns thanks for her restoration to health.

A correspondent writes :

"I have also to add, with gratitude to you, (for placing it within our reach) that having obtained a small portion of the water from the Holy Grotto at Lourdes, a sister of mine, for whom I especially got it, has been effectually cured of a complication of diseases, and one of very long standing. Others, with whom I shared a few drops, have likewise been favoured with a mitigation of the maladies from which they were suffering."

The recovery of a mother who is dangerously ill, and for her husband and little children.

That a person may know the Will of God.

That a convent school may receive an increase of pupils.

A religious community in Ireland.

That an only child may receive a vocation to the priesthood.

An increase of vocations and pupils in a religious community.

Two daughters earnestly ask prayers for the restoration of their mother to health, and for other intentions.

Help in a great difficulty.

The special wants of three persons, and success in an undertaking.

The spiritual and temporal welfare of a poor family.

The perseverance of a youth in the religious life.

That a happy marriage may be brought about.

Relief from an affliction, or means to obtain a cure.

A mother asks prayers for her children, and means to educate them well.

Several other intentions, both spiritual and temporal.

LESSONS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

PSALM XCIV., VENITE EXULTEMUS.

THERE is scarcely any one of the Psalms that is so frequently used by the Church in her offices as this, the Invitatory Psalm, as it is commonly called. It is used at the beginning of matins every day, almost without exception, throughout the year. It has been most fittingly chosen for this position because it is an exhortation to join in the praises of God, and gives us the reasons why the divine praise should be constantly in our hearts and on our lips; and also because it warns us to keep our minds open to the voice of God's inspirations, and our hearts ready to receive the movements of His grace: "To-day if you shall hear His voice harden not your hearts."

Those amongst our readers who are in the habit of reciting the divine office or the little office of our Lady, will, we doubt not, gladly welcome a short exposition of words that are so constantly on their lips.

1. Come, let us praise the Lord with joy: let us sing joyfully to God our Saviour.

2. Let us come before his face with thanksgiving; and make a joyful noise to him with psalms.

We have here an exhortation and invitation to praise God. Who is it that speaks? Whose voice is it that addresses us? Honorius says that it is the voice of apostolic men, who are speaking to the heathen, and entreat them to leave their ignorance and errors, and to join with the faithful in praising the true and only God. For, the first and chief act of praise that we can render to God is to believe His word. Or, he says, we may understand it as being the voice of preachers of penance, speaking to sinners, and exhorting them to come forth from the misery of their sins to the heavenly joys of a holy life. For they who serve God in a pure life certainly praise Him. Or, again, we may consider it to be the voice of the angels that is addressing us, and

bidding us take part with them in those songs of praise by which they glorify the Most High. And those who recite this Psalm in the office may rightly take it in this sense, and consider that the angels are speaking to them, and bidding them to sing to God with joyful hearts. Nor is this a mere imagination. To praise God is the angels' office, and those amongst men who sing the divine praises are joining with the angels in their special work. We may be sure, therefore, that wherever anyone is found engaged in this holy employment the angels are not far from him. It is they who have brought him the inspiration from God which has moved him to this act of devotion; it is they who have brought him the strength to enable him to perform it, and who keep his mind attentive to his glorious task. And we may be sure that the heavenly spirits accompany him with their songs, and offer his praises to their Heavenly King.

There are incidents related in the lives of the saints which show us that the angels delight in singing the praises of God in company with Christians, and in the places sanctified by the recital of the divine office. Thus it is related of St. Felix of Valois, one of the founders of the Trinitarian Order, that one night when he went to choir before the usual time for matins, he found it already occupied and filled by angels, with the Blessed Virgin at their head, all wearing the Trinitarian habit, and that the saint joined with them in reciting the whole matin office. We have read, too, of some other holy man, who, at the divine office, saw in the choir that the places of those monks who were absent through sickness or some other lawful cause were occupied by their Guardian Angels, who had come to praise God for them.

Of St. Dominic it is narrated that he undertook the angel's office of exhorting to the praise of God; for he was in the habit of going from one side of the choir to the other in order to animate his friars to praise God with fervour, bidding them not to spare their voices, but to sing heartily.

The Psalmist first bids us to rejoice in the spirit, saying, "Come, let us praise the Lord with joy," and then to show our joy with songs to him; "let us sing joyfully to God our Saviour." For the hymns and psalms that are sung with the lips are of little value unless the heart be first of all lifted up to God. Hence, as Bellarmine remarks, "our Lord himself first 'rejoiced in the Holy Ghost,' and then said, 'I give thanks to thee, O Father!'" (Matth. xi.) So, too, in the Mass.

The priest first says, "Lift up your hearts;" and when the answer has been made, "We have them to the Lord," he goes on, "Let us give thanks to our Lord God."

The Psalm then proceeds: "let us come before his face with thanksgiving." Our English version does not here give the full force of the original text, which means, "let us hasten," or, "let us be early in coming before the presence of God, to thank Him." We therefore see how appropriately the Church appoints this Psalm to be sung at the beginning of matins, which is her morning office, and is still sung before the break of day in so many religious communities. And we may further take these words as an exhortation to us not to delay giving thanks to God for the favours we receive from Him, but offer our acknowledgments to Him at once, making a "joyful noise to Him with psalms."

3. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

The Psalmist now gives three reasons why we should follow his exhortation and the invitation of the holy angels to praise God with joy. The first reason is because "the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods." That is, His supreme dignity is alone sufficient reason why He should be glorified by His creatures. He is great, not as creatures are great, simply by surpassing others, and because they have received greater gifts from the giver of all, but because He is the very source of all greatness, possessing it in its fulness and by His very nature.

God is here called "a great King above all gods." Who are these "gods"? Some interpreters have understood the false gods of the heathen to be here meant. But it would seem but faint praise to say of God that He is a great King above gods who have no existence at all, except in the fancy of their deluded worshippers. It is better, therefore, to understand the Psalmist to be speaking of the saints, who are sometimes called in the Holy Scriptures gods, because they share in the gifts and glory of God, and are His adopted sons, as in Psalm lxxxi., "I have said, ye are gods, and all of you the children of the Most High."

4. For in his hand are all the ends of the earth: and the heights of the mountains are his.

5. For the sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

The second reason why God should be praised by His

creatures is His power : "In His hand are all the ends of the earth." For the hand of God is used in Holy Scripture as the symbol of His power. Now the power of God is chiefly manifested in the work of creation. The Psalmist, therefore, enumerates the different parts of this visible world, and ascribes the dominion over it all to Him. "All the ends of the earth," he says, "are in His hand." That is, there is no part of the world, however remote, that is not subject to His power. "The heights of the mountains," too, lofty and inaccessible though they may be, and crowned by untrodden snow, nevertheless belong to Him. "The sea is his," and though it submits to no other control, yet its mighty waves obey His will, for "He made it." And "the dry land" is His also, because His almighty hand fashioned it.

And if we pass from the visible world to the world of spiritual things which is figured by it, we may see still more meaning in these verses. "The ends of the earth" are the Gentile people, formerly exiled far from God, as it were to the ends of the earth, but whom, since the Incarnation of our Lord, He has called to the faith, and is still calling by the preaching of the apostolic men whom He sends forth for this end. "The heights of the mountains," says St. Bruno of Asti, may be understood to mean the great men of this world, and the proud, who are great in their own eyes. Even these men are God's possession, and they do His will, though without knowing it and against their will. And again, says the same holy writer, we may take the "heights of the mountains" to mean the Saints, who alone are truly great in the sight of God. The heights of these mountains are their virtues and good works. "For one saint," continues St. Bruno, "is exalted by his humility, another by his patience, another by his purity, and each is raised by some virtue, and by it excels the rest of the saints." By "the sea" is to be understood temptations, from whatever cause they may proceed, whether the world, or the devil, or our own corrupt nature ; for just as the waves of the sea toss the frail bark that floats upon them, and threaten its destruction, so are temptations ever raging round the soul, and seeking its spiritual ruin. Nevertheless, the waves of the sea are not more subject to the power of God than is temptation. He suffers us to be assaulted by it, but, as St. Paul says, "will make with temptation issue, that you may be able to bear it." (1 Cor., x. 13.) And, finally, by "the dry land" we may

understand the state of safety and security in which the soul is placed that serves God. It is on dry land in the sense of being secure from the raging violence of the sea, but the land is not dry in the sense of being parched and desert, for it is watered by the refreshing dews and showers of Divine Grace, and is thus rendered fruitful in every virtue.

(To be continued.)

SANCTA DEI GENITRIX.

I.

Thou art the King's fair daughter,
The Chosen of his Dove!
Thou art the Queen of Angels,
The spotless Queen of Love;
Thy State is fair and splendid,
Heaven moves at thy behest,
For of all His vast Creation
God loved thee first and best.

Thou art the King's fair daughter,
"All beautiful within,"
And in thy heart immaculate
Was never taint of sin.
Thy soul was never weary
Of waiting on thy God,
Of treading in the footsteps
The Man of sorrows trod!

How tenderly He loved thee
Ere creation had begun;
For thy beauty was a ray of light,
From the glorious Three in One.
Yea, for Ever hath He loved thee
While in the Eternal Mind,
Thee His beautiful, His dearest,
His Mother, lay enshrined.

It was for this He made thee,
For this He sought thy love,
For this He left His glory
In His seat of bliss above.
He had loved thee as a Daughter,
He had loved thee as a Bride,
But until He called thee Mother
God was not satisfied !

O Mother ! Mother ! dearest,
O Mother ! Mother ! blest,
Sweet Name all names transcending,
O Name of names, the best.
The only one relation,
The single human tie,
By which God stooped to Conquer
And raise humanity.

Thou art the Queen of Mothers, .
Their tenderness is thine,
To thee they owe their greatness,
To thee their call divine.
O thine be all the glory
Which thy state for us hath won,
Yea, blessed be for ever
The Mother and the Son !

Sr. Teresia de Sp. Sancto.

Ter. O.S.D.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

IV.

“AND what *did* Bernadette see ?” How often was this question put by her family, by the curious, and by the authorities. To each one she answered that no words could adequately describe the Vision ; but, as well as words could express it, this is what she saw :—

First appeared a soft light just gilding the niche and adjacent parts of the rock, soon it increased in intensity until

the grotto was flooded with clear, resplendent, but not dazzling radiance; and in the midst of this splendour, her feet seeming to rest on the wild rose-tree, stood a Lady of incomparable beauty, the expression of whose eyes was at once so gentle, so lovely, and benovolent, that when Bernadette met that heavenly look all fear and doubt were banished from her heart. The face was that of a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, and to the indescribable freshness of youth was added a something so noble and so majestic that the child could find no words to describe it. This marvellous Vision made as great an impression on Bernadette on the last of the eighteen days on which she saw it as on the first; and although she was shown the most beautiful silks and satins, and crystal and mother-of-pearl, and beautiful jewels, she never could find anything which she could compare to the light or the robe or veil of the Lady. The white of the dress, of the veil, of the beads of the rosary, was, she would say, more purely and brilliantly white, quite different and more beautiful. The gold of the crucifix and of the chain of the rosary was not, she said, like our gold; it was quite different and far more beautiful.

She generally remained an hour in the presence of the Vision, saying the Rosary during part of the time. Those nearest to her knew by the transfiguration of her countenance at what moment the Vision appeared. "She sees! She sees!" they cried out. These words being quickly circulated, every one pressed forward, and then a great silence succeeded to the questioning, talking, and agitation that during the first moments prevailed in the crowd.

Bernadette, as she had promised, returned every day to the grotto. After the fourth day she always held in her hand a lighted taper; one day her aunt lent her the blessed taper she always carried in the processions of the confraternity of the daughters of Mary. She had been some time kneeling in presence of the Vision, when she rose up, and, approaching her aunt, asked if she would *give* her the blessed wax-taper, and allow her to leave it within the grotto; her aunt most willingly gave her consent; Bernadette then went to the extremity of the grotto and placed the taper there. On their way home the aunt inquired why she had placed it in the grotto.

"The Vision asked me," she said, "to leave it burning there when I went away, and as it was yours I was obliged to ask you to allow me to do so."

From that day until this, innumerable lights burn daily in that grotto—now justly considered as the sanctuary of Mary Immaculate.

Another day Bernadette was seen to rise from her knees, and, going down to the bottom of the slope which rose from the cave to the rose-tree, ascend on her knees, kissing the ground from time to time, and then descend in the same manner. The Vision told her to pray and perform these acts of humiliation for sinners, making a sign to the child to draw near on her knees. When Bernadette raised her eyes after kissing the ground, she saw the Lady slowly retreating within the niche; the child followed, and going beyond the limits of the rose-tree, which generally she never passed, entered under the arch of the grotto, and turning towards an opening leading to the niche where the Lady had always hitherto appeared, she saw her so near that if she had stood upright and stretched her hands upwards she felt sure she could have touched her feet. Presently the people saw the child turn towards them, and by the sign she made she seemed to ask them to bow down to the ground; but none moved. She then placed one finger on her lips, and with an imperative gesture, and with an air of great energy and authority, pointed it towards the ground as if she wished to say "you also bow down to the ground and kiss it."

Several persons, convinced by her commanding attitude, so different from her naturally timid gentle manner, that she was transmitting to them an order from the Lady—no other, they all now believed than the Blessed Virgin herself—knelt down and kissed the ground; others did not understand and did not obey. Bernadette then returned down the slope on her knees and resumed her place in front of the niche.

The minds of the spectators as they left the grotto that day were more than usually agitated. The greater number felt that sensation of profoundly religious awe that is impressed on the soul in presence of some mysterious event in which the presence of God, though veiled, is discerned. They were convinced that our Blessed Lady had received a mission of mercy to transmit to God's people, and had chosen Bernadette to interpret it to them. And now every day when they saw the child ascend and descend on her knees the slope that led up into the grotto, and kiss the ground, they bent down and did the same act of humiliation and penance. One day the child was heard saying, as she moved along on

her knees, "Penance! penance! penance!" And now at times during her ecstasy, a shade of sadness veiled her countenance, and large tears fell from her eyes.

She was asked why she ascended and descended on her knees and kissed the ground?

"The Vision commanded me to do so. It is a penance for myself and others," was the answer.

"Why did you touch your lips with your finger, and then point it towards the ground?"

"The Vision wished me to make you understand that you also are to do penance for yourselves and others."

Amongst the spectators of these marvellous scenes was a very eminent medical man, Dr. Dozous, inspector of the district, and medical assistant of the Court of Justice. Like many other men of science who heard what had taken place, he did not believe that the child saw a supernatural being; yet, from all that he heard, and after questioning the child, he felt assured she really believed that she saw that which she described, and that she was labouring under a delusion; he therefore determined to watch the case closely. For that purpose he went down every day to the grotto, and kept quite close to Bernadette. He was soon convinced that she was free from all nervous or mental disease. For several days he frequently felt her pulse, and found it invariably quiet and regular, as was also her breathing; her skin was of a natural heat, and he remarked to his friends, "There is no unhealthy excitement here." Dr. Dozous has written an account of what took place at Lourdes, and from his work some of the following pages are translated. His testimony as an eye-witness is very valuable.

"On Sunday, the 21st February," writes the doctor, "just after I had felt Bernadette's pulse, which, as usual, was perfectly calm, I saw her advance to the highest part of the grotto; a shade of sadness passed like a cloud over her face, which until that moment had worn its habitual expression of perfect beatitude; presently large tears fell from her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. These changes in her physiognomy surprised me, and when she rose from her prayers, and the Vision had disappeared, I asked her what had taken place. She told me that the Lady had turned away her eyes from her, and then looked over the heads of the people, far, far away, with a sorrowful expression; and that when she had again looked at her, she asked her what grieved her. She

answered, 'Pray for poor sinners, and for the world so full of agitation,' and then she disappeared."

All that day, which was Sunday, groups of people might be seen, between the hours of church service, standing here and there, holding converse about Bernadette and the mysterious Vision; the general opinion being that the Lady was the Blessed Virgin. In the meantime the town authorities, especially Monsieur Jacomet, the Commissary of Police, had become annoyed at this manifestation of public belief in what they chose to name a superstitious delusion.

Coming out from vespers Bernadette was quietly making the best of her way home, when one of the police put his hand on her shoulder, saying:

"In the name of the law!"

"What do you mean?" said the child.

"I have received orders to arrest you and take you with me."

"Where?"

"To the commissary of police. Follow me."

M. Jacomet had long been renowned for his sharpness and cleverness in unmasking the greatest hypocrites, and for ferretting out the most cunningly-contrived crimes, and he had more than once declared that if he took Bernadette in hand, he would quickly unmask the imposture. Now was his opportunity; he had her alone, a poor, timid, peasant child. The doors were locked as soon as she entered the room, and one only witness was present, a M. Estrade, of whose testimony we shall speak hereafter. M. Jacomet felt sure of success; but although he tried every art, the most insinuating gentleness, the severest cross-examination, the most terrific threats, Bernadette never varied in her narration by a single word or point, and all his astuteness failed before the calm, straightforward truthfulness of the simple, untaught peasant child.

The crowd had followed Bernadette to the police office and remained outside, indignant but quiet; some one had told her father, who hastened to the spot. The doors were locked, but he insisted upon admittance. Mr. Jacomet, well-knowing that he had no authority to keep the child, gave her up to her father, but first insisted upon his forbidding his daughter to return to the grotto. The father did so, and the poor child said she would try to obey, but that when she felt a certain power impelling her to go thither she could not resist going.

The next day her parents kept her at home until the usual hour for going to the school kept by the Sisters of Charity, called Sisters of Nevers.

These ladies had not seen Bernadette at the grotto. They had never seen the wonderful transfiguration of her countenance that took place there; they only knew her as an ill-instructed, ordinary child, and having heard from the authorities that by the stories she invented she was causing great disturbance in the town, they reproved her severely and tried to make her give up all further visits to the rocks of Massabielle. The poor child was sad and unhappy all the first part of the morning. When, at noon, she was going home to dinner she felt herself drawn irresistibly along the road to the grotto, but to her surprise as she drew near it she did not feel the sweet attraction she generally experienced. She, however, took her place, surrounded by a compact body of people, composed of persons who had remained there since early dawn, and of others who, on seeing the child take that road, had followed her. She recited her rosary, but no change appeared on her countenance, and to the great consternation of the crowd she rose from her place with a sad look, saying that she had not seen the Vision. She reached home weeping bitterly. She asked herself whether it was through any fault of hers that the Lady had not appeared. She confessed her disobedience to her father, adding that she could not resist going to the grotto. She explained that when this sudden power took possession of her body, she was no longer mistress of her movements, but felt herself irresistibly carried forwards. Her father knew her to be remarkably truthful; it was the character given of her by her foster-parents, and she had never told an untruth since her return home; the poor father therefore believed his child, and seeing her in so great grief, gave her permission to return to the grotto whenever she wished. Great was the comfort this gave the little girl. The struggle in her mind between the promise she had made to the Lady to go for fifteen days to see her, and the obedience she owed her father, had been very severe and trying to so young a child. Now the trial was over, and several times that day she repeated to herself, "To-morrow I shall see her."

(To be continued.)

THE EARLY CATHOLIC HISTORY OF AMERICA.

THE Rev. F. W. F. Clarke, S.J., delivered a remarkable discourse at St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, on July 4th of the present year, the occasion being the Centennial Anniversary of the Independence of the United States. We extract from it the following passages, for which we are indebted to the *Catholic Review*. They contain information of the greatest interest relating to the Catholic history of America previous to its discovery by Christopher Columbus.

As Catholics we have special cause for rejoicing: for the light of our faith was the first to gild with its glory the land that we love; our missionaries the first to preach here the name of Christ; our martyrs the earliest to fertilize with their blood the soil out of which have sprung the thousands of Christian temples, whose lofty spires we now behold lift heavenward the glittering emblem of salvation, in every State and Territory of the Union. Centuries before the great Christopher Columbus had opened a way through mid-ocean from Europe to America, our priests, by the authority of the Roman Pontiff—yes, and our bishops, too—had landed on the shores of more than one of the original thirteen States, had preached our faith, offered our sacrifice, administered our sacraments, and died martyrs to their zeal for our religion. These are facts, little known, even to the learned, until comparatively of late years, when the researches of American Antiquarian Societies, both here and in Europe, placed within reach of the student the numerous precious documents relating to the pre-Columbian period of our history, which had long and carefully been preserved in the royal library at Copenhagen and the Papal library of the Vatican at Rome.

That long before the ninth century, Catholicity was transplanted from the shores of Europe, Asia, or Africa to those of America, by bold navigators and hardy adventurers, is highly probable. But, interesting as the examination of such a question might prove, we cannot attempt it now, but must be satisfied with the statement that, according to the records which have thus far come to light, the first Christians who visited this country came from Greenland and Iceland, known to geographers as Danish America.

Catholic missionaries visited America in 829,* more than a thousand years ago. In 834, Pope Gregory IV. placed Iceland and Greenland under the jurisdiction of Ansgar, Archbishop of Hamburg, whom he appointed his apostolic legate for the north.† Iceland and Greenland being entirely Catholic as early as 1004, the interests of religion in those countries required the erection of Episcopal Sees, and in the year 1055 Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen-Hamburg—these two cities then formed one Archiepiscopal See—consecrated Jon Bishop of Skalholt in Iceland, and Albert Bishop of Gardar in Greenland.‡

Bishop Jon, who was a Scot, after a four years' residence in Iceland, came to this country in the year 1059, to convert the natives and administer to the spiritual wants of the Catholic Scandinavian population—colonists from Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland, and Greenland—who from time to time had formed settlements in what they called Vinland, a tract of country described in old maps as extending over the entire eastern portion of Massachusetts and a part of Rhode Island, commencing at Cape Ann and terminating with Narragansett Bay. More, then, than eight hundred years ago, and consequently nearly six hundred before the Puritan pilgrims set foot upon Plymouth Rock, the Catholic Church had a bishop there; yes, and a martyr§ too, for the saintly prelate fell a victim of zeal and charity beneath the deadly arrows of those for whom he was endeavouring to open the gates of heaven. More than fifty years before his time, in the year 1003, one of the headlands of Massachusetts, near the present city of Boston, was called the Promontory of the Cross; from the grave of Thorwald, a Catholic explorer, whose dying request, when he had been mortally wounded by the Esquimaux, was that his companions should bury him there and place a cross at his head and another at his feet.||

* Moosmuller, a Benedictine monk. In his work he has a list of sixty-eight authors who have treated of the pre-Columbian history of America.

† Papal Bull—Diploma of the Emperor Louis le Debonaire.

‡ Adam of Bremen, *Historia Ecclesiastica*.

§ Mallet, *Introduction à l'Histoire du Danemarck*, t. i. p. 254.—*Islands Landmanabok*, p. 396.—Th. Torfæus, *Historia Vinlandiæ*, Antiq., p. 71.—Gravier, p. 166.

|| Rafu, *Antiquitates Americanæ*, pp. 40, etc, 426, etc.—Snorre Sturlesons, C. 108, p. 312—Th. Torfæus, *Hist. Vinl. Antiq.*, p. 10.—Gravier, p. 73.

THE FIRST AMERICAN PILGRIM TO ROME.

The first birth from Catholic parents, and therefore the first baptism in America, was that of Snorre, who was born 1009, of Thorfinn and Gudrida, on the western shore of Mt. Hope Bay, in Bristol County, Rhode Island. This family returned to Iceland, and thence, after the death of her husband and the marriage of her son, Gudrida went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and gladdened the heart of the Holy Father with news from his children in the new world. Thus you perceive that the first Catholic mother of America was the first pilgrim from the western world to the shrine of St. Peter and the Court of the Vatican—and this more than eight hundred years ago! A historian, who records this fact, writes: "Rome lent a ready ear to accounts of geographical discoveries and carefully collected maps and narratives. Every discovery seemed an extension of Papal dominion and a new field for the preaching of the gospel."* I might disappoint your laudable curiosity were I not to add that this pious woman returned to Iceland and ended her days as a nun in a Benedictine convent built by her son; and that son had among his grand-children three who were bishops of Iceland.†

The martyr Jon was not the only bishop who visited what is now Rhode Island. In the year 1121 Erick, Bishop of Gardar, in Greenland, went to Vinland, and, like Bishop Jon, ended his life in this country.‡ What, more than two centuries ago, people called "the old mill stone" at Newport, admitted by all to be a work of the Norsemen, antiquarians say was erected about the time of Bishop Erick, and was a baptistry, built after the style of many of the baptistries of the middle ages.§ As the Catholic colonists of America were for centuries dependent on the Bishops of Greenland and Iceland, it may be well to remark that these Bishops were, by order of Pope Gregory IV., in 834, suffragans of the Archbishop of Hamburg; that in 1099 they became suffragans of the Archbishop of Lund, by order of Pope Urban II.; and

* Gravier, p. 106—Beauvois, p. 31—Torfæus, p. 28—Crantz, vol. 1, p. 236.

† Magnus Stephensen, Chief Judge of Iceland, who died in 1833, was the last lineal descendant of Gudrida. The celebrated historian Sturleson was one of her descendants.

‡ Rembegla, p. 320.—Rafn, Ant. Am., p. 261; Dec. de l'Am., p. 50.—Beauvois, p. 66.—Th. Torfæus, Vin. An. p. 71.

§ Similar baptistries have been discovered in Greenland at Igalikko Kakortok and Iglorsoit.

finally, in 1154, they became suffragans of the Archbishop of Drontheim, in Norway, by order of Pope Anastasius IV.; and history testifies that from time to time they crossed the ocean to attend the provincial councils held in those metropolitan cities.*

THE CRUSADES PREACHED IN AMERICA.

In the year 1276 the Crusades were preached in America,† and Peter-pence were collected here and sent to Rome by order of Pope John XXI., and subsequently by order of his successors, Nicholas III. and Martin V. Catholicity, in a word, was in a flourishing condition in Iceland and Greenland, and, consequently, we may infer, in Vinland, till the middle of the sixteenth century; when, the northern nations of Europe having to a great degree apostatized from the faith, King Christian, of Denmark, in 1540, sent preachers to Danish America to substitute Lutheranism for the old faith, a substitution which was inaugurated by dragging off one of the Bishops of Iceland, Augmond of Skalholt, to a prison in Denmark, and beheading the other, Jon Arleson of Horlum, in 1551;‡ the people meanwhile protesting against the change of religion, with the declaration that it belonged not to the King of Denmark, but to the Roman Pontiff, to teach them what they were to believe.

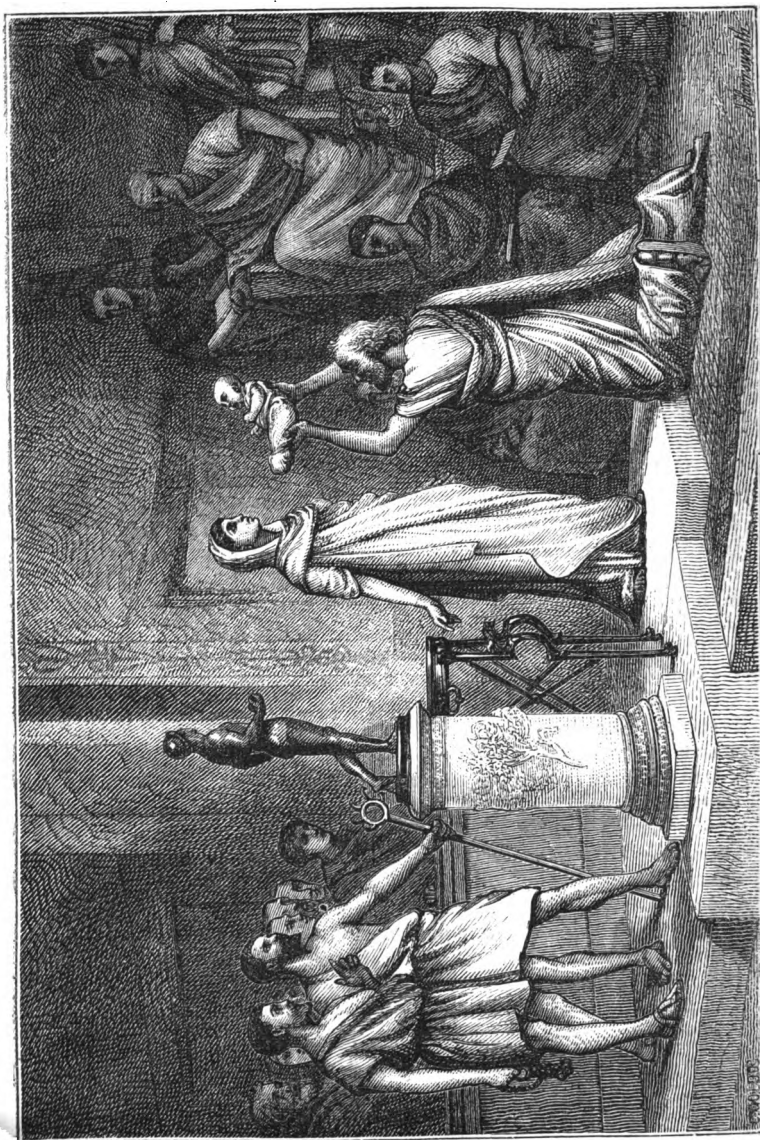
This adhesion to the teaching of the Roman See characterized the Greenlanders also, as Pope V. testifies in a letter written in 1448; in which he also states that they had then been Catholics for nearly six hundred years. The last Bishop of Gardar was Vincent, who was consecrated in 1537—forty-five years, as you perceive, after the discovery of America by Columbus, and nearly five hundred years after the erection of that See. We may reasonably conclude that for several years the divine sacrifice of the Mass, with its inseparable thanksgiving, was simultaneously offered in Vinland by the descendants of the Norsemen, and on the shores of Florida, and in the islands off our southern coast, by the missionaries who followed in the track of Columbus. Finally, deprived of their pastors, the scattered flock gradually lost their faith;§

* M. P. Riant, *Exped. et peler Scandin.*, p. 364.

† Riant, p. 365.—Th. Torfæus, *Hist. Grond.*, p. 25.—Kohl, p. 94.—Malte-Brun., liv. 18, t. 1, p. 289.

‡ Messenius, Tom. 5, p. 86.

§ In 1776 there was not one Catholic in Rhode Island.



and now nothing remains to tell of the Christianity of Vinland but the ancient documents from which I have quoted, the remains of the stone baptistry at Newport, R. I., which some of you, no doubt, have seen, and some tombs of those early adventurers, which are occasionally discovered, one of which, found in Virginia some fifteen miles south-west of Washington, besides its Catholic inscription, "May the Lord have mercy on her," bears the date of 1051.

If I have dwelt long upon the Catholic history of the Norsemen in what are now the New England States, it was because I supposed the subject would be equally novel and interesting. Nor can I leave it without stating that the form of government in Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland was republican from the foundation of the respective colonies till the year 1261, when they became dependencies on the crown of Norway.|| There was, therefore, a little Catholic republic on this continent seven hundred, perhaps eight hundred, years ago.

* THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE MARTYRS OF THE CITY OF ROME.

It is probably not every one that goes to mass who sufficiently adverts to the circumstance that the holy martyrs, especially those of the City of Rome, are associated in a special manner with the Holy Sacrifice of the Christian Law. After praying for the dead in the Canon of the Mass that God would grant them a place of refreshment, light and peace, the celebrant adds, "and to us sinners, thy servants, who trust in the multitude of thy mercies, vouchsafe to grant some portion and companionship with thy holy Apostles and Martyrs, John, Stephen, Matthias, Barnabas, Ignatius, Alexander, Marcellinus, Peter, Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Anastasia, and with all thy saints, into

|| Gravier, pp. 27, 37.

The Little Book of the Martyrs of the City of Rome, with Numerous Illustrations. Being an account of some of the principal martyrdoms of the Roman Empire, and of the particular modes of torture and death which the Christian Martyrs suffered from the sentences of the Roman Courts of Law. By the Rev. H. Formby, Tertiary O.S.D. London, Burns & Oates, 17, Portman Street; and Dublin, H. Gill & Son, Upper Sackville Street.

the same lot with whom we beseech thee to admit us, not considering our merit, but freely pardoning our offences."

If the society of the holy martyrs is thus an important part of the happiness of the future world which we pray every time we are present at mass may be granted to us, notwithstanding the many disqualifications which we may ourselves interpose, some such society with these same holy martyrs as the present life admits must be held to be a boon; and this society, as far as it is practicable, we have exactly, in kind, the same reasons for valuing now, as we all hope to have hereafter. The arts and inventions of our century have certainly done wonders to bring home to the fireside all kinds of distant things and parts of the world; anyone, for example, now can follow the Prince of Wales' journey in India, or inspect the interior of the great cities of China and Japan, without going away from his comfortable room and easy chair. Whatever part of the world, indeed, we may wish to see, or whatever portion of history we may wish to study, in one language or another, a book is to be found which will furnish the requisite information, with the aid of engraving and illustration in every form, to facilitate the acquisition of the desired knowledge.

What the arts of our century, then, are able to do for the knowledge which is an object of interest on general grounds, they are equally able to do for the knowledge that has a special charm on the ground of faith; and the little book we are noticing is an example in point. By arrangement with the author, we print on page 128 one of the illustrations, of which the narrative in the book supplies the following account that we here extract:—

"The martyrdom which we must here briefly relate took place in Carthage, under the reign of Septimus Severus, at the end of the second century. The narrative is one of the most precious remains of the Christian literature of the period, as it was written by the Lady Perpetua herself up to the very day before their being brought out into the amphitheatre to be thrown to the wild beasts.

"The Christians of Carthage were then living peaceably in the midst of their persecutors, when two young catechumens, Revocatus and Felicitas, with Saturninus and Secundulus, and a married lady, Vivia Perpetua, were summoned to appear before the court of the proconsul, an act which was followed by a summary arrest, when the whole party were

carried off to prison. St. Perpetua describes her feelings of horror at first exchanging the comforts of her home for the darkness and stifling heat of the prison, but when at length her infant was restored to her she became reconciled to the prison. Her aged father now came to visit her, imploring her to have pity on his grey hairs, and not to acknowledge herself to be a Christian. She tried to comfort him by saying to him, 'whatever comes to pass in the court will be by the will of God. Know that we are not in our own hands, but in the hands of God.' He went away in tears.

"The following day," says St. Perpetua, 'we were suddenly taken out of prison for our examination, and were conveyed to the Forum. The news rapidly spread through all the quarters of the town adjoining the Forum, and the concourse of people thither was immense. We went up into the prisoners' dock (*catasta*), and the others, as the question was put to each of them, all acknowledged themselves to be Christians. My turn came, and my father at this moment made his appearance with my baby, and, drawing me down from the step, said in a suppliant voice: 'HAVE PITY ON THE INFANT.' Hilarian, the procurator, who was at this time acting in the room of Minucius Timianus, the proconsul, recently deceased, also said to me, 'Spare the grey hairs of your father, and in pity to the infancy of your child, offer sacrifice for the welfare of the emperor.' I answered, 'I cannot do it.' Hilarian said, 'Art thou then a Christian?' I replied, 'I am a Christian.' And when my father stood up to implore me to deny it, Hilarian commanded him to be beaten with the officer's staff. This treatment of my father caused me the same pain as if I had been beaten myself, and I grieved for his desolate old age. Hilarian then pronounced sentence against us, and condemned us all to be thrown to the wild beasts, so that we returned with great joy to our prison."

To all those, then, who may wish to see how the arts of our time can be used to give a charm to Christian history, we may give the counsel to procure the present little book and to judge for themselves.

THE CONVERSION OF AN EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE *Civiltà Cattolica* of November 4 publishes a document, hitherto inedited, of very great interest, concerning the religious convictions of the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia. The original is a paper written in French, by the Count de l'Escarène, Minister of the Interior to Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, and intended to be laid before that monarch. We subjoin a translation of this paper, omitting, for the sake of brevity, only the last three paragraphs, which relate to the circumstances which caused the paper to be written.

"It may be agreeable to the King [Charles Albert, King of Sardinia] to become acquainted with an incident relating to the close of the reign of the Emperor Alexander, which I believe to be secret, and which is certainly true. It is one which will interest in this prince all those who are zealous for the Roman Church.

"The Emperor Alexander was well aware that the General Count Michaud, one of his aides-de-camp, belonged to the Roman Catholic religion. Far from being opposed to this, he was pleased to dispense the general from service, without his having even asked for it, in order that he might be able to assist at the paschal offices, according to the Roman rite. I even believe that the Emperor treated his aide-de-camp with this kindness and confidence because he had the intention of employing him in a certain secret business, with which, in fact, he charged him towards the end of his reign.

"The Emperor had many times spoken to the general, when they were alone together, in a mocking way, of the prerogatives which the Russian Emperors attribute to themselves, of head of the Greek church.

"When Alexander was preparing to go to Italy, to assist at the Congress of Verona, he expressed his wish to see Rome. His family had already suspected his leaning towards the Catholic religion; the Empress, his mother, therefore, fearing that an interview with the Holy Father might cause her son to make up his mind to enter the Church, entreated him not to go to Rome. The Emperor Alexander always showed a great deference towards his mother; he therefore promised what she wished, and kept his word.

"In 1825, the Emperor had decided to go to Odessa. He told Count Michaud, his aide-de-camp, that he would not take him with him, but that he wished him to go to Rome. There, as a good Catholic, he would not fail to pay a visit to the Pope; and after this first visit, he wished him to ask for another, and secret, audience in his character as aide-de-camp of the Emperor; and in this second visit he was to fulfil a certain confidential, though official, errand, with which he, the Emperor, would charge him.

"The Emperor then gave the general his instructions by word of mouth, and, on taking leave of him, his Imperial Majesty added these words, 'Well, if needful, I will be a martyr.'

"Count Michaud asked the second audience of the Pope, and it was granted him with all the precautions which seemed advisable.

"When Count Michaud came into the presence of the Pope (Leo XII.), to the astonishment of the Holy Father he unbuckled his sword, fell on his knees, and begged him to hear him under the seal of confession. He then gave the Emperor's message. His Majesty expressed his firm determination to cause the schism to cease, to bring into the Church the peoples whom he governed, and to renounce without delay the errors of the Phocian sect.

"His Majesty begged the Pope to send secretly to St. Petersburg a theologian with papal powers, and possessed of his full confidence; and he requested that this theologian might be neither a nuncio nor a prelate of high rank, but a simple priest, with whom everything might be arranged and concluded. He was to go to St. Petersburg immediately after the Count's return thither, as a simple traveller, without any official character, and was to take up his lodging at the convent of the Dominican fathers.

"This theologian was actually appointed. I do not know whether Count Michaud ever spoke to him; but I know that he was in communication with the Cardinal to whom the Pope confided the secret and the management of this important business. However, no result came of it all, for the news of the death of Alexander suddenly reached Rome. Count Michaud immediately returned to Russia, where he arrived in time to be present at the funeral of his benefactor, and to assist in carrying his remains to the tomb.

"Later on Count Michaud learned that, whilst he was

absent at Rome, Alexander (already a Roman Catholic in heart) passed through a town where there was a convent of Dominican friars. He gave audience to the prior of this convent, and ordered him to wait for him at midnight at the side door of the convent. When the hour arrived, the Emperor came, alone; he was conducted to the church, and asked that the Blessed Sacrament might be exposed. The prior did as he wished. Alexander prayed for some time on his knees before the altar, and desired to receive the Benediction. The prior gave it, and when he turned round after replacing the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle, he saw the Emperor prostrate on his face, bathing the altar steps with his tears. He rose, thanked the prior, and returned as secretly as he had come."

The authorities on which this document rests are quite unimpeachable, and there appears to be no reason whatever to doubt the truth of the narrative. We have entitled it "The Conversion of an Emperor of Russia," for, although Alexander I. was not formally received into the Church, he certainly had the intention of submitting to it, and had taken the necessary steps to that end,—he had even asserted his determination to sacrifice his life rather than not embrace the Catholic religion. Was this expression of his willingness to suffer martyrdom an anticipation of what was to happen to him? Who can tell? Tragedies are often enough met with in the history of the Czars of Russia to occasion no surprise. But whatever may have been the cause of his death, there can be no doubt that he died a Catholic at heart.

VARIETIES.

THE FEAST OF THE HOLY ROSARY AT CORK.

WE have received from various quarters accounts of the celebration of Rosary Sunday this year. All agree in representing that never was the festival honoured with more devotion by the faithful. We subjoin some accounts of these celebrations, beginning with that of St. Mary's on the Quay, Cork.

A Dominican Father from that place writes that the Feast was kept with much devotion. The number of com-

munions was very great, larger than had ever been known before. Our Lady's Altar was very tastefully adorned, and a number of wax tapers burned around it all day long. The visits of the faithful to it were numerous and unceasing. There was a nice procession after vespers, in which the large statue of our Lady was carried by young men of the sodality of the Angelic Warfare in white soutane and surplice.

THE FEAST OF THE HOLY ROSARY AT CRACOW.

A DOMINICAN Father of the Convent of Cracow writes to the *Couronne de Marie*: — "During the entire octave of the Rosary our city was filled with strangers who had come to venerate the miraculous image of our lady, the features of which are so wonderful and so sweet that they move to tears those who regard them. The faith of our poor Poles is so great that they will sometimes remain for a whole hour on their knees before this miraculous statue, imploring the divine mercy through the intercession of their good Mother. It would be impossible to tell you the enthusiasm of the faithful, or to describe the signs and murmurs which burst forth at the moment when our beautiful Virgin, which had been exposed in the middle of the church during the feast of the Rosary, was carried back in procession, with the sound of brilliant music, to its chapel which has lately been restored.

"It is calculated that at least ten thousand persons were gathered together in the square before our church for the procession of the first day of the feast. Each person bore a lighted taper, and all *sang* the Rosary in honour of Mary, imploring in their hearts the deliverance of our dear Poland. It was a most striking scene.

"Each day of the octave the pious people assembled at three sermons, accompanied by the Rosary sung. The confessionals were besieged by the country people from the borders of Prussia and Russia, who came in search of those spiritual consolations and that nourishment of the soul of which they are deprived in their own countries. The number of communions was twelve thousand.

"On the last day of the festival our Lady of the Rosary gave a visible sign of her protection. A Vicar-Apostolic had, during the procession, lost a sum of two thousand florins, the proceeds of a collection. Great was the emotion of our guests when the Director of the Rosary came to announce to us

that the precious pocket-book had been found by a member of the Confraternity of the Rosary, and had been at once given to him by the finder."

THE FEAST OF THE HOLY ROSARY AT PALERMO IN SICILY.

A DOMINICAN Father writes to the *Couronne de Marie*:—"The city of Palermo has a very special devotion to our Lady of the Rosary. How, indeed, could it forget the great graces which it has received through her intercession? How, above all, could it help being grateful for the favour it owes to her, when, in the year 1820, the insurgents laid siege to the city? On the very eve of the feast of the Rosary peace was restored, and on the next morning the citizens, free from all anxiety, saw the gates of their city opened again.

"As a preparation for the solemnity of the Rosary, we are accustomed to perform publicly in our church the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays. On each of these days there are two sermons, one at six o'clock in the morning, before the Rosary mass, and the other at seven in the evening. The latter is preceded by the recitation of the Rosary, and the singing of the Litany and the Salve Regina; and it is followed by a procession round the church, in which the members of the Rosary Confraternity and the tertiaries of the order take part, the Blessed Sacrament is carried, and the ceremony is concluded by Benediction. Besides, on each of these Saturdays, there is exposition of Blessed Sacrament after Terce, and High Mass.

"For the Feast of the Rosary, this year, we adorned our church to the utmost of our power: it was draped with silken hangings, with garlands and festoons, and a large number of wax tapers were arranged in crystal lustres in the nave and aisles. Over the Altar of the Rosary is the celebrated painting of Anemolo; but in the middle of the church was placed a statue of the Madonna, holding in her arms her divine child, who is giving the Rosary to our holy Father, St. Dominic.

"The solemnity began on the Saturday evening at eight o'clock by the recitation of the Rosary, after which the Litany and Salve Regina were sung by a choir of boys' voices. Then followed the first vespers; the church was illuminated, and during the *Magnificat*, to the great joy of the faithful, the

name of **MARY**, written in letters of fire, was raised on high. The function was concluded by the *Tantum ergo* and Benediction.

"On the morning of the feast the church was opened at half-past five for the first mass, during which the Rosary was sung. . . . During the whole morning there was a great number of masses celebrated by our fathers, and by a great number of priests, secular and regular, whose devotion brought them to our church. The High Mass was sung at noon by the Very Rev. F. Spica, Prior, and in the evening the Rev. F. Perrone, O.P., preached a magnificent sermon to the glory of the Blessed Virgin.

"There were several thousand communions, and so great was the concourse of people that our immense church of St. Dominic, which holds twelve thousand persons, was literally filled, both at the first vespers and at the different services of the feast."

THE FEAST OF THE HOLY ROSARY AT LE HAVRE, FRANCE.

THE Festival of the Rosary this year was a day of exceptional solemnity at Le Havre, for it was marked by the Benediction, and opening of the new Dominican Church and Convent, which have been in progress for some years past.

His eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen, had promised to be present on the occasion, but his absence at Rome prevented him from attending. The Provincial of France, the Very Rev. F. Faucillon, therefore performed the ceremony of blessing the new church and convent. Attended by the religious of the convent and several priors of different convents and masters in theology, he passed round the exterior and interior of the new church, reciting the appointed prayers, and thence proceeded to bless the convent.

This ceremony was immediately followed by the High Mass, sung by the Very Rev. F. Souaillard, the founder of the convent, who had laboured many years to accomplish the erection of the new buildings.

During the day, by virtue of a permission received from the Pope on the very eve of the feast, the ladies of the town were permitted to visit the interior of the convent, the cloister, library, garden, &c.

In the evening, after Compline had been sung, the sermon was preached by the Very Rev. F. Monsabré, the well-known

preacher of the Conferences at Notre Dame. In the noble language which is familiar in his mouth, he described the analogies which exist between the temples built by men to God's honour, and those other temples which God Himself has raised within us — between the consecration of our churches, and the consecration of our own souls and bodies in baptism—between the respect which is due to the temples where God takes up His abode, and the respect due to the living temples of God, which we ourselves are.

The sermon was followed by the procession of the Rosary, which from the church passed into the cloisters of the convent. It had been intended that the whole congregation should have followed it, but the sun had already set, and the permission of the Holy Father for women to enter the enclosure expired with the close of day. Thus only the men of the congregation followed the religious through the convent.

During the whole day the services were attended by large and devout congregations; indeed, the ample extent of the church was insufficient to contain the numbers who wished to enter.

The new church and convent are situated in the suburb of Ingouville, in an elevated and commanding position. The buildings stand at the base of a steep slope, up which the garden ascends. The church is constructed in the transitional style of the 12th century; in plan it consists of a nave, without aisles, but with five chapels on each side, a sanctuary, and a choir for the friars behind the High Altar. The total length of the church is upwards of 130 feet, and its breadth, including the chapels, 50 feet. At the west end a grand portal, flanked by two towers, opens into a vestibule of fine proportions, by which the church is entered. On entering the latter the eye is extremely satisfied by the aspect of the interior. The ample dimensions of the wide and lofty nave, the succession of chapels on both sides, the sanctuary, with its altar of severe taste, and the choir behind it, form a most pleasing and satisfying whole.

The east end of the church is not terminated by an apse, but is of rectangular form, and is adorned by a double range of windows, three in each row. The stained glass of the upper windows represents in resplendent colours the revelation of the Rosary to St. Dominic. In the lower row the centre window represents our Lady showing the habit of the Order to Blessed Reginald of Orleans; while the windows

at either side contain figures of the two patronesses of the Order, St. Mary Magdalen and St. Catherine the Martyr.

At the west end, over the vestibule which we have mentioned, is a tribune of considerable size; it serves as a choir which is used by the friars for the night office. It is lighted by a magnificent rose window, which contains in the centre the arms of the Order of St. Dominic; and in twelve medallions figures of its twelve principal saints.

From the church we may pass into the convent, and we find ourselves in an elegant cloister of Romanesque style. Each bay of this cloister forms an arch, sub-divided below into two smaller arches, the tympanum of the containing arch being pierced by a circle. As we pass round the cloister we notice on its western side the parlour, the refectory, and the kitchen. On its eastern side we find the common room of the religious, the chapter-room—a beautiful hall, the vaulting of which is supported on two columns—and the sacristy. In the upper floor are the library and the dormitories. The open space surrounded by the cloister is occupied by a garden, in the centre of which is a fountain fed by a spring.

The garden is well worth a visit. Pleasant walks have been formed up its steep slopes, and from the summit of the ascent a noble view may be obtained. The town of Le Havre, with its port crowded with shipping, the mouth of the Seine, Honfleur, Trouville, and the wide sweep of the English Channel, extend before the view.

We have but one word to add: at the east end of the new church is the house which has hitherto formed the convent. It has now been given up by the Dominican Fathers to a workman's club, of which one of the religious is the director.

ST. DOMINIC'S, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

On the first Sunday of November, the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle visited the Church of St. Dominic, in order to bless an oil-painting of our Lady of the Rosary which he had given to the Rosary Altar of this church. After Compline his lordship preached to an immense congregation on the devotion of the Rosary, and exhorted his spiritual children to use their beads as an arm against their spiritual foes. He then blessed the picture, which had already been placed over the Rosary Altar. The monthly procession of the Rosary

then followed, and the function closed by the Pontifical Benediction of the most Holy Sacrament.

The Very Rev. F. Smith, O.P., late Prior of Corpo Santo, Lisbon, has recently been appointed Prior of Newbridge, Co. Kildare.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

A wife asks prayers that her husband may perform his religious duties; and for her brother, who has not been heard of for some years.

A young lady who is danger of losing her faith for the sake of worldly position.

A temporal favour.

The grace of conversion for some persons.

That some obstacles to a person's entering a convent may be removed.

A mother asks prayers for her son's vocation to the priesthood.

The conversion of a Protestant family and some persons who are given to drink.

Help in some temporal difficulties and better health for a person, and the grace of perseverance.

The conversion of a Protestant dy, who is unsettled and very unhappy.

That a religious community may obtain means to carry out an important undertaking.

The conversion of a sister and her family.

The conversion of some relatives.

Some living and deceased relatives.

The conversion of a Protestant family.

Means to pay debts.

The perseverance of a youth in the religious life.

Means to accomplish an important undertaking.

That a person may be delivered from a doubtful conscience.

A mother asks prayers for her children, and means to educate them well.

The recovery of a father.

The conversion of a Protestant husband.

The safe return of a friend to his family.

The recovery of a sick priest.

That a young priest may succeed in an undertaking.

Several other intentions, both spiritual and temporal.

Thanks are returned for several graces received through the intercession of our Lady.

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[A.D. 1877.

LESSONS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

PSALM XCIV., VENITE EXULTEMUS. (*Continued from p. 117.*)

6. Come, let us adore and fall down, and weep before the Lord that made us.

The Psalmist seems to be moved to the inmost heart by the considerations he has just put before us of the power and goodness of God. "Since," he seems to say, "our Lord is so great a God, and so exalted a King, that the whole world and the very mountains and sea belong to Him, let us adore Him, let us cast ourselves prostrate before His immense Majesty, let us weep for our sins, which render us so unfit to appear in His holy presence: such homage is due to Him, for we, too, like the world in which we live, are the work of His hands."

On this verse we may remark that to *adore* God is to render Him that supreme homage and respect which is due to Him because He is what He is—namely, the Infinite, Eternal, All-perfect, Self-existing Being. Every act of service, therefore, which we render to Him, is an act of adoration, but especially those in which, either by word or deed, we acknowledge His greatness and our subjection to Him.

We may further observe, that the Psalmist not only invites us to adore God, but also to fall down before Him, and to weep. We are thus reminded of our three-fold duty to God—namely, as creatures, as men, and as sinners. For, as creatures, with minds that are capable of knowing God and His greatness and perfection, we are bound to adore Him, rendering Him that honour which He deserves. As men, having bodies, we are bound to offer God those outward signs of reverence which the body can give, kneeling, and prostrating ourselves in His presence. Therefore, the Psalmist adds, "let us fall down," because this outward act of respect is the fitting expression of the reverence we should feel towards Him in our hearts. And so, when these words are recited in the Divine Office, all kneel.

Lastly, as sinners, it is our duty to lament over our guilt. Therefore, David says, "let us weep." And, in truth, the thought of our sinfulness ought never to be altogether absent from our minds when we offer our homage to God. It is a salutary thought, which checks pride and keeps us humble. Even if we do not think of our sins in particular (and it is often not wise to do so), the general remembrance of our guilt, and consequent unworthiness, should be in our minds; it will form, as it were, the bass note in the harmony of affections and desires which ascends from our hearts to the Throne of God.

As a perfect model of the dispositions to which we are exhorted in this verse, we may take St. Mary Magdalen. For she came and cast herself at our Lord's feet, acknowledging His Divinity and adoring Him, while she wept for her sins and washed His feet with her tears.

7. For he is the Lord our God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

The Psalmist here gives us the third reason* why we should praise God according to the invitation he has given us, and the reason is the care that God has for us above the rest of his creatures. The Psalmist compares this providence of God to the care which a shepherd has over his flock. It is a favourite comparison of the Holy Scriptures, and our Lord Himself has deigned to make use of it, calling Himself the Good Shepherd.

St. Augustine remarks how beautifully the words are transposed in the verse which we are explaining. For the Psalmist does not say that we are the *sheep* of God's pasture and the *people* of His hand, which would have seemed most natural; but he says, "we are the *people* of His pasture, and the *sheep* of His hand." And he thus gives us to understand that though God's people are like sheep which need a shepherd to lead them to good and fertile pastures, yet that they are not like mere animals which need to be driven by a staff, but that they follow God's guidance intelligently and freely. And they are called "the sheep of His hand" to show that, although they follow the guidance of the Divine Shepherd of their own free will, yet they remain evermore in God's hand

* The first reason is given in the 3rd verse, the second in the 4th and 5th verses.

(which we have already explained to mean His power), and are therefore subject to His all-controlling authority, and can do nothing that is pleasing to Him except by the impulse and help of His grace.

Saint Bruno of Asti tells us that we are really our Lord's sheep if we are humble and patient, if we delight in the pastures to which He leads us, and if we obey His voice. Our Lord himself has said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give them life everlasting."—John x. 27, 28. And St. Bernard says, speaking to our Lord, "We are Thy people and the sheep of Thy pasture; we follow Thee, through Thee, to Thee, for Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Thou art the Way by Thy example, Thou art the Truth in Thy promises, Thou art the Life in Thy rewards." The pastures of God's sheep are the gifts with which He nourishes their souls. Amongst these gifts are the knowledge of His truth which we gain by the teaching of the Church and her ministers, and the lights and inspirations which He gives directly to the soul; this is the food which he provides for the mind, and there is none so solid and abundant. Prayer and the holy Sacraments and immediate movements of Divine Grace are the food of the will. And the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost nourish and perfect both mind and will.

(To be continued.)

THE EPIPHANY.

"The Kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents: the Kings
us and of Saba shall bring gifts."—Psalm lxxi. 10.

I.

From Tharsis and beyond the main,
From Saba and Arabia's plain,
Shall come in haste the mighty Kings
To hail their Lord with offerings.

II.

Thus sang the Psalmist—Royal Seer—
In tones prophetic, accents clear :
That peaceful advent, long foretold,
On this glad day we now behold.

III.

To Bethlehem from regions far,
Led on by heaven's wond'rous star,
Three Kings repair, their Lord to greet,
And fall in homage at His feet.

IV.

With gifts the choicest of this earth,
They celebrate his joyous birth ;
In Mary's babe their God they own,
And worship on the manger throne.

V.

Each thought of good, each precept bright,
Will prove to us a star of light ;
We, too, must trace its hidden source,
And follow in its onward course.

VI.

That messenger we must obey,
Though long and narrow be the way ;
'Twill lead us safely on to God
By nearer paths than magi trod.

F. S. S.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

V.

THE next morning, as soon as the first gleam of light appeared, she rose from her bed, and, having heard the first mass, ran off to the Grotto. Early as it was, a great crowd was already there awaiting her. She took her usual place, and

had only just begun the rosary, when the Vision appeared. The Lady looked at the child with the tenderest affection, and, calling her by her name, bade her approach. Promptly and joyfully she obeyed. "I have to tell you something that concerns yourself alone," said the Lady. "Will you promise me never to repeat it to any person?"

"I promise," said Bernadette.

The Lady then confided the secret to the attentive little girl.

"Now, my child," said the Lady, "go and tell the priests that I wish them to erect a chapel here." She then disappeared, leaving the child consoled and very happy; happy to have once more contemplated that beautiful vision, happy to have again been favoured with those looks so expressive of tenderest benignity, happy also to have been entrusted with a secret for herself and a message for the priests. Anxious to fulfil promptly this injunction of the Lady, she hastened on through the crowd that tried to stop and question her, and never stayed her steps or turned aside until she reached the house of the parish priest.

Monsieur Péryramale, who was then, and is still, parish priest of Lourdes, happened to be at home. He had, of course, heard of all that had taken place at the rocks of Massabielle, but not having seen the child there, in the wonderful transfiguration that took place in her appearance, and which it was impossible to contemplate without being obliged to say with one who, until he saw Bernadette in her ecstasy, never believed in the supernatural, "Beyond all doubt, a Divine Being is there," he did not give credence, on the mere word of a child, to the extraordinary manifestations that were said to take place. If the child had really seen an apparition, he gravely doubted, its Divine character. Fearing, therefore, either a deception or a Satanic delusion, he received the little girl very coldly, and asked her in a severe tone, "Are you Bernadette Soubirous? What do you want with me?" Greatly astonished at this reception, Bernadette nevertheless answered the curé, and then, in her usual simple, candid way, proceeded to say that she was charged by the Lady who appeared to her at the rocks of Massabielle to tell the priests that she desired them to build a chapel in that place.

"And," inquired M. Péryramale, "has the lady told you her name?"

"No, she has not told me who she is."

"Many persons who see you praying at the Grotto fancy that you see the Blessed Virgin; but," continued the priest, "if you tell falsehoods, and pretend that you see our Blessed Lady in that Grotto, you will never see her in Heaven. God detests liars and punishes impostors."

In a modest, but calm and firm voice, the child answered: "I never said, sir, that the Lady is the Blessed Virgin; but I see the Vision as plainly as I see you, and she speaks to me as plainly as you speak to me, and I am to tell you that she wishes a chapel to be built on the rocks of Massabielle."

The demeanour of the child, so devoid of excitement or affectation, made a great impression on the priest; he felt convinced she sincerely believed all she said, but still feared it was all a delusion, or a deceit of the Evil One. "Before I comply with the request of this Lady, I must know whether she has any right to make it. You say that her feet seem to rest on an eglantine that grows there. This is the 23rd of February; tell her that if she wishes to have a chapel built she must make the eglantine put forth its roses." Saying this, the priest dismissed her.

To those who questioned her, Bernadette told all that M. Péryramale had said, and the message she was to give the Lady. This caused a profound sensation amongst all parties, and each person determined to go next day to the Grotto, and see what would be the effect of the parish priest's requisition, consequently the crowd was immense. Bernadette was received very respectfully, and all knelt down when she did.

As we have before mentioned, Bernadette was accustomed to take her station at the foot of the slope that in those days rose from the Gave to the highest part of the Grotto. She always ascended this slope on her knees, saying her rosary, holding her beads in her left hand, whilst in her right she carried a lighted taper. On this day she remained stationary much longer than usual before the transfiguration of her face indicated to the assistants that she was in the presence of the Vision. At last those near her exclaimed, "She sees, she sees!" The Lady welcomed her most graciously, and Bernadette said to her, "The parish priest, to whom I gave your message, does not believe in my words, and he wishes to have a proof of your power before erecting here a chapel.

If you will make the roses of the eglantine bloom now, he will do what you require."

The Lady only smiled most sweetly. After a while, she bade Bernadette ascend the slope on her knees, and whilst doing so she pronounced three times the word "Penance," which Bernadette repeated after her in so loud a tone that she was heard by all those around her. Then the Lady again told her a secret that concerned herself alone, and immediately disappeared.

Bernadette rose quickly from her knees, and, passing through the crowd, hastened to the Presbytery. This time the priest received her with less severity of manner, and after listening attentively to all she told him, he asked her if she had seen anything unusual in the interior of the Grotto. "Except the Lady," she replied, "I saw nothing."

She left the Presbytery and returned home, where, besides her family, many friends and acquaintances were impatiently expecting her. This day's visit to the Grotto gave rise to numerous disputes between the opponents and believers in the Vision, and many were the accusations and the railleries made against Bernadette; even those who had hitherto supported and defended her were indignant that she had not prevailed on the Lady to make the roses bloom. Jacomet, the Inspector of Police, and his party of freethinkers triumphed. "The parish priest," said they, "has unmasked the impostor." So far was their opinion from being shared by all who had at first scoffed at the idea of any spiritual manifestation, that M. Estrade, Receiver of Indirect Taxes, whom we have already mentioned as present at the interrogatory of Bernadette by Jacomet, and several other persons, became convinced that Bernadette was really in the presence of a supernatural being. The rumour that the child was to ask the Lady, whom she persisted in saying she saw, to make the eglantine to flower had determined them to be present; they went scoffing, or at least incredulous, and came away believing, to the intense annoyance of Jacomet and his party.

The following day, February 25th, Bernadette went as usual to the Grotto, and took her place in front of the niche; suddenly she rose from her knees, and directed her steps towards the Gave. The crowd, greater than ever, drew back on each side, leaving her a free passage; but she had not reached the river when she hastily retraced her steps, and ascending to the highest part turned to the eastern cor-

ner, where she was obliged to stoop, there being so little space under the slope of the rock. She appeared to be looking for something; presently she began scratching the ground with her hands; all who could do so had closely followed her, and now saw that she had made a hole in the soil. Out of this little hollow water was oozing drop by drop; this water mixing with the earth soon formed a tiny muddy pool; she turned towards the niche with a very expressive look, as if questioning some one, then she again stooped down, and scooping up some of this muddy water in her hands, carried it to her mouth as if to drink it, but put down her hands again without touching it with her lips. She repeated this action three times, as if unable to overcome the repugnance she felt to drink it. Again she tried, and this time swallowed some; then, after looking towards the Vision, she took up some more of this thick water and passed it all over her face; she then picked a herb that grew near and eat it.

A long murmur of astonishment ran through the crowd. "What is she doing that for? She is covering her face with mud! What can it mean?" But she quietly resumed her prayers at the place where she had first knelt, and shortly afterwards she rose up to return home.

Dr. Dozous tells us that he had kept very near the child during the whole morning, and had closely watched her every movement, and he remarked that she continued in her usual state of ecstasy whilst performing the several actions that resulted in the opening of that magnificent health-giving fountain, the enduring proof of the reality of the Vision manifested to Bernadette.

Dr. Dozous asked her the meaning of all her movements. She answered that as soon as the Lady appeared she said, "My child, I wish to tell you another secret which concerns yourself alone; you must not reveal it to anyone." After a short silence she continued: "Now go and drink, and wash yourself in the fountain, and eat of the herb that grows near it." Not seeing any fountain there, Bernadette naturally bent her steps towards the Gave, "but," said she to Dr. Dozous, "the Lady bade me not to go there; she stretched out her hand and pointed to the right side of the Grotto, to the spot to which I went on my knees yesterday, when you heard me say 'Penance' three times; and she said to me, 'The fountain is there.' When I reached the place I could see no water, but as soon as I scraped the earth some began

to ooze out. I filled my hands, but it was so muddy I did not at first like to drink it; at last I did swallow some, and washed my face with it, and ate some of the herb; then the Lady smiled sweetly and soon vanished." Dr. Dozous examined minutely every part of the interior of the Grotto, and ascertained beyond a doubt that it was perfectly dry in every part, except in the little hollow made by the feeble hands of Bernadette; there a tiny stream, not broader than a straw, was flowing slowly towards the Gave, but the dry earth and sand absorbed it, and its course could only be followed in some places by a trace of moisture. Everyone who had assisted at the scene we have described carefully explored the ground Bernadette had that day passed up and down. The hollow, about the size of a cup, that she had formed with her little hands was eagerly and closely examined; all who could procure a small vessel of any kind carried away with them some of this moist earth, which could scarcely be called water. This occurred about seven in the morning on the 25th of February, one of the principal market-days at Tarbes, the chief market town of the department, and the news was conveyed thither by all those who had seen what had occurred, and, spreading rapidly from one to another, it became known to all the country, far and near, and all determined to go to Lourdes. Some went there that evening, slept there, and early the next morning five or six thousand persons were seen crowding every spot of ground before and above the Grotto. A considerable number awaited on the road the coming of Bernadette, and as soon as she passed through their ranks they closed them and followed her, thus forming a first procession to the Grotto, to be succeeded by so many others. When she appeared, they cried out, "Here is the Saint!" and many tried to touch her garments. But all were doomed to disappointment. Bernadette took her accustomed place opposite the niche; she recited the rosary, she anxiously fixed her eyes on the opening in the rock, but no beautiful light appeared to announce the advent of the Lady. Sadly, at last, she rose from her knees. "She is not there," she said, and, making her way through the crowd, she returned home weeping. On her way she heard the scoffs and jeers of the unbelievers.

That morning Bernadette, as she proceeded to the Grotto, had been the object of quite an ovation; the people had hailed her as a Saint. May we not conjecture that our

Blessed Lady, fearing that the simplicity and humility of the child might be endangered by the thoughtless enthusiasm of the crowd, deprived her of her presence, in order that by this salutary mortification she might understand and feel how incapable she was, of herself, to evoke the heavenly Vision ? Those who were not blinded by inveterate prejudice could not but reflect how this non-appearance of the Vision completely refuted the last two arguments of the opponents of Bernadette. The child, said the unbelievers, is the victim of hallucination ; or else, by kneeling long in prayer with her eyes intently fixed on the opening in the rock, her imagination becomes so excited, and her eyes so fatigued, that she fancies she sees the apparition she describes. Now, on this day, the 26th February, her expectation and desire to see the Lady were greater than ever, her prayer longer and more earnest, and with intense anxiety she lingered on past the usual time in the fond hope that the Lady would appear. How was it, then, all the outward circumstances being the same, her prayers, hopes, and desires more than ordinarily fervent, that she saw nothing, and that in the face of an immense and expectant crowd ? She had to leave the Grotto, saying, to her own and everyone's disappointment, " She has not come." Common sense answers that the reason was that when the child's countenance underwent that wonderful transfiguration which always took place when she said she saw the Vision, the Lady was really there, and really spoke to her ; but that on this day, as on a former occasion, she was really not there.

The non-appearance of the Vision did not in any degree abate the enthusiasm of the people, who during the whole of that day invaded the Grotto, and the supposition that Bernadette was in direct communication with the Blessed Virgin became a conviction in the minds of all except a few free-thinkers, at the head of whom was M. Jacomet, the police officer. The inhabitants of Lourdes and the neighbourhood were by this time convinced that God had sent the Blessed Virgin to them on a mission of mercy, and in this sense they interpreted all the actions of the child whilst in a state of ecstasy ; the order she received to open the spot from which the water was now flowing rapidly, and which they felt assured had not been brought forth from the bowels of the earth without a purpose ; the command to wash her face with it and drink it encouraged them to believe that miracles would

be worked at the Grotto, and God himself now deigned to confirm their faith and the truth of the child's testimony by the undeniably miraculous cures of Louis Bouriette, a quarryman, who recovered the sight of one of his eyes; of Blaisette Soupene, and of the child of Croizine Ducomte.

(To be continued).

APOSTLES OF THE ROSARY.—III.

FATHER LEWIS CANCER.

THE sixteenth century was remarkable for the wonderful missionary zeal which was aroused by the discovery of the New World. Among the many apostolic men who at this period left their homes and friends in Europe, in order to evangelize the vast regions which had been so recently opened to the preaching of the faith, was the subject of this sketch, Father Lewis Cancèr. Like so many more of these valiant men, but little is known of his early life, or indeed of his personal history at all, except what is revealed to us by the chronicle of his labours. He, and others like him, so far from seeking human fame, did their best to remain unknown to men. They kept no register of their deeds, and the little that is known of them comes from the scanty and imperfect narrative of monastic records.

F. Lewis Cancèr was a Spaniard, born towards the close of the fifteenth century in the famous city of Saragossa. His family was noble, and he received an education suited to his station in life. He seems fully to have profited by this education, for he distinguished himself greatly both in classical studies and in philosophy.

Early in life he received from God the grace of a religious vocation, and entered the Order of St. Dominic in the convent of his native city of Saragossa. There he was trained in the great principles of the religious life, and learned to love the Rosary, which later on he was to preach to the Indian converts of the West Indies and Central America. We have no details of his religious life at this period. That he was a fervent religious we may, however, conclude from his labours in after years, for, according to our Lord's word, grapes do not grow on thorns, or figs on thistles.

The news of the discovery of the islands and continent of the West reached him in his quiet convent home. No doubt it stirred him to the heart, and his ardent nature must have been even more moved at hearing that some friars of his own order had already left for America, and had begun the work of evangelizing the Indians of the great island of Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, as it is now called. God had kindled in his heart a great fire of zeal for the salvation of souls, and he, no doubt, saw at once that in these new countries he would find a field ample enough to satisfy his desires. However, some years elapsed before he was able to carry out his design; perhaps his superiors delayed to give him the necessary permission, or perhaps he himself wished to put his desires to the proof of delay. Indeed, one of the noticeable points in the history of the missionaries of this period is that, notwithstanding their zeal, they never seem to have been hurried in carrying out their plans, or to have considered that their labours dispensed them from an ample expenditure of time in the business of regular life and the concerns of their own sanctification. Anyhow, the first Dominican missionaries landed in Hispaniola in 1510, and it was not until about 1520 that F. Lewis Cancèr arrived in the New World.

He remained in St. Domingo but a short time. The most arduous part of the work of conversion had already been accomplished in that island, and it was soon seen that F. Lewis was better fitted to undertake the commencement of new work than quietly to carry on a task of which the hardest part had been already accomplished. For his temperament was ardent and energetic; he was one of those men whom no difficulties discourage, and who, so far from being cast down by difficulties, are rather excited by them to make new efforts to carry out their designs. He was, therefore, sent to open new ground in the island of Porto Rico, where he founded a convent and was its first prior. He remained in this house about nine years, in order thoroughly to consolidate his work, and when he went away he left behind him the memory of a holy life, remarkable virtue, and wonderful zeal for the salvation of souls.

We next find him in Nicaragua, on the mainland of America. Here he formed one of the community of the convent of St. Paul at Leon, living in company with the celebrated F. Bartholomew de las Casas, and some other apostolic men famous for their labours amongst the Indians.

From this convent a party of missionaries was organized to go to preach the faith in the newly discovered regions of Peru. It consisted of F. Bartholomew de las Casas, F. Lewis Cancèr, and F. Peter de Angulo.* The expedition started in the year 1534. However, the undertaking was not destined to succeed, for God had reserved other fields of labour for these three men. Thus it happened that after they had gone to sea they met with such bad weather, alternating between terrible storms and complete calms, that after passing through innumerable dangers they were compelled to return to the port from which they had sailed. No other opportunity presented itself for their journey to Peru, and they were therefore compelled to return to the convent at Leon.

Meanwhile the convent of the order which had been already founded by F. Dominic de Betanzos at Guatemala† was in need of a community; these three religious who had been destined for Peru, together with another, F. Roderick Ladrada, were therefore sent to people it. F. Lewis Cancèr was now brought, by God's providence, very near to the scene of his chief labours for souls.

With his wonted ardour he set himself to the work that was before him. He lost no time in learning the language of the neighbouring Indian nations; he seems to have had a special talent for languages, and to have succeeded in learning them more quickly than his companions. No great time elapsed before he was sufficiently well instructed to be able to preach to the Indians, and he lost no opportunity of doing so.

In Guatemala, as elsewhere in these parts, the Indians showed no special repulsion to the truths of our holy faith. The chief obstacle to their conversion came from the evil lives of the Spanish colonists. These were for the most part rude and avaricious men, whom the greed of gain and the desire of an adventurous life had brought across the ocean. Their one aim was to enrich themselves as quickly as possible; and to this end they had no scruple to enslave the Indians, in order to make them work for their profit. These poor people

* Two out of these three fathers were afterwards bishops. F. Bartholomew de las Casas was Bishop of Chiapa, and F. Peter de Angulo Bishop of Verapaz.

† We have narrated the story of the foundation of this convent in the life of F. Dominic de Betanzos, vide *ROSARY MAGAZINE*, new series, vol. iii. pp. 130 and 145.

thus suffered much oppression, and soon began to hate everything that belonged to the Spaniards, their religion included.

Nevertheless, the labours of F. Lewis were not unfruitful. Notwithstanding that the Indians at first looked on him with suspicion, thinking him to be no different from other Spaniards, yet in time they began to see the difference between his life, so holy and self-denying, and that of most of his fellow-countrymen. He thus obtained many conversions, and also brought back to the practice of their religion many of those who had been baptized, but who, on account of the ill-treatment they had received from Spaniards, had ceased to live as Christians, or, at least, had grown very cold in the practice of their religion.

But he, as well as the rest of his religious brethren, longed to labour for the conversion of the heathen in some place where the presence and tyranny of the Spanish colonists had not raised in the minds of the Indians any prejudice against the Catholic faith. They felt sure that in such a place their preaching would certainly effect great numbers of conversions, and make of the Indians fervent and virtuous Christians. The difficulty was to find such a place, for nearly all the neighbouring country had been visited by the Spaniards and was occupied by them.

There was, however, a neighbouring province which was quite free from European settlers. It was called by the natives Tuzulutlan, but among the Spanish colonists it had obtained the evil name of the Land of War. Thrice had they attempted to penetrate into this district; thrice had they returned, after having suffered a shameful defeat. The Land of War was not, therefore, quite the place which the fathers would have desired as being favourable to an attempt at converting the Indians on a large scale, for its people had been irritated by repeated attacks, and it was therefore much more difficult to penetrate than if no Spaniards had ever been there. However, after having carefully considered all the circumstances, the fathers of the convent of Guatemala determined that the attempt might be made with fair chance of success, if only they could secure themselves from interference on the part of the Spanish colonists.

They laid the whole case before the Governor of Guatemala, explaining what were their desires and their hopes, and on what conditions the work might be undertaken. The Governor assented to their plan, and accepted the conditions

they proposed. In order that these conditions might not be forgotten or disowned later on, a formal compact was entered into between the Governor (in the name of the Emperor Charles V., King of Spain) and the Dominican Fathers—Las Casas, Ladrada, and De Angulo. Father Lewis Cancèr is not mentioned in the document, probably because he was absent on some missionary journey at the time when it was drawn up. In this agreement it is stated that the Indians in question were fierce men in revolt, whom no Spaniard dared go near. The country, too, was a most difficult one to conquer, where the ways were obstructed by mountains, intersected by rivers, and lost amidst dense forests.

The substance of the agreement is, that if the friars can bring these Indians into conditions of peace, so that they should recognise the Spanish monarch for their Lord Paramount, he (the Governor) would place all these provinces under the immediate authority of the King, and would suffer no Spaniard to exercise any power in them. Moreover, no Spaniard whatever, under heavy penalties, except the Governor in person, was to be allowed under any pretext, for five years, even to enter that country. This agreement bears date the 2nd of May, 1537, and was signed by Alonso Maldonado, the temporary Governor of Guatemala.

Should this agreement be observed, the Fathers felt confident of the speedy conversion of the Land of War. We shall now see how they set about to accomplish their task, and the part taken by F. Lewis Cancèr in the work.

(To be continued.)

THE CURE OF ARS AND THE ROSARY.

WITHOUT contradiction, the most perfect model of sanctity that God has given to His Church in our times is the Venerable John Mary Vianney, so well and so universally known, by the name of the parish which he sanctified and made a place of pilgrimage from all parts of the world, as the *Curé of Ars*.

One of the great means of sanctification which God has

provided for souls is the devotion to His holy Mother. Mary is the intermediary between her Son and the souls who desire to come to Him. They who seek Jesus find Him in her arms; she presents Jesus to the simple and humble, as she presented Him to the Shepherds who came to adore Him in the stable of Bethlehem; she presents Him also to the learned and noble, as she presented Him to the magi, who came from the far East.

As therefore the Curé of Ars was distinguished for his holiness, we naturally expect to find in him a special love and devotion for the Blessed Virgin. And when we come to read his life we find it almost in the very first lines. He learnt it from his pious mother, who even before his birth had dedicated him to serve God in the priesthood, and the practice of it began on the very day of his birth (in the month of May), when he was baptized and received our Lady's name in addition to that of John.

He had hardly learned to speak when he already began to pray. Even at the age of three years old he joined in the prayers that were said by the family, and when the Angelus rang he was the first to kneel down and say it.

The first present that he received from his mother was a wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin. To him, who was already so serious and prayerful, this statue was more than a plaything; it was an object of pious veneration as well. Sixty years afterwards he would speak of it. "Oh, how I loved that statue!" he said. "Day or night I would never separate myself from it. I should not have slept in peace if I had not had it by my side in my little bed."

A priest once asked him how long he had loved the Blessed Virgin. He replied, "I loved her almost before I could know her. . . . When I was very little I had a pretty rosary. My sister wanted to have it, and this was one of my earliest sorrows. I went to speak to my mother about it; she advised me to give it up for love of God. I did so, but it cost me many tears."

When he was seven years old the little John Mary Vianney was sent to the fields to take charge of his father's sheep. He was accustomed always to take with him his little statue of the Blessed Virgin. When his sheep were in safety, and he could without danger relax his watchfulness over them, he would make a little altar with sods, and on it he would enthrone his statue. Then he would gather his companions

—young children occupied like himself—around it, and would recite with them the Hail Marys of the Rosary, and then he would preach to them gravely in moving and expressive terms. He never lacked a congregation on these occasions; his piety was not disagreeable to his companions, on the contrary it made him amiable and winning; they were disappointed if he happened to be absent, and welcomed him with joyful shouts when he arrived amongst them. Nothing pleased him better than to have his companions join with him in some such pious exercise, but when he was alone he did not regret his solitude. He would place his little statue in the hollow trunk of some tree, and there he would pass long hours absorbed in prayer. Sometimes his companions would mind his sheep for him in order to give him time for prayer, in which, as they knew, he took so much delight.

As he grew older he was employed in more laborious work in the fields, but even in this his devotion to our Lady accompanied him and helped him. Before beginning his work he used to place an image of our Lady some distance before him, and then work on towards it, praying all the while that the Blessed Virgin would help him to keep up with his brother, much older and stronger than he, who was working close by. Then, when he had reached the statue, he would take it up and place it some distance further on, and work on towards it, and so he would continue till the day's labour was over. His brother was compelled to own that the Blessed Virgin had indeed helped John Mary, and had enabled him to do as much work as he had been able to accomplish himself.

We cannot doubt that this special devotion to our Lady obtained for John Mary Vianney many interior graces, and powerfully helped him on in the path of sanctification. But, besides this, there were some special favours that evidently seemed to come in answer to his prayers to his holy Mother. The whole of his life hinged on his escape from military service. It was during the wars of the first Napoleon, when every effort was made in order to secure young men for the army. John Mary was at this time an ecclesiastical student, and as such was exempted from service, but by some mistake his name was included in the list of those liable to serve, and he was drawn at the conscription. It was a terrible blow to him, for all his desires were to be a priest. Nevertheless,

he submitted, and took his way to Bayonne, where he was to join his regiment. He thought of deserting, and certainly he would have committed no sin had he done so, for the law itself exempted him, and but for an unfortunate mistake he would have been left free to continue his studies for the priesthood. But he did not dare to desert. A strict search was made for such as did so, and they were treated with the greatest severity; not long before he had himself seen deserters brought back in chains, and the idea of being treated in the same fashion filled him with horror.

Filled with these gloomy thoughts of his frustrated vocation, he pursued his way to join his regiment. He had recourse to the Blessed Virgin for consolation, and in order to obtain it from God through her intercession he recited his Rosary. No sooner had he done this than an unknown individual accosted him, and asked him what made him so sad. John Mary told his story. Without further discussion, the unknown bade him follow him, telling him that from him he had nothing to fear, and that he would take him to a place of safety. John Mary followed his guide across the country, over hills and through woods, scarcely ever passing by a public road or an inhabited house, until at last he brought him to a remote village, where he remained undiscovered though not unsearched for. He never knew who his guide was; but he looked on him as a messenger sent by heaven in answer to his Rosary.

When, later on, he had been ordained priest, and the parish of Ars had been confided to his care, he was not unmindful of the graces which he had received through the devotion to our Blessed Lady and her Rosary. At this time, Ars was far from being edifying by the piety and virtue of its people. He adopted two means for their reformation; the one was the devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and the other the devotion to His holy Mother. He encouraged the former by bringing his people to frequent Communion, and to frequently visiting the Blessed Sacrament; the other he promoted by means of the Rosary. He remembered, too, that the confraternities the most encouraged by the Church are those of the Blessed Sacrament and the Rosary, while they are also the most ancient and the most universal, and he therefore resolved that these two confraternities should be established in his parish, and that through them he would reform his people. From the beginning, he

established the practice of reciting the Rosary in public every night in the church; meanwhile he waited an opportunity of establishing his confraternity.

That opportunity soon came. One Sunday evening several young people, who were far from being the most fervent of his parishioners, remained in the church for confession. The holy Curé noticed them, and said to himself, "Now I have got them! My confraternity is found!" He went towards them, and said, "My children, if you like, we will say the Rosary together, to ask of the Queen of Virgins to obtain for you the grace to do well what you are about to do." The conversion of several of these young persons dates from that moment. The Curé of Ars looked upon this as his first conquest; it was followed by many more, until at length the parish was completely transformed.

The holy priest was not ungrateful to her through whose prayers he acknowledged that he had obtained this signal grace. He always caused the feasts of the Blessed Virgin to be devoutly celebrated at Ars; on these days the communions were always numerous, and the attendance of people large. Everywhere in the village her image is to be seen, from the front of the church to the interior of the poorest cottage.

He loved to speak of this good Mother. He used to say, "The heart of Mary is so full of tenderness for us that the hearts of all mothers put together would be but a lump of ice compared to hers. I think that at the end of the world the Blessed Virgin will be at rest, but as long as the world lasts *she will be bothered on all sides.*"

His own great resource when he was in any special difficulty was to walk out into the country, with his beads in his hand, saying the Rosary. On one such occasion he was greatly troubled by the want of money with which to pay the workmen who were engaged on his new chapel of St. John Baptist; he had nothing, for he had given away all he had to the poor. On the day of which we are speaking he had got but a very short distance from the village, when he was met by a gentleman on horseback, an entire stranger to him, who stopped, raised his hat respectfully, and inquired after his health. "I am not amiss," replied the good priest, "but I am in great trouble." "What!" said the gentleman, "do your parishioners give you pain?" "On the contrary," was the reply, "they have much more consideration for me

than I deserve. That which troubles me is that I have just been building a chapel, and that I have no money with which to pay for it." The unknown seemed to reflect for a moment, then took twenty-five gold pieces from his pocket, and gave them to M. Vianney. "Sir," he said, "this will pay your workmen. I recommend myself to your prayers." He then disappeared at a gallop, without leaving the priest time to think where he was.

On another occasion he had bought from one of his parishioners a considerable quantity of corn. This was for the use of his "Providence," as he called the house where he maintained a large number of orphan girls. He had not the means of paying for this corn, and he therefore begged his creditor to give him a little time, and this was willingly granted him. However, the time stipulated approached its close, and he was still without means. He therefore went out into the country, and recited his Rosary, recommending his poor little orphans to the Mother of the poor. His prayer was heard without delay. A woman came up to him suddenly, and said, "Are you the Curé [parish priest] of Ars?" "Yes, my good woman." "Here is some money that I have been told to give to you," she continued. "Is it for masses?" he asked. "No, sir," was the reply; "your prayers are asked for the giver." Thereupon the woman emptied her purse into his hands, and he never knew who she was, or from whom she had come.

For many years before the death of the Curé of Ars scarcely any good work of importance was undertaken in France without being submitted to him, and receiving his blessing. Thus it happened that when the Perpetual Rosary, which had for many years almost fallen into disuse, was being revived, the work was submitted to the holy priest. As soon as he had understood the nature of the devotion he cried out, "Oh, this work is beautiful, very beautiful! It is a divine work, and it is destined to produce great fruits in men's souls and in the Church. I unite myself to it with all my heart, and I wish to be united in intention to all the hours of prayer, both by day and night."

Some time after this, the registers containing the names of those who had been enrolled in the Perpetual Rosary up to that time were presented to him that he might bless them. He did so, saying, "I bless all the names that are inscribed, and those that shall be inscribed; I unite myself

in intention to all the hours, in this world and in the other, if God gives me the grace to receive me into this happy eternity."

The holy Curé of Ars died in 1859, on the 4th of August, the feast of St. Dominic, to whom our Lady revealed the devotion of the Rosary.

MISSION WORK.

A MISSIONARY TO THE NEGROES.

CHARLESTON, South Carolina, Nov. 20, 1876.—This morning at 9 o'clock were celebrated in St. Peter's (coloured) Church, in this city, a solemn requiem mass, the office for the dead, and the funeral obsequies of the Rev. James Gore, a priest of the Missionary Society of St. Joseph's of the Sacred Heart, Mill Hill, London, a society established some six years ago to minister to the spiritual needs of the coloured people of this country and to preach the gospel to the heathens of other lands. He died of gastric (or, as some think, yellow) fever on the morning of the 16th inst., after a few days' illness, in the thirty-first year of his age. Two weeks ago he returned from a brief visit to the principal American home of the society in Baltimore, where, for the last time, he saw his brother, the Rev. Richard Gore, a priest of the same institute. He was urged to remain north some time longer, as it was deemed unsafe for him to return to Charleston just now, in consequence of a belief in the prevalence of yellow fever, but he refused to continue longer separated from his flock, and returned, after two weeks' absence, to the field of his apostolic labours. His death has cast a deep gloom over the Catholic community of this city, not alone amongst those to whom his special vocation was to announce "the mysteries of the kingdom of God," but also amongst the white people, to whom he endeared himself by his affability and readiness to minister to their spiritual wants consistently with his obligations to the spirit of his institute.

Father Gore was a native of Woolton, England, a town about six miles from Liverpool, and was in the habit, together with his brother above alluded to, of attending mass and the other religious exercises of the neighbouring church

of the Redemptorists at Bishop Eton, where the writer first had the happiness of becoming acquainted with him. Little did either then dream that twelve years later they would meet again four thousand miles from that holy retreat; much less was it anticipated by the lay survivor that the melancholy duty of writing an obituary notice would fall to his lot. It was here that, by the preaching and the example of the holy lives of the Redemptorists, whose spirit he appears to have caught, and whose preaching and lives he closely followed, the seeds of his ecclesiastical vocation were sown.

He was one of the first band of missionaries who came to this country about five years ago to labour amongst the coloured people. After spending four years in Baltimore, he came to this city, about twelve months since, as assistant pastor to the Rev. Father Vigneront, whose state of ill-health compelled him for a time to abandon the field of his labours. For several months past the entire pastoral charge of the coloured church had fallen on the shoulders of Father Gore, and it would be difficult to meet with one who gave himself up so unsparingly to the duties of his charge. He preached incessantly, he catechized the children, he devoted much patient labour to the instruction of those who were groping after the truth, and he was ready at all hours to hear the confessions of those who presented themselves. He was a man of singularly amiable character, and his appearance in the streets created an impression in his favour even in the minds of non-Catholics. As a priest he united in his person the virtues of his exalted vocation with the polished manners of an English gentleman. No one, ignorant or otherwise, felt constraint in his presence, but no one forgot the respect that was due to the priest of God, for he himself never lost sight of his dignity. He made himself all things to all that he might gain them to Christ.

How he contracted the dreadful disease, which in a few days terminated his useful life, is a mystery, as there appear to have been no cases of yellow fever lately, but it leads to reflection upon another great mystery of the ways of God in dealing with man. In the political turmoil that at present disturbs this city and state, we are tempted to ask how it is that men whose presence amongst us is a curse, who for their own selfish ends do all they can to keep the races apart, to foster hatred of each other, and urge their coloured dupes to fly at the throats of their white neighbours, are spared to

perpetuate their diabolical principles, and to be an element of social and political strife, whilst the man of God, the messenger of peace, should be suddenly snatched away in the midst of his career of usefulness! The Providence of God presented the same difficulty to the mind of St. Paul, who exclaimed, "How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways!" As a preacher of peace the deceased was successful, at least, with that portion of the coloured population who loved to be guided by him, and whose religion does not consist in hysterical and demoniacal howling.

Father Gore's death makes a void in the already attenuated ranks of the clergy of Charleston; his place will not be easily filled, but we may hope that the proverb "*Sanguis martyrum, semen Christianorum*," so true of the early Christians, may have some application to those who sacrifice their lives at the post of sacerdotal duty. His obsequies this morning were attended by a large congregation of white and coloured, who fervently invoked God for the repose of his soul, and whose tears and sobs testified to the affection in which he was held. The same demonstrations of affection and grief were repeated this evening by a crowd congregated as the coffin containing the body of the deceased was removed from the church to the railway depôt, in the charge of his brother, for transportation to Baltimore, to be there laid to rest until the great day of the resurrection—a mystery which often furnished a theme for his eloquence, and which he frequently presented to the contemplation of his hearers. It is the prayer of every Catholic in Charleston to-day to the Throne of Mercy, that if any suffering should still remain to this servant of God it may be speedily removed or mitigated; and it is mine to those of your readers who may happen to read this sketch, that they will offer a prayer for the soul of him who exacted of his own congregation that they should never leave the church without praying for the souls of those for whom they were asked to pray. *Requiescat in pace.—Catholic Review.*

MIRABILIA DEI.

TWO MIRACLES.

THE following account of an apparently miraculous cure that has recently taken place in Italy is given by the Roman Correspondent of the *Tablet*.

The Italian newspapers contain an account of a wonderful cure of deafness which occurred at the Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, near Spoleto, on the 13th of last August. Adam Alessandrelli, born in 1853 at Colle-Strada, in the diocese of Perugia, became almost totally deaf at the age of thirteen years, and was pronounced incurable, and therefore unfit for military service, in 1875. Before receiving a formal certificate to that effect from the military authorities, Alessandrelli was twice subjected to surgical and medical treatment in the military hospital of Santa Juliana, where he was an inmate for fifty-two days in 1873, and for twenty-two days in 1874.

Being thus excluded from the army, and destitute of employment by reason of his deafness, Alessandrelli became melancholy and despondent. He was 22 to 23 years old, and appeared likely to be a burden to himself and his parents. At length he determined to go on a pilgrimage to the famous Sanctuary of *Maria Santissima*, near Spoleto. To prepare for the expedition he had a Triduum in the parish church of Colle-Strada, and another in the neighbouring church of Brufa. On the termination of the Triduum—namely, on the 11th of August last—he set out for Spoleto accompanied by his mother and some friends. They arrived at the Sanctuary on the morning of the 13th of August. Alessandrelli knelt before the image of the Blessed Virgin and prayed fervently that his faculty of hearing might be restored. He then asked for a confessor, and was conducted, by reason of his deafness, to an apartment near the Sanctuary, where the priest could communicate with him by speaking very loudly and using at the same time gesticulations.

One of the chaplains then offered up mass at the request of Alessandrelli's mother, and the deaf man received the Communion. It was at half-past eight o'clock, and precisely as the priest was turning towards the people to administer the Holy Communion, when Alessandrelli suddenly felt his head released as it were from a tight bandage, and was enabled to hear distinctly every word uttered by the celebrant. In a

transport of joyful emotion he exclaimed, "I hear, I hear! The Madonna has healed me! *Io sento, io sento! La Madonna mi ha fatto la grazia!*" He then embraced his mother, shedding tears of joy, amid the astonishment of the bystanders.

The truth of this extraordinary miracle is attested by various documents, including the certificates of the military authorities, the parish priest of Colle-Strada, and the clergymen of the Sanctuary. Alessandrelli is now able to hear the minutest whisper, so that his malady is not relieved merely, but is absolutely cured. He possesses the faculty of hearing in perfection.

The other miracle which we have to narrate took place about a month later at Munich in Bavaria. Madame Emmanuela Hayer is a professed nun in the Servite Convent of that city. She had been in bad health for many years, and for the past two years had been completely paralysed. This was the result of a disease of the spine. She was quite unable to move or stand; wherever she went she was carried. The doctors considered her case as quite incurable. When she received Holy Communion she was moved to the place of Communion in a chair mounted on rollers. This was done on the day of her miraculous cure. When she had been taken back to her cell she felt weaker even than she had been before, so much so that she could not bear to be put back to bed, but begged that she might be allowed to remain for a short time in her chair. There she remained, and made her thanksgiving after Communion.

In the prayer-book which she was using for this purpose she had a little picture, on which were fastened, in the form of a cross, two pieces from the cassock of Père Olivaint, one of the Jesuits who were murdered at Paris by the Communists in 1871. She felt herself moved by an interior inspiration to swallow a piece of this relic. She contrived to loosen three threads of it with a pin, and swallowed them. At the very moment that she did so she felt an unusual sensation in her back, and found that she was able to move without difficulty. Indeed, her disease had entirely disappeared, and the first use that she made of her regained power of movement was to kneel down to thank God for the favour he had bestowed upon her in such a marvellous and unlooked-for way.

Dr. Buchner, a professor at the University of Munich, who had attended her during her illness, testifies that nothing but a miracle could have worked such a cure.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Oh, sweetest name ! Oh, name of grace and love !
 Most High, most low !
 Most great, most humble, human and divine,
 That man can know :
 That telleth us alike of heavenly joy
 And earthly woe.

The mighty angel, pure from blight of sin,
 Who bore to earth
 This gentlest, tenderest name, ne'er understood
 Its priceless worth,
 Nor fathomed the unfathomed depths of love
 That gave it birth.

Low at Messiah's feet the Jewish maid
 Knelt to adore,
 And worshipped Him with every sacred name
 The ancient law
 Gave unto God, patriarch's and Prophets knew,
 Ages before.

But when, with yearning mother-love, she let
 Her soft lips press
 The little face upraised, or tiny hand
 Lifted to bless,
 "Jesus, my Jesus !" broke from her full heart
 In fond caress.

"Jesus !" first word on simple, childish tongues,
 In guileless prayer ;
 "Jesus !" last murmur on the sinner's lips,
 Saved from despair,
 Or dying saint's, who sees heaven's portal's ope,
 And Jesus there.

Not unto dread and mighty names that speak
 In awful tone,
 God's power and justice, every knee is bowed ;
 Jesus alone
 Doth claim the fealty of adoring love
 As all his own.

AVE MARIA.

QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE ROSARY.

CAN the indulgences granted to the recitation of the Rosary be gained by those who are not members of the Rosary Confraternity?

An impression commonly prevails that only those who belong to the Rosary Confraternity can gain the indulgences attached to the recitation of the Rosary. Although this is true with regard to the largest number and the greatest of the indulgences, nevertheless it should be understood that the indulgence of 100 days upon each bead can be gained by any person, whether he belongs to the Confraternity or not, and whether he recites the whole Rosary or only a third part, upon the single condition that his beads have been blessed by a Dominican Father, or by a priest having the Dominican faculties. It may be observed, in reference to a common mistake, that a priest having only the Brigettine faculties cannot give the Dominican blessing.

The following is the text of the decree of Benedict XIII. granting the indulgence above mentioned:—

Our Most Holy Lord Pope Benedict XIII., moved by the great devotion which he bears towards the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in order that a devotion so useful to the Church and so pleasing to God may more and more increase and spread amongst all Christian people, having consulted the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, grants to all the faithful of Christ of both sexes who shall devoutly recite the Rosary, or at least a third part of it, for each *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*, a hundred days' indulgence. And to those who shall recite the same Rosary, or at least a third part of it daily, for a year, if they go to confession and communion and pray for concord amongst Christians, the extirpation of heresies, and the exaltation of Our Holy Mother the Church, he further grants the plenary indulgence once in the year, on any day they may themselves choose, and this indulgence is applicable to the faithful departed. His Holiness, however, declares that to gain these aforesaid indulgences, the Rosary must as usual be blessed by Fathers of the Order of Friar Preachers.—Given, 13 April, 1726.—L. Card. Picus, Prefect. Raphael Cosmus de Hieronymis, Secretary.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

Means to accomplish an important undertaking.

A mother asks prayers for her son's vocation.

The conversion of a hypocrite.

A family in great distress.

A Tertiary asks prayers for his brother, who is leading a careless life and is given to drink.

For union between a husband and wife, and that he give up drinking.

That a young man may have a vocation to the priesthood.

Strength to bear a hard trial.

The conversion of two brothers and the head of a family.

Relief for one troubled in mind.

Relief for three persons troubled with bad sight.

Two very special intentions, one nearly connected with the salvation of a soul, the other a temporal matter.

That a boy may have a vocation to the priesthood and the religious life.

The conversion of a very low church Protestant and of a ritualist.

Help for a family in great pecuniary difficulty.

That a person a long time out of employment may obtain a suitable situation.

The conversion of a Protestant family.

The conversion of a Protestant husband.

The preservation and safe return of a father to his family.

The intentions of a religious.

The perseverance of three persons in the religious state.

The repose of the souls of some parents and friends.

The conversion of some persons out of the Church.

The restoration of a man to health.

Some spiritual and temporal necessities.

Means for a family to get out of their difficulties.

Concord and future prosperity in a family.

Means to pay some debts.

Four special intentions.

Many other intentions.

Several persons desire to return thanks for favours received through our Lady's intercession.

A lady desires to return thanks for her recovery to health through the use of the Water of Lourdes. Another person returns thanks for great benefit derived through its use.

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FEBRUARY.

[A.D. 1877.

THE PRESENTATION OF OUR LORD IN THE TEMPLE.

THE FOURTH JOYFUL MYSTERY OF THE ROSARY.

SEE that beautiful city lit up by the morning sun! It is Jerusalem, the city of God's people. Mary, with the Holy Child in her arms, and Joseph by her side, has walked from Bethlehem forty days after the birth of the Divine Child. As they skirt the hill they see the many sun-lit roofs, and high above all stands the glorious Temple, its gilded roof glistening in the sun, and its marble walls white as snow. They pass through the busy streets up to the golden gate of the Temple, and enter the large outer court, which is surrounded with open halls or chambers. Mary, as a poor woman, has brought with her two doves and five pieces of silver, as the offering she is to make for herself and her Child. They go up a flight of marble steps to that part of the Temple where the offerings were made. There is one there waiting to welcome them, who many a day had been seen going up those same steps, praying God to lengthen his days till he could see with his own eyes the long-looked-for Salvation of the world. The holy Simeon had on a white linen robe girded round the waist: he was continually praying in the Temple, and had been inspired by God to look forward to the joyful day of this holy Presentation before he sang his *nunc dimittis* and went to his reward.

Thus Mary and Joseph, poor, simple, unattractive, passed through the crowd. No one noticed them; though no such offering had ever yet been made within the Temple. For it was God Incarnate in the arms of a mortal mother who then crossed its threshold: and silent angels worshipped Him as He passed along, and as Simeon took into his arms the Redeemer who was his God.

Such the silence and hiddenness of the earthly life of our Lord; yet it is in the obscurity of this beautiful mystery that we see the fulfilment of a grand prophecy of Aggeus. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, yet one little while, and I will move all nations, and the desired of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Thus not only was Simeon chosen to bear testimony that the Son of Mary is indeed the light of the world, and the expected of all nations; but in the person of this venerable priest, the very Temple itself was made to bear its testimony that the ancient priesthood which had ministered within its walls was about to pass away and be replaced by the perfect offering of an everlasting priesthood.

How instructive and beautiful it is to see our blessed Lord beginning to establish His new law in the world, by showing submission to that old law which was but a preparation for His own. It was an act of obedience. For God required that every first-born among His people should be sanctified and offered to Him, that they should thus be ever mindful how all come from God and belong to Him. There was also a more particular reason for this offering, namely, that it should be a remembrance of the deliverance of the children of Israel from their slavery in Egypt, when God slew the first born of the Egyptians, both men and beasts. Our Divine Lord would therefore be presented in the Temple, both because He was the first and only born of his blessed Virgin Mother and because He was "the first born of every creature," the author of grace and salvation, standing, so to say, as the frontispiece of all creation.

We do not, therefore, view this joyful mystery as a mere isolated fact of the Divine infancy, but as intimately connected with the entire gracious work of Redemption. Who is not startled at the announcement? A sinless Mother offering a Divine Child! This Child is the lawgiver come to fulfil all justice, a Prophet to teach all nations, a Priest to offer an all-prevailing sacrifice for the world, a King to subdue by sweetness alone all hearts. The offering in the Temple is an earnest of another offering: In His mother's arms He shows that He is ready as a victim; when three and thirty years are passed the sacrifice will be consummated. With full possession of consciousness, and of liberty, He humbly accepts His father's will to be obedient to the end. God had

never before been worshipped within those sacred halls by such an act of perfect obedience.

Thus the Presentation in the Temple may be considered the first step on the way to Calvary: the shadow of the Cross is already upon the threshold of the Temple.

And we rightly call it a *Joyful* Mystery, causing heaven to exult, and earth to rejoice in a Saviour,—for the brightness of its joy is not so much obscured as brought out into greater prominence, by the prophetic words of Simeon: “He shall be for the rise and the fall of many, . . . a sign that shall be contradicted.” The Child was to grow up and become the man of sorrows; and that gentle Virgin Mother was to have her part in suffering, and become the Queen of martyrs; “thine own soul a sword shall pierce.” These seemed heart-piercing words from that holy priest whose heart was then overflowing with joy. It was the first of our Lady’s seven dolors. It would have been enough to turn into sorrow all the bright joy of this Presentation had not her love and submissiveness strengthened her to return home with her Beloved, now a consecrated victim, whom she pressed as a bundle of bitter myrrh to her breast.

Let us meditate upon this mystery as the publication of the perfect obedience of the God-man, who vouchsafed to show His obedience by doing all things “according to the law.” All the rest of His life partook of the Presentation; His meat and drink was to be submissive in all things to His father’s will; and in obedience to that will He died. “I came down from heaven not to do My own will, but the will of Him who sent Me.”

The world was lost by disobedience, and gained by the obedience begun in the Temple and finished upon the Cross.

What a practical lesson this decade of our Rosary teaches us.

F. A. B.

AT MADONNA'S SHRINE.

LADY! the year's first floral gift be thine!
We lay the lowly snowdrop at thy shrine,
Sure that thy gracious love, all but divine,
Will not reject devotion's humblest sign,
But to the pure pale offering will incline.

And from the master's table, in return,
Drop thou some crumbs, nor from thy presence spurn
The winter-wearied hearts that to thee turn,
But lead them where the light of life doth burn,
There to renew the warmth for which they yearn.

C. E. FLINTOFF.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

VI.

ON the 27th, Bernadette returned to the Grotto, and again had the happiness to behold and converse with the Lady. Everyone could read on her countenance how greatly she was consoled for the privation she had felt so keenly.

The water was flowing so abundantly that the little hollow she had made with her feeble hands was greatly enlarged, and the stream was widening every hour. The Grotto was now always crowded during the day, and, as many persons brought with them lighted tapers, it had already the appearance of a Sanctuary. Hymns were sung, litanies recited aloud, novenas made: all in the greatest order and with most edifying recollection of manner, as if the pilgrims were assisting at service in a church, and joining in the prayers with an officiating priest. However, not a single priest was there; the clergy had held aloof, for they shared in the opinion of M. Peyramale, the parish priest of Lourdes, who answered some

who urged him to take part in the visits of the people to the Grotto,—“Let us wait; in human affairs an ordinary prudence is enough; but in what relates to God our prudence must be tenfold.” The people, who had no responsibility, listened only to the evidence of their senses, which told them that the child could not have been so beautifully transfigured while praying, except in the presence of a Supernatural being; and that the vision was from Heaven was clearly proved to them by the miracles they daily witnessed.

March 4th was the last day of this memorable fortnight, and it was looked forward to with no small amount of interest and anxiety. Would the apparition give her name? Would not some new and wonderful manifestation mark this closing day?

Crowds of people hastened to Lourdes, encumbering the hotels, the houses, and every nook of shelter in the town; the inhabitants making every effort to accommodate them. The Pyrenean Shepherds and the men from the mountains contented themselves with what shelter they could find under and around the rocks of Massabielle; they secured the best places near the Grotto, and before dawn every available spot on the bank of the Gave on the Grotto side was taken possession of; great numbers, especially tradespeople, covered the slopes on the opposite bank of the river, from whence, looking over the heads of the crowd on the other side, they could see distinctly what was passing at Massabielle. The concourse of people was extraordinary; never before had Lourdes witnessed so great an affluence of pilgrims. Bearn, Bigorre, the far-distant mountains, even the Spanish slopes of the Pyrenees, had sent their contingents. As the sun rose above the mountains and sent forth its rays, bright and warm as they are in the south even in the month of March, the scene it disclosed was striking in the extreme. There were more than twenty thousand persons assembled; some saying the rosary, others with prayer books in their hands; all were quiet and orderly, not seeming aware that in their rear were foot police, mounted police (gendarmes), and a troop of cavalry from Tarbes. The police officer, Jacomet, and the local crown prosecutor had taken their stand on a height in the vicinity, and were watching the movements of the crowd.

At last the cry was heard, “She is coming!” And, preceded by the police, who made way for her through the

serried ranks of the people, Bernadette was seen advancing towards the Grotto. She prostrated herself in prayer. Instantly every head was uncovered and every knee was bent. Amidst the most profound silence, insensible to all around her, that simple innocent little peasant girl communed with the celestial vision. All that our Lady deigned to say to this lowly child was not to be made known to others; we know that she bade her repeat those acts of humility that she fulfilled on the 25th of February when the fountain was opened; she again requested that a chapel should be built, and processions made to commemorate these events; but when Bernadette asked her name she only answered with a sweet smile, full of gentleness and tenderness. At last, graciously saluting the little girl, she vanished, and the glory in the midst of which she had been enveloped also faded away. The last day of the fortnight was over, and Bernadette, her face clouded with a marked expression of sadness, taking the arm of her aunt, withdrew.

This day then had not been marked by any extraordinary event, beyond the usual marvellous apparition; and it might be conjectured that the people, disappointed in their expectations, would lose somewhat of their fervour; or that with the closing day of the visions their visits to the Grotto would cease, or, at least, be less frequent; but it was not so. The celestial apparition, which had been sent on a mission of mercy and grace, had penetrated the souls of the greater number of those who had joined Bernadette in her prayers during the past fortnight; great conversions had taken place, piety had been revived, the sacraments more frequented, vices abandoned, miracles performed, the pilgrimage to the Grotto established; and now, every day, from early dawn, hundreds of people might be seen kneeling in prayer at that spot erewhile so lonely and abandoned that, as I was told by an inhabitant of Lourdes, many did not know the way to the rocks of Massabielle. And each day Bernadette also went there to pray; with longing eyes she gazed on the rose tree and the niche, but the beautiful vision was no longer there. But three weeks after, on the morning of the 25th of March she felt again the well-known strong constraining force, the interior impulse that during the fortnight had impelled her to go to the Grotto. Yes, again she felt the call, and most joyfully did she obey: she ran to the Grotto, and was soon surrounded by a great concourse of people. Many persons were

already there, and when she was seen hastening that road numbers left their houses and followed her, for a vague hope prevailed that on that day the Vision would again be seen by Bernadette; and those hopes were not deceived. Scarcely had the child began the rosary when the Vision appeared. As usual a glorious effulgence resembling the aurora beamed around the Lady and was reflected on the countenance of the child. "She sees!" exclaimed those nearest to her, and the words were repeated to the utmost limits of the crowd. "My Lady," said Bernadette, "be so good as to tell me who you are?" The only answer she received was a gracious smile; again she urged the same request, yet no answer was vouchsafed. A third time, with humble but persistent earnest entreaty, the child repeated, "Oh, my Lady, you ought to tell me who you are." During all this time the Lady stood before Bernadette, gazing on her with that benignant look that inspired the child with so much confidence and love: her hands were folded, palm to palm on her breast as if in prayer, but when the child finished speaking the Lady unfolded her hands, and extended them downwards as if saluting the earth, then raising them and her head towards heaven, she joined them with fervour; her looks gazing upwards seemed to penetrate far beyond the bounds of the universe, whilst the radiance of her countenance, and the splendour that surrounded her, became every moment more luminous. From the midst of this resplendent aureola, Bernadette heard these words issue in the soft silvery tones she knew so well, "I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."

Without turning again her eyes towards the earth, without changing her attitude, the Virgin Mother of man's Saviour returned to Heaven, leaving the favoured child so deeply impressed by the beauty of what she had just beheld that the remembrance was never after effaced from her soul. When afterwards she described it to those who questioned her, there was so heavenly an expression on her face, and when, in imitation of our Lady, she lifted up her head to heaven, there was so much dignity and grace in the gesture of raising her hands and folding them on her breast that those who saw her were deeply impressed with sentiments of reverence and admiration. A man of the world who once witnessed her representation of our Blessed Lady's movements exclaimed: "This is sufficient for me. I believe. I am convinced that this child really saw our Lady; she never could

invent what she has described to us. It is evident that what she has seen belongs to another world."

As soon as Bernadette left the Grotto, she hastened to the presbytery to tell M. Peyramale what she had heard; but, as she did not understand the words, she kept repeating them to herself all along the road, "lest," as she once said, "lest I should lose them; and I wanted to bring to the curé the very words of the Vision, *that the chapel might be built.*"

The parish-priest perfectly understood, as did everybody else, that the lady who had so often appeared at the Grotto, and who had bidden Bernadette to open the fountain that was already working so many miracles, was no other than the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer of mankind.

We shall not at present relate all the efforts made by the unbelievers to destroy the impression produced by these wonderful events. When the narrative of Bernadette's Vision of our Lady is concluded, we shall recount all the persecution she suffered, and all the efforts made to prevent people visiting the Grotto.

Bernadette still continued going there to pray, as did numerous pilgrims of all ranks and conditions. Even tourists, hearing of the wonders that had been wrought, turned aside on their journey to visit the rocks of Massabielle.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE CITIES: AN ALLEGORY.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

It was a calm evening in June; the sun was sinking fast, bathed in a soft golden haze, the winds were murmuring gently among the trees, and all nature seemed to be falling asleep in the loving outstretched arms of night.

Tired with my long walk from the hot and noisy city, I sought rest upon the summit of a hill, and mused on the mysteries of life, and upon the many trials and sore temptations man has to undergo before his mortal life is ended. Thinking thus, the quiet of the evening passed into my weary soul, and I slept. And as I lay asleep it seemed as if I was raised far above the earth, and above all earthly things, so

far, that I seemed to have lost the evil influence of earth and all its cares, and to have become a pure spirit, able to penetrate into the secret recesses of the hearts of men.

I could see the whole earth at one glance, the beautiful plains, the silver rivers wending their crooked paths down to the bosom of the sea, and all men and all races of men at a single glance.

I saw many stately cities scattered about the earth; but one of them was so large, and so very wonderful, that it alone soon engrossed all my attention. I know not how, but this city appeared to me to be situated on the very confines of the earth. No land was to be seen on its farther side; there all was impenetrable darkness and mysterious gloom. It was of immense extent, and it also was enveloped in gloom, but not so thick as the darkness beyond. Stately palaces, side by side with lowly cottage dwellings, lined the streets of the city, but all alike were built of a very dark and gloomy coloured stone, very unpleasant to the sight. A lofty wall encompassed the city, and on the side nearest me was a gate, which afforded egress to the open country around.

Immediately outside this gate was a very large and handsome fountain of the purest and most limpid water, flowing into a deep marble basin, ever full to the brim. I looked to see whence the water flowed, but could not discern its source; it appeared to have its spring in the white fleecy clouds gathered around the summit of a lofty mountain peak, far in the distance.

The gate was always wide open; yet I noticed that while many of its inhabitants, chiefly children, passed out, many remained inside the city as if they cared not to see and enjoy the beauty of the country beyond, and were quite satisfied with the darkness in which they lived. Still the number of those who pressed forward, and quickly made their way to the fountain, was very great.

For a long time my curiosity was satisfied by watching the long procession of children passing out of the city gates. All were quite young, many were infants, most of them extremely beautiful; but whether rich or poor, one and all seemed to be marred by a black scar upon their foreheads.

An old man stood at the brink of the fountain, and as each child came up to him, he took it in his arms, and gently plunged it into the crystal water; and I saw that when each child arose to the surface again the hideous black scar upon

its forehead had entirely disappeared, and in its place shone a beautiful bright cross. Then he put into the hand of each child a little silver bell, the clear sweet ringing of which rose high above the hum and tumult of the city.

I noticed that those who once left the Dark City never again entered within its walls. The old man at the fountain was the messenger of a powerful monarch, whose city of light and splendour lay far away out of sight, and those whom he bathed in the fountain were destined to be the favoured subjects of this Great King. When the old man had bathed some of the children of the Dark City he would gather the little company around him to give them a few parting counsels, before sending them forth on their journey to the City of the Great King.

"My children" he would say, "you are now sons of the Great King, and must lose no time in commencing your journey to his City. To reach it in safety should be your only desire, and you must be most careful never to turn aside, not even for a single moment, from the right road. Although I promise you, in the name of the Great King, whose messenger and servant I am, that you will attain the end of your journey, if you never turn aside from the right road, yet I will not conceal from you that it is an extremely difficult task, and beset with many dangers." Then, pointing to a broad and level road, he said, "this is your way; may you never leave it, but continue stedfastly on to the end. The little bell which I have given you, will be of the utmost service to you when you may be in any perplexity or doubt. You have only to ring it, and all will become clear to you. Few continue to the end of the journey without wandering from the direct road; but to enable those who do so to retrace their steps, the Great King has placed messengers, at the most difficult points, to counsel those who are in doubt, to pardon all their failings, and to revive and sustain any who should be so unhappy as to faint upon the way." Then saluting them all, he set them off upon their journey.

As my curiosity was aroused, I determined to follow these children. I walked on for some time with them, but as some of the party quickly outstripped the others, I attached myself to two of the little company who were advancing side by side. From listening to their conversation I soon learnt their names. The taller and stronger, who was called Desiderium, was full of life, very eager to arrive at the end of his journey, and his

dark brown eyes gleamed with intense longing to obtain the joys and honours he expected the Great King would grant him.

The name of his companion, who was not nearly so tall or so full of energy and life, was Fuga. He seemed languid and feeble, his countenance was dejected, and his arms hung listless at his side. He advanced very timidly, and frequently turned from side to side, as if in expectation of some danger which he feared that he could not overcome. Altogether, it would be impossible to see two boys so opposite in character as these two companions.

At first the road proved to be broad and well made, but about a mile from the fountain it gradually narrowed, and became so rough and stony that it was often exceedingly difficult to make any progress; and while, at the commencement of the journey, the trees which grew thickly at each side of the road, afforded a cool and pleasant shade, now they became very few and at so great a distance from each other that the rays of the sun fell straight upon the heads of the travellers. This weakened them much, and added materially to the difficulties of the way.

Fuga seemed to shun the slightest pain. More than once he tried to induce Desiderium to turn aside and rest awhile until the heat of the sun had passed away; but Desiderium would not listen to him, and walked on so fast that at last Fuga was left behind. He did not hesitate long, but turned aside, for a short time, as he vainly thought, into a beautiful shady wood, where birds were fitting from tree to tree, singing all the while, and the scent of myriads of lovely flowers filled the air. There he lay down to sleep, and I saw him no more.

Large sharp blocks of stone now began to impede the way, but Desiderium appeared as if sensible of no difficulties. He passed over them with ease, and if he happened to stumble he quickly recovered himself, and sped along swifter than before. Many enticing roads, beautiful to the sight, tempted the weary traveller on each side; Desiderium never saw them, and it seemed as if he thought the stony way was as easy and delightful as if it had been strewn with roses. He walked, or rather ran, for many miles, till at last the shades of night, gathering around, warned him to seek a place of rest. He looked around, but could see none, unless he left the road and took refuge in one of the many shady nooks which lined the road. Happily he never let his eye rest for

a moment upon them, but lay down in the very middle of the road upon a number of small sharp stones overgrown with brambles and thorns.

The night was very dark—not even a star shed its light upon the earth. Rain fell in torrents, the roar of fierce wild beasts was heard all around, and now and then one would come out of the woods, yet never ventured to cross the road. The courageous boy slept on in peace, the cross on his forehead shining like a little star amid the gloom. He had crossed his hands upon his bosom, holding his little bell tightly clasped between them. For a time I was afraid that some wild beast would leave the wood and unexpectedly pounce upon him; indeed some did come forth to attack him, but when they saw the bright light which shone from the cross upon his brow, and heard the sound of the bell, which rang whenever he turned in his sleep, they slunk back again, and their retreating roar showed that they had gone elsewhere in search of prey.

Suddenly a mysterious light shone upon the place where Desiderium lay. The cross upon his brow sent forth a little spark which arose to meet the light descending from the sky. Desiderium awoke, and arose with the little bell in his hand. For a time his eyes remained fixed upon the sky with an earnest gaze; then he cast them down upon his breast, and gave a longing glance upon the road he had thought to travel the next morning; but the light shone so intensely at that moment that he raised his eyes once more, and holding the little bell high above his head he seemed, to my astonished sight, to ascend a ladder of light, which had gradually formed itself before him, and so he passed from my view. The night closed around beneath him, the winds began to blow, and all was dark.*

(To be continued).

* In our next number a short explanation will be given of the chief points in the first chapter of the Allegory. Meanwhile, our young readers will no doubt like to exercise their ingenuity in discovering the meaning of the story.

APOSTLES OF THE ROSARY.—III.

FR. LEWIS CANCER. (*Continued from page 155.*)

FATHER LEWIS CANCER and the other religious of the Dominican Convent of Guatemala did not under-estimate the importance of the task which they had undertaken. Under any circumstances the conversion of a whole province from heathenism to the Catholic faith is a work of overwhelming consequence and of immense difficulty. But in this case the interests at stake were unusually great, as on the success or failure of the work would probably in great measure depend the future of the other Indian populations of America. If the fathers succeeded in converting the people of the Land of War, it would be a great encouragement to the friends of the Indians, who advocated gentle measures in dealing with them; while, if they failed, the ruder spirits among the colonists would be encouraged to make war with them without restraint.

The fathers, therefore, began their work by imploring the blessing of God upon it; and for this end they devoted several days to fervent prayers, severe fasts, and other mortifications. This done, they turned to the human means at their command, of which, in the true spirit of Christian prudence, they were resolved to make the fullest possible use.

The first thing they did was to translate into verse, in the Quiché language (which was that spoken in the Land of War), an explanation of the great doctrines of the Christian faith. In these verses they set forth the history of the creation of the world, of the fall of man and his banishment from Paradise, and how it was not possible to obtain eternal life unless by the death of the Son of God. They then went on to describe the coming of our Lord into the world, His Life, Passion, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension, His return to judge mankind, and the punishment of sinners and the reward of the good. The poem was long, and was divided into *coplas*, or verses, according to the rules of Castilian poetry. They were the first verses that had ever been written in the Indian tongue, and were chiefly due to the skill of F. Lewis Cancèr, whose proficiency in languages we have already had occasion to remark. The verses were then set to suitable music.

The next object to be attained was to introduce this poem to the notice of the Indians of the Land of War. The fathers availed themselves for this purpose of the services of four Indian traders, who were in the habit of going into the province several times a year to sell their goods. The fathers therefore, with great pains, taught these men the verses which they had composed. The Indian merchants were already Christians, and entered very readily into the ideas of their teachers. Indeed, they were so diligent in learning both the words and the music, and (with the fine sense for musical intonation which the Indians commonly possessed) repeated them so well, that there was nothing left to desire.

The composition and the teaching occupied three months, and was completed in the middle of August, 1537. Meanwhile the undertaking was communicated to Fr. Dominic de Betanzos, Provincial of the Order in Mexico, who gave his sanction and blessing to the good work.

It was, therefore, resolved that the four Indian merchants should now set forth on their journey into the Land of War. They carried with them not only the goods in which they were accustomed to trade, but were also furnished by the fathers with those other articles that captivate uncivilized tribes, such as scissors, knives, looking-glasses, and bells. Their destination was the village of a certain great cacique, or chief, who, though he was not the king of the whole country, was nevertheless the most powerful man of those parts, and was so greatly respected by all the neighbouring chiefs that nothing of importance was done in the whole province without his consent.

The arrival of the four traders was an event of no small importance in so barbarous a country. They were therefore gladly received and lodged in the house of the cacique. They even met with a better reception than usual, for they were enabled to make the great man some presents of the articles they had received from the fathers. They then set up their tent, and began to sell their goods as they were wont to do, the customers thronging about them, especially attracted by the Spanish novelties. When the day's business was over the chief men among the Indians remained with the cacique to do him honour, according to their custom. This was a favourable opportunity for the merchants to set about their great business. They therefore asked for a "teplanastle," which was an instrument of music in great favour amongst

the Indians. They then produced some timbrels and bells which they had brought with them, and began to sing the verses which they had learned by heart, accompanying themselves on the musical instruments.

The effect produced was immediate and very great. The sudden change of character (which the Indians had never seen before), from a trade to a musician, at once arrested the attention of the assemblage. The music, too, was no doubt greatly superior to anything the Indians had hitherto heard in the way of sweet sounds, and the variety of instruments must have lent it an additional charm. Then, if the music was beyond anything they had ever listened to, the words were still more extraordinary. For the first time they heard, not only that their gods were demons, and that the human sacrifices they delighted in were abominable, but also that the Son of God had become man, been born of a Virgin Mother, and had died for them. The main body of the audience was delighted, and pronounced the merchants to be ambassadors from new gods.

The cacique, however, with the caution of a man in authority, suspended his judgment until he had heard more of the matter.

The next day, and indeed for seven successive days, this sermon in song was repeated to an ever increasing number of listeners, in public and in private. The person who most insisted on this repetition was the cacique; and he expressed a wish to fathom the matter, and to know the origin and meaning of these things. The prudent merchants replied that they only sang what they had learned; that it was not their business to explain these verses, because that office belonged to certain *fathers*; who instructed the people.

And this was a new difficulty. "Who are these *fathers*?" asked the chief. In answer to this question, the merchants painted pictures of the Dominican friars, in their robes of white and black, with their tonsured heads. The merchants then described the lives of these *fathers*; how they did not eat meat, how they did not desire gold, or feathers, or cacao; that they were not married; that night and day they sang the praises of God; and that they knelt before very beautiful pictures and images. Such were the men, the merchants said, whose office it was to explain that which had been sung; they were such good people, and so ready to teach, that they would most willingly come if the cacique were to send for them.

The Indian chief was greatly pleased with this answer. He resolved to see and hear these marvellous men in black and white, with their hair in the form of a garland, who were so different from other men; and for this purpose, when the merchants returned, he sent with them a brother of his own, a young man, twenty-two years of age, who was to invite the Dominicans to visit his brother's country, and to carry them presents. The cautious cacique instructed his brother to look well into the ways of these *fathers*, to observe whether they had gold and silver like the other Spaniards, and whether they were married.

When these instructions had been given, and his brother had taken his departure, the cacique made large offerings of incense and great sacrifices to his idols for the success of the embassy. For he was a man naturally devout, and he thought that such practices were good, and he had an intense desire to know more of the matters which he had heard from the merchants.

LESSONS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

PSALM XCIV., VENITE EXULTEMUS. (*Continued from p. 143.*)

8. To-day, if you shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

9. As in the provocation, according to the day of temptation in the wilderness: where your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my works.

WITH the eighth verse begins the second part of the Psalm, which contains a warning to us to open our hearts to God's inspirations when He sends them to us. We may remark that from this place until the end of the Psalm it is the voice of God that is speaking. For though in the 8th verse God is mentioned in the third person—"If you shall hear *his* voice"—nevertheless, in the following verses the first person is used: "Where your fathers tempted *me*. . . . Forty years long was *I* offended."

The word "to-day" means the present time, and may be extended to mean the whole duration of our mortal lives, of which the only time that we possess for certain is the present moment.

When it is said, "To-day, if you shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts," the word "if" must not be understood as implying a doubt whether or not we shall hear God's voice speaking to us. The meaning is rather "*when* you shall hear his voice." For, in one way or other, God's voice is continually speaking to us. Sometimes it is through His ministers, sometimes through the Holy Scriptures and other good books, and very often indeed He speaks to our souls by His inspirations. If we do not hear His voice, it is not because He does not speak, but because we are listening to other sounds, which have a greater attraction for us, such as the noise of the world's clamour, or our own tumultuous thoughts. The voice of God is soft and gentle, and must be waited for with an attentive ear.

The warning voice goes on to say, "Harden not your hearts." For it is not enough to have heard the Divine voice speaking to us: we must receive the words into our hearts, that is, we must allow ourselves to be moved by them, and show ourselves obedient to the inspirations which they convey to us. To harden the heart is to resist the movement of God's grace.

"As in the provocation." God here gives an example of this hardening of the heart to resist His voice. It is the example of the Children of Israel in the desert, who refused to believe God's promises or to obey His commands. And therefore they "*tempted*" Him, requiring proofs of His Almighty power and dominion; which He gave them in the wonderful works which He wrought, such as the manna which He sent from heaven as their food, the water which flowed from the rock, and in many ways. This is called in the Psalm "the provocation," because they thus excited and provoked God's anger against them. It is called "the provocation according to the day of temptation," because these examples of their hardness of heart were frequently repeated, so that on one occasion God said to Moses (Numbers xiv. 22), "They have tempted me now ten times."

10. Forty years long was I offended with that generation, and I said: These men always err in their hearts.

11. These men have not known my ways: so I swore in my wrath that they shall not enter into my rest.

God here tells of the punishment which He inflicted on the Israelites for their hardness of heart. He condemned them to remain out of the land of rest and abundance which He

had promised them, and to wander about for forty years in the rocky and barren deserts that lie on its very borders, until every one of those who had come out of Egypt had died, only two being excepted from this fate. God therefore says in the Psalm, "Forty years was I offended with that generation," because His anger lasted for that space of time, until the whole of that generation had passed away, and only their children remained to enjoy that which God had promised to them.

God then goes on to give the reason of His just severity against them, saying, "These men always err in their hearts." That is, their faults were not merely errors of ignorance and passion, which would have been excusable. They erred *in their hearts*, for they wandered from God deliberately and wilfully. And He adds a further reason for His anger: "These men have not known my ways." God's ways are His laws; they are to us the road which leads to the eternal rest he has prepared for us. And to know God's ways is to be obedient to His laws. The Israelites were not ignorant of the divine laws. They knew them by the tradition of their fathers and the instructions of Moses; moreover, they had received them written on the tables of stone. But in practice they were ignorant of them, for they were stubbornly disobedient to the precepts they contain. Therefore God says, "These men have not known my ways: so I swore in my wrath that they shall not enter into my rest." The Israelites, of whom the words were first spoken, were excluded from the rest that had been destined for them, and that rest was the land of promise, which they were never permitted to enjoy.

This land of rest was the figure of that rest which God has prepared for His true people, the children of the Church. Ayguan, a mystical author of the middle ages, says that the rest which Christians should seek after is threefold:

There is first of all the repose of a good life, which is rest after the toil of sin. For sinners know no repose—"There is no peace for the wicked." The proud man is disturbed by his ambition, or his desire of position and respect; the avaricious man by his anxiety for gain; the self-indulgent man by the search after pleasure; and so with the rest. But the just man finds repose in his friendship with God, and in the peace of a good conscience.

The second kind of rest to which the Christian may aspire

is that of contemplation, as compared with the labour of an active life. For those who lead an active life, even if it be devoted to the service of God, are burdened with many cares; while contemplative souls are free from these anxieties, and rest in their union with God. Thus Mary sat in repose at the feet of Jesus, while Martha was burdened with much serving.

In the third place there is the rest of the blessed in Heaven after the miseries of this life, where perfect repose may not be had. This is the true rest which God has promised us: "My people shall sit in the beauty of peace, and in the tabernacle of confidence, and in a wealthy rest." (Isaias xxxii. 18.)

But if we, who are the true people of God, would enter into this rest, we must take to ourselves the warning of these verses. Let us not be hard of heart, slow to listen and slow to obey, when the voice of God speaks to us. Let not God complain of us, as of the ancient Israel; "My foolish people hath not known me." (Jerem. viii.) "Israel hath not known me, and my people hath not understood." (Isaias i. 3).

It is worth while for us to remember that the Israelites offended God chiefly by their want of confidence in the divine power, and by their timidity. They did not believe that God would do such great things for them as He had promised, either in protecting them from their enemies, or in providing for their temporal wants. Now, is it not too much the fault of Catholics to offend God by similar timidity and want of confidence? Are we not too readily discouraged by difficulties and overcome by a show of opposition? It is especially the fault of devout Christians that they are easily disheartened, and their want of courage causes them to linger behind on the road to perfection. They should remember that they have to deal with a great and magnificent God, who does not spare His infinite riches, but is waiting to bestow them with unlimited abundance. Only, they must show themselves willing to receive what He so generously offers. They must "enlarge their hearts" (Ps. cxviii. 32), and hope with unbounded confidence for His noble gifts. If we would receive great things from God, we must first of all hope for them. "Mercy shall encompass him that hopeth in the Lord." (Ps. xxxi. 10).

BLESSED REGINALD OF ORLEANS (FEB. 12).

SEQUENCE.*

O BEATE Reginalde,
Summo Regi gratus valde,
Quem amans Regina cœlorum
Proprium visitans thorum,
Ab omni febris languore
Miro curavit dulcore,
Habitum dans Prædicatorum,
Expelle febres peccatorum.
Tuis precum incrementis
Sana febres nostræ mentis,
Ut cum coetu supernorum
Cernamus regem angelorum.

(Translation.)

Truly blessed art thou call'd,
Thou whose praise our choirs shall sing ;
Beloved of the Eternal King,
Holy Preacher, Reginald.
To thy sick bed, where, oppress'd,
Fever stricken, thou didst lie,
Mary's self, in majesty
Came, and sweetly gave thee rest.
And the Preacher's habit gave—
So thy prayers in heaven may win
Healing from the wounds of sin
For those who for thy blessing crave.
Raise thy pleading voice that we,
Free'd from feverish passion, may,
With Christ's blessed ones, alway
Behold God's endless majesty.

* This sequence is given by Marchese, *Sacro Diario Domenicano*, March 10, being taken by him from an old office-book. We have added a translation. Our readers will find an account of the life of Blessed Reginald in the preceding volume of the Magazine, page 191.

MIRABILIA DEI.

THE PLAGUE AT BAGDAD.

In the month of February, 1876, the plague broke out at Bagdad, beginning in that part of the city which is on the right bank of the river, where it caused a considerable number of deaths. The district inhabited by the Christians is on the left bank of the river, and it was almost entirely, and, as it would seem, miraculously, preserved from it. This remarkable preservation is thus narrated by the Rev. F. Mary of Jesus, of the Order of Discalced Carmelites, to whose care the mission of Bagdad is confided.

Towards the end of March the pestilence had spread to the left bank of the river, where alone the Christians dwell, and it caused great consternation amongst them. With one accord they addressed earnest prayers to her who is ever their advocate in time of distress.

Public prayers were offered as soon as the danger became imminent. In our church the psalms composed in honour of the Blessed Virgin by St. Bonaventure were recited. The other churches followed our example. We may well believe that Mary was not deaf to the prayers of so many suppliant voices. As a matter of fact, we have to be thankful for a twofold favour, which we look upon as the effect of her intercession: we have been almost entirely preserved from the plague, and we have been gladdened by the return of a great number of souls to God.

When the plague crossed the river it spread successively into all the different districts of the city that surround that which is inhabited by the Christians. Then it made its appearance even in our district, but, first of all, only amongst the Mussulmans. Afterwards some few Christians also were attacked; but, during the whole course of the epidemic, only two Christians died, and both these were quite young children; the adults who were attacked, and they were but few, all recovered. Is not this a remarkable fact, especially when we consider that the number of deaths from the plague in the city amounted to twelve thousand, and the number of persons attacked to more than double that number?

Father Damian, who attended a considerable number of persons attacked by the plague, both Mussulmans and

Christians, was the witness of some remarkable incidents. Thus, for example, he has narrated the effect of the plague in a small street close to our church. This street consists of six houses, three of which are inhabited by Mussulmans, two by Christians, and one partly by Christians and partly by Mussulmans. The Christians in these houses are poor, like the Mussulmans, and are in no degree better off than the latter as regards sanitary arrangements. Well, out of twenty Mussulmans who dwelt in this street, fifteen were attacked by the plague, and seven died, whilst out of eleven Christians only one caught the plague, and he was cured. In the house inhabited both by Mussulmans and Christians, there were four of the former and two of the latter; the four Mussulmans all had the plague, and one of them died, whilst the two Christians escaped altogether.

Some will think, perhaps, that the Christians owed their escape to the precautions which they took to preserve themselves from contagion; but it was not so, for both Christians and Mussulmans visited each other during the time that the pestilence lasted. It is difficult not to see rather a special protection of Divine Providence, due to the prayers offered to our Lady.

Indeed, this protection seemed so evident that the Mussulmans themselves were astonished at it. Some were even moved by it to jealousy and hatred, and made it the occasion of blaspheming. But others praised our holy religion, and admired the goodness of the Blessed Virgin. They asked the Christians what they were accustomed to do in order to obtain the favour of our good Mother, and when they heard that we recited some special prayers every day, they made known their desire to learn them. Some asked for the scapulars which they saw the Christians wear.

Generally speaking, the Mussulmans, especially the women, show great veneration, and even devotion, to the Blessed Virgin. A week never passes without some Mussulmans coming to our church to pray to the "Mother of Jesus," as they are wont to call her. In their simplicity they even say that "the Blessed Virgin belongs to them, and that we have stolen her from them."

Many sinners have been converted. We will give some examples.

The Arabs call the plague by the name of *taoun*, which

means a blow from a lance, from the verb *taan*, to pierce with a lance. They imagine that, by God's order, the angels strike men with lances, and that it is these blows which produce the tumours and sores of the plague. Hence, when they wish to say that anyone has been attacked by the plague, they say, "He is struck."

One day a Christian came to F. Damian, looking very pale and frightened.

"Father," he said, "am I struck?"

"Why," replied the father, "what is the matter with you?"

"I was walking in the bazaar, when, all of a sudden, I felt as if I had been struck by some sharp instrument. All at once I thought of the *taoun*, and I was so terrified that a cold sweat came over me; my limbs trembled, and I had hardly strength to walk here."

He then uncovered his back, and the father saw there a small swelling, which the [man's imagination magnified greatly.

"Father," he said, "if I have got the plague, tell me the truth; do not hide it from me, because I want to go to confession."

"Is it long since you were at confession?"

"It is three years."

"Oh! in that case it is a warning from the Blessed Virgin. She wishes you not to remain in that state; and wants to make you understand that you are exposed to the danger of dying without the sacraments. I do not think that you have got the plague. But do not neglect the warning of your Mother, for that would bring misfortune upon you. Go to confession."

And the Christian followed the advice at once.

A young man, who had not been to the sacraments for a long time, awoke suddenly one night.

"I am struck," he cried; "I have got the plague!"

He would have had some one go to seek him a confessor at that instant, and it was difficult to persuade him that he could very well wait until morning. The next day he was surprised to find that he was able to rise as usual. However, he did not omit to profit by the warning he had received, and which he attributed to our Lady, and he set his conscience in order without delay.

In such manners as these, and thanks to some of our

people being actually attacked by the plague, a considerable number of Christians, who delayed their conversion, were brought back to God.

Thus the plague was, for the Christians, no more than a threat. But for the rest of the population of Bagdad, and the districts which surround it, it was a veritable scourge. The number of deaths this year amongst the Arabs is estimated at 20,000. In Bagdad itself the official quarantine registers put the number of victims at 5,000. But the officers own that this number is much below the truth, for they found it impossible to register all the deaths. The number of deaths in the part of the city on the right bank of the river is thought to have been 8,000, and those on the left bank 4,000, the total population of the town being about 70,000. Some districts on the right bank were almost entirely depopulated, and a number of families perished entirely.—*Propagateur de St. Joseph.*

THE SODALITY OF ST. DOMINIC AND THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

A BRIEF notice has once already appeared in our pages of the Sodality of St. Dominic and the holy name of Jesus. This pious society has for its object the reverent care of the shrine of St. Dominic. Most of our readers already know that the great preacher of the Rosary breathed his soul to God in the city of Bologna in Italy. There his relics have ever since remained, enshrined in the church of his order, which, originally known as St. Nicholas of the Vineyards, has, ever since his canonization, been called by his name.

The Church of San Domenico at Bologna is one of the principal architectural glories of that famous city, and its chief spiritual treasure is the body of the saint, enclosed in the famous shrine commonly known as the "Ark of St. Dominic." This shrine is one of the masterpieces of Italian art. Its completion has been the work of centuries. Many successive generations of artists, from Nicola Pisano down to Michael Angelo, laboured at it, and the result of their work

is a shrine not altogether unworthy of him of whom Dante writes that "he shone with cherubic light." Notwithstanding the various epochs at which different portions of the monument were sculptured, its effect is wonderfully harmonious, for each artist that laboured at it seems to have laid aside the desire of distinguishing himself by the prominence of his own work, and to have had simply in view the effect of the whole; indeed, the unity of effect is so complete that, at first sight, it would appear to have been the conception of one mind and the work of one hand.

The Sodality of St. Dominic for the care of this shrine dates from a very remote period. Its members have hitherto been, for the most part, citizens of Bologna, and their offerings have sufficed for the work. But the calamitous events of our time having deprived the Church in Italy of all its pious foundations for ecclesiastical purposes, a much heavier burden has now been thrown on the Sodality, and it has been judged expedient to extend it to other countries, where, it is thought, many persons will be found who will gladly unite in the pious work, more especially as considerable spiritual advantages are to be gained by the members.

Members of the Sodality in England and Ireland contribute an annual subscription of one shilling and sixpence. The funds thus obtained are devoted to procuring masses for each member after his decease, to the maintenance of the shrine of St. Dominic and the lamps which burn continually around it, and to the celebration of the novena and feast of the saint.

The advantages enjoyed by the members of the Sodality are these :—

1st. Blessed Humbert, General of the Order of St. Dominic in the thirteenth century, conceded that the members of this association should participate in the prayers and good works of the whole order. This concession was confirmed by one of his successors, Father Antoninus Cloche, in the seventeenth century.

2nd. Both during life and after death they participate in the masses and prayers which are said every Tuesday at St. Dominic's shrine in Bologna, as well as in the masses offered up during the solemn octave of All Souls.

3rd. They gain all the indulgences granted to the confraternity of the holy name of Jesus, to which this association is united.

4th. When notice is received of the death of a member of the Sodality, masses are said for the repose of his soul in proportion to the length of time he has subscribed, one mass being said for every two years' subscription.

Members may, if they choose, pay the subscription for several years in advance, the number of masses said for them being proportioned to the sums subscribed. Catholics whose relatives are Protestants will find this an excellent means of securing for themselves masses after death.

The Director of the Sodality at Bologna has appointed the Rev. F. Paul Utili, O.P., of St. Dominic's Priory, Haverstock Hill, London, to enroll members and receive their subscriptions. To him should also be sent notice of the death of members, this being necessary in order to secure that the masses may be offered for them.

VARIETIES.

A SOLDIER-ARCHBISHOP.—Among the multitudes of the Grand Army of Napoleon I. who at Moscow heard the stern words: "Thus far and no farther!" was also a young cavalry officer, Count Mercy d'Argenteau. He tried to escape the general ruin, and, half frozen and starving, he made his way through snow and ice towards his country. At the Beresina, he lost his faithful servant. A Flemish soldier of the 3rd Regiment of Chasseurs had pity on the young officer. With more than human efforts these two reached the Vistula, where they found a safe passage over the frozen river. Hunger and cold, however, had so exhausted the young officer that he became a victim to the typhus fever. He was reduced to the last degree of weakness, so that when the more robust Fleming dragged him to a miserable hamlet, he sank down on a wretched layer to sleep his last sleep. He soon became delirious. All the rest had continued their flight, the faithful Fleming alone remained to nurse his master or to die with him. After three days, however, the doctor who had taken care of them, brought them the terrifying news that a party of Cossacks was advancing, and would be there in a few

hours. But the energetic Fleming had soon taken his resolution : the peasant with whom they had taken their quarters had to sell them his cart, an old mattress, and a blanket ; the best horse procurable was bought, and the officer was put on the vehicle, and near him the faithful soldier. In this way the dying master was brought to Berlin. The only nourishment for him was at intervals a draught of wine ; no food or warm clothing could be had in the frightful cold. At Berlin, however, as by a miracle, the Count got better, and after some time was restored to health. He joined his regiment again, and took part in many of the battles that followed. After the downfall of Napoleon, he entered the service of the king of the Netherlands, who made him his aide-de-camp. An honourable career was now open to him, but God's grace had called him to another service. The colonel of Hussars put off his brilliant coat of arms and put on the simple black habit of the clergy. He went to Rome, where, after several years of studies, he was ordained priest. On the 2nd of October, 1826, Pope Leo XII. nominated the quondam hussar Archbishop of Tyre ; on the 8th of October he was consecrated, and immediately afterwards sent to Munich as Apostolic Nuncio. After ten years' work he retired to Liege, and there, on the 8th of October of last year, he celebrated his fiftieth year of episcopal dignity. At certain times a simple burgher of Alost pays him a visit ; it is the same faithful Chasseur who saved the life of his officer, and who now receives from his Colonel a pension and the episcopal blessing.

THE FIRST ABBOT IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.—On the feast of All Saints took place the imposing ceremony of blessing the first Abbot of the monastery of Petit Clarvoix, at Fracadie, in the diocese of Arichat, Nova Scotia. Of this honor—the first of the kind ever conferred by the Holy See on any of the subjects of the dioceses of the Dominion—Rev. Father Dominic, a native of Belgium, was the recipient. The Very Reverend Father Benedict, Abbot of Gethsemani, in the State of Kentucky, was present, being deputed by the Vicar-General of the Mother house to install the new Abbot, whose election had been previously confirmed by the Holy Father. The ceremony of blessing the Abbot was performed by his Lordship, the Right Reverend Dr. Cameron, Bishop of Titopolis *in partibus*, and Coadjutor of Arichat.—*Catholic Review*.

EXTENSION OF THE ROSARY CONFRATERNITY.—During the past year, 1876, the Fathers of the single Dominican Convent of Lyons, erected the Confraternity of the Rosary in no less than forty-seven places. Of these, six were in the Carmelite Mission of Mangalore, in India ; two in Sydney, Australia ; one in Russia, and the remaining thirty-eight in different parishes of France.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

Means to accomplish an important undertaking.

A mother asks prayers for her son's vocation to the priesthood.

A religious community asks for means to complete their church and choir.

The conversion of two Protestants.

The recovery of three children from fever.

The conversion of several drunkards.

A young convert who is negligent in her religion.

A tertiary asks prayers for the conversion of her father.

That two young ladies, who are friendless, may obtain suitable situations.

Means to pay some debts.

Patience and resignation under some trials.

That a young lady may obtain a situation.

The repose of the souls of some deceased friends.

That a person may have light to know her vocation.

That a happy marriage may be brought about.

The conversion of five Protestants.

The intentions of a religious.

The perseverance of three persons in the religious state.

The repose of the souls of some parents and friends.

Many other intentions.

N.B. Intentions for prayer are not inserted unless authenticated by the name and address of the sender.

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NEW SERIES.

No. 56.]

MARCH.

[A.D. 1877.

LESSONS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

PSALM VIII., DOMINE DOMINUS NOSTER.

THIS psalm is of frequent occurrence in the offices of the Church. It is used in the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, being the first psalm at matins.

1. O Lord, our Lord : how admirable is thy name in all the earth !
2. For thy magnificence is raised above the heavens.
3. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise, because of thy enemies : that thou mayest destroy the enemy and the avenger.
4. For I will behold thy heavens, the works of thy fingers : the moon and the stars which thou hast founded.

In this psalm, according to its literal sense, David glorifies God for His great magnificence. This magnificence is displayed in the works of creation ; not only in every part of this world, but in the heavens, the moon, and the stars. God's glory in creation is acknowledged by "babes and sucklings," that is, by men of simple and unaffected minds, who praise Him for it, but not by the proud, who forget their obligations to Him.

But our concern is chiefly with the mystical sense of the psalm. And we may remark that we have the highest possible authority for giving this psalm a spiritual interpretation, for our Lord Himself, and St. Paul, have both quoted it in a mystical sense. Our Lord made use of it to reprove the priests and scribes, when they wished him to silence the children who cried out to him, "Hosanna to the Son of David," for he answered them, "Have you never read, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise ?'" (Matt. xxi.) St. Paul applies to our Lord the words of the second part of the psalm, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou

visitest him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels: thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, and hast set him over the works of thy hands." And he explains them to refer to His humiliation and exaltation.

The psalm begins by calling twice upon God: "O Lord, our Lord." For God is our Lord and King in a twofold way. First of all, He is our God by creation, and in the order of nature; and thus He is equally the God of all the works of His hands. Secondly, He is our Lord by grace, and in the supernatural order; and in this manner He is especially the Lord of Christians, who by their baptism are raised to the supernatural state; and, in a wider sense, he is the Lord of all men, because they are called to receive the faith. And this is why the psalmist, in naming God the second time, says, "our Lord:" for he is speaking in the name of the whole body of the redeemed, of whom he himself was one. It may also be remarked that in the Hebrew the second word "Lord" is in the plural number—literally "our Lords." This is one of the anticipations of the revelation of the three divine persons in God which are found in the Old Testament. It may serve to remind us that the work of raising us to the supernatural order belongs to all the three persons of the Holy Trinity, for the Father creates us in order that we may be raised to this high state, the Son merits our exaltation by His humiliations and sufferings, the Holy Spirit raises us by pouring supernatural gifts into our souls.

"How admirable is thy name in all the earth." David is here speaking in the spirit of prophecy. In another psalm (the 75th) he says, "In Judea God is known, His name is great in Israel," because in his day the true faith was confined to the one land of Judea and the one people of Israel. But in this psalm the eyes of his soul are opened that he may see the propagation of the faith under the new law, and, full of wonder at the sight, he proclaims that God is admirable over all the earth, because in all parts of the world there are those who know Him by faith and glorify Him by charity.

An old commentator remarks on these words that although God does admirable things in one part of the world which He does not do in another, yet there is no part of the world in which God does not perform admirable works. And we may well take occasion from this very true observation to remind ourselves of the wonderful things in the spiritual order which God works amongst ourselves. We are the witnesses of one

of the greatest of God's marvels, which is taking place even before our eyes. This is the resurrection of the holy faith. In England, the faith, which was trampled out of the hearts of the nation three hundred years ago, is slowly but surely, according to the manner in which God is accustomed to work, again taking possession of the souls of the people. In Ireland, where the faith was proscribed, and where the faithful were bitterly persecuted and compelled to hide every outward manifestation of their religion for two centuries and a half, it is now coming forth in all its beauty to assert its rightful place as the queen of the land. Truly, these are amongst the noblest of God's wonders, and as we behold them, we may well exclaim with the psalmist, "How admirable, O Lord, is thy name in all the earth!"

"For Thy magnificence is raised above the heavens." By this "magnificence" of God, the commentators, both Greek and Latin, understand the sacred human nature of our Lord. And the term "magnificence" is well applied to our Lord's humanity; first, because the Incarnation is the most magnificent of the works of God, and the one in which His adorable perfections are the most displayed; and secondly, because the Incarnation obtained so much glory for God by the salvation of innumerable souls, who will praise Him for ever. Our Incarnate Lord was "raised above the heavens" at His ascension, when He went to sit at the right hand of His Father, and was enthroned high above all the saints and angels, the inhabitants of the heavens.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise, because of thy enemies." The infants and sucklings of whom the Psalmist here speaks are not those who are young in years, but those who excel in simplicity and innocence. Out of the mouths of such as these God receives perfect praise, for their words are not inspired by human wisdom, but by the Holy Ghost Himself. Such were the Apostles whom our Lord chose as the first preachers of the faith; for, in choosing them, He chose, according to the words of St. Paul, the foolish of the world that He might confound the wise, and the weak things of the world that He might confound the strong, and the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, and things that are not, that He might bring to nought things that are, that no flesh might glory in His sight. (1 Cor. i.)

Why has God chosen the simple and the innocent to

publish His praise? David says that it is "that he may destroy the enemy and the avenger." Blessed Albert the Great tells us that by "the enemy" is meant all unbelievers, and by "the avenger" all those who not only reject the faith but also persecute the faithful. Such as these may be said to be "destroyed," when, notwithstanding their blindness and obstinacy, the faith is spread abroad by the preaching of the Apostolic men; and they are destroyed in a better and nobler sense when they themselves receive and profess the faith, and from being its enemies and persecutors become its disciples and protectors.

"For I will behold thy heavens, the works of thy fingers: the moon and the stars which thou hast founded." The Psalmist in this verse continues to glorify God for the admirable works He has wrought by His Apostles. Only, he changes the figure under which he speaks of them. In the preceding verse they are the "babes and sucklings," but in this verse they are compared to "the Heavens," on account of the sublimity of the truths revealed to them, and because of the greatness of their office, which exalts them above all earthly dignities. David further says that these "heavens," that is, the Apostles, are the works of God's fingers. He does not say of His *hand*, for God's hand is the symbol of His power, but of His *fingers*, by which commentators are accustomed to understand the Three Divine Persons,* who have concurred to form the Apostles and raise them to their high office.

"The moon and the stars which thou hast founded." The moon is a figure of the Holy Catholic Church; for, as the moon receives all its light from the sun, so does the Church receive the light of divine truth from God, who is the Sun of Justice; and, as the moon enlightens us during the absence of the sun, so do we receive the light of the faith to guide and instruct us during the night of this present life, until we appear in the presence of God, when the dimmer light of faith will pass away in the clear sight of God's face, just as the light of the moon is no longer noticed in the splendour of noonday.

As the moon signifies the whole Church of God, so do

* Thus, too, when a Bishop gives his blessing, he raises three fingers of his right hand, to signify that he calls down the blessing of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity.

"the stars" signify the particular churches, or dioceses, comprised within the unity of the Catholic Church. They are compared to the stars, that is, to the planets, on account of their apparent smallness as compared with the moon, and because their light is absorbed and, as it were, extinguished by the brighter light of the moon, just as the teaching of the Church exceeds and absorbs that of particular dioceses.

The Psalmist says that God has "founded" the moon and the stars; that is, He has created them, giving to each its special place and movement in the heavens. Just so has He done with the Catholic Church and all the different dioceses of which it is composed. It is He who is the Founder of all; and so St. Paul says, "Other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid; which is Christ Jesus." (1 Cor. i. 11.)

(To be continued)

GOOD FRIDAY.

LEGEND OF THE ASPEN TREE.

Not as of old they meet together,
Those lordly forest trees;
Then 'twas to choose a King, but now—
A somewhat in the breeze
Thrills through their forms, awakening all
Their inwrought sympathies.

Not heathendom—but Christendom
This touching tale is telling,
Of homage to the Precious Blood
From the veins of Jesus welling,—
An adoration man denies
In the heart of nature dwelling.

What wonder that the forest growth
Should own that Second Flood,
When they alone, of all that lived,
The first destruction stood ?
Less wonder when on one of them
Streams the Atoning Blood !

When one amongst them holds in death
The Life they feel within !
For the Sun himself hath veiled his face
From that dire and awful sin,
When death's most deadly deadliness
His greatest prize shall win !

The Temple rends her garments fair
In indignation holy,
In grief for God's departing sigh,
In hatred of Man's folly ;
And mute Creation draws around
Her garb of melancholy.

Thus, then, the forest trees are met
Humbly their grief to show,
And all obedient sympathy
For that unheard-of woe ;
And as the expiring cry goes forth
Their spreading tops they bow.

Not so the Aspen. He alone
His proud crest lifts on high,
Nor yields the tender homage due
To that unearthly cry :
Alone refuseth to adore
A God in agony.

"We are the guiltless ones," he cries,
"We suffer for man's sin.
'Tis not for us that God would come
"And life eternal win!
"We have not disobeyed His Will,
"Nor joined Creation's din."

A whisper runs the trees among,
And their branches thrill with pain.
'Tis the Angel of the Agony
Who neareth them again!
Who passeth from the sacrifice
Of the Lamb for sinners slain!

They see his hand upraised to strike,
And in the darkness quiver!—
Yea, thro' the stillness of the wood
They *feel* the Aspen shiver!
And the punishment they know shall be
While time shall last—*For Ever!*

Earth had its share of sin and groans,
It gave the fatal tree;
Earth has its share of blessedness,
It gives us Calvary!
Yea, a tree shared in the woe of man:
They sinned in company.

And all Creation groaneth still
And travaileth in pain,
Until in every soul elect
Christ shall be born again!
Why? but as though it would be shriven
And innocence regain.

Yea, 'till at length the trump shall sound
 Throughout the world entire,
 And then Creation's self must pass
 Through purgatorial fire,
 For a Re-Creation shall arise,
 Which to Glory may aspire.

Then may the trees be glad, and sing
 Of their blessedness with glee,
 For midst the triumphs of the Saints
 One thing redeemed shall be,
 Reserved to crown the joy of all,
 That *Wood of Calvary*.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

VII.

ON Easter Monday, April 5, the child again felt the interior voice that called her into the presence of the Vision. Crowds accompanied her, for it was easy to see when she was going to the Grotto to obey that call; and for the last time the multitude saw her in ecstasy, communing with the blessed Virgin, who deigned to mark that day by a miracle.

Whilst Bernadette was in her ecstasy she placed on the ground in front of her a large blessed wax light. For a time she supported it with her hands, although it was so large that it stood steadily without that assistance; presently she joined her hands above it, but as the tips of the fingers alone touched each other, the burning wick was enclosed within the arch formed by the separated palms, and the flame was seen to pass through her fingers; now and then, driven by the wind, it played on the palm of the left hand. Those around her exclaimed, "She will be burnt!" and wished to remove the light, but Dr. Dozous, who was close beside, begged them not to disturb her. For he saw, to his great surprise, that

she seemed quite unconscious of what was taking place, and, as far as he could see, the skin seemed perfectly intact. He took out his watch, and for a full quarter of an hour attentively observed this phenomenon; at the expiration of that time Bernadette took up the wax light, and ascended on her knees to the upper part of the Grotto, where the water was flowing forth in abundance, drank some, and bathed her face.

When the Vision had disappeared, and she was about to return home, Dr. Dozous asked her to allow him to see her hands. He examined them most minutely in the presence of numerous spectators who had witnessed the action of the flame on them; not the slightest trace of burn, or any mark, was to be seen on the fingers or on any part of the hands. Presently, whilst the child's attention was drawn elsewhere, Dr. Dozous passed the flame of a lighted taper across her hands; she started, and exclaimed, "Sir! you are burning me." There were nearly ten thousand persons at the Grotto on that morning.

Bernadette once again, but more than three months after this miracle, was permitted to contemplate that beautiful Vision. During that lapse of time she had been subjected to every kind of annoyance and persecution by the authorities.

On the 16th of July our Blessed Lady again deigned to appear to her and console her in the midst of her trials. It was late in the afternoon, on the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, that Bernadette once again felt that mysterious influence that had so often drawn her towards the Grotto. She spoke of it to her mother and a young aunt of hers; the latter proposed to go with her; not, indeed, to the Grotto—which, as I shall relate hereafter, was closed to the public, and to Bernadette more than to anyone else—but to the meadows on the slopes of the opposite banks of the Gave facing the rocks of Massabielle. Two women accompanied her and her aunt; they knelt down exactly opposite the Grotto, near a group of persons who were kneeling in prayer.

It was a lovely summer evening; the sun was sinking behind the Gers, and its last rays illuminated the sky and mountains with brilliant hues; but Bernadette's looks, whilst she prayed, sought only the spot where the Vision had so often appeared. Presently her features were irradiated by that supernatural light which denoted the presence of our Lady, and to those who beheld her, the crimson and gold of the sky, the rich purple and opal tints on the mountain and on the river,

seemed far less luminous than the child's transfigured face. This last and unlooked for appearance of the Immaculate Virgin was for Bernadette alone. The Vision lasted only a quarter of an hour, but sufficed, as it was no doubt intended it should by her who is named "Comforter of the afflicted," to render the poor little girl supremely happy and entirely consoled.

She spoke of this evening with an expression of intense happiness, and appeared to take great pleasure in relating all the details of the Vision. She said that as soon as she perceived the first rays of the splendour which always preceded the apparition of the Blessed Virgin she lost sight of everything else; the Gave, the rocks, the barrier at the Grotto, all disappeared; she felt herself as near the Vision as when she knelt close to the eglantine during the happy fortnight. She saw once more the Lady—nothing but the Lady—her brilliant white robe and veil, her dazzling blue girdle, her sweet benignant looks and smiles. But the Virgin had never appeared so gloriously radiant, her face never so beautiful, the light that surrounded her never so magnificent and brilliant, as on this evening; and the Lady, as she retired, saluted her with a most benign expression, as if loth to leave the poor little child. Thrice happy Bernadette! no wonder that, after receiving such celestial favours, threats and flattery were alike powerless to move you! Neither the persecutions of the unbelieving, nor the marks of veneration of her fellow-citizens, nor the offers of money or favours, ever had the slightest influence on her character; she was always the same—modest, quiet, unassuming—fulfilling with diligence all her home duties, refusing every offer of pecuniary assistance, even the smallest presents. She gradually withdrew as far as possible from the crowds who thronged to the Grotto, going there to pray only when it was most free from visitors. She went daily to school at the convent, where she was remarked only for her attention and her simple manners. She was silent and retiring, pondering in her heart all that had taken place, and doubtless her soul often feasted on the memory of that incomparable vision. During her stay at the Hospice at Lourdes under the protection of the nuns, she was allowed to receive visitors of all ranks of society, who came in great numbers. Patiently and modestly she answered all their questions, never varying in her account of what had taken place at the Grotto, although two years had elapsed since she was

favoured by the last Vision ; but she ardently longed for the quiet and retirement of some distant convent, where, unknown to men, she might live only for God in the service of His poor. After several years this was granted to her, and after passing well through her noviciate, on October 30, 1867, she made her profession at Nevers in the convent of the Sisters of Charity of that name. She is still there, actively employed in tending the sick and the infirm, fulfilling all her duties with fervour and intelligence. Her superiors speak of her as pious, gentle, and of a truly charming character. One of the sisters of the community says in a letter, " May God deign to preserve her to us ; she is so good, gentle, and humble, that it does one good to see her."

We must now retrace our steps to the fortnight of the apparitions, and after having had the happiness of recounting these manifestations of the mercy of God, who sent his beloved daughter, the Virgin Mother of the Saviour, to recall His people from the paths of sin and error, we must relate the blind and violent opposition of a small but noisy and virulent body of men, composed chiefly of the provincial authorities, backed by all the irreligious press, especially of Paris. The Immaculate Virgin, in accomplishing her mission at the Grotto, had to contend against that eternal hatred which the principle of evil ever opposes to the works of God.

(To be continued.)

ST. CAMILLUS AND THE ROSARY.

ST. CAMILLUS of Lellis was born in the kingdom of Naples in the year 1550, and died at Rome in 1614. There his relics are still venerated in the Church of the Maddalena.

The special work for which this saint was raised up by God was that he might found a religious order devoted to the care of the sick and dying. The religious of this order are called "the Servants of the Sick. Very great and heroic deeds were performed by the saint in the care of the sick. He reformed the management of hospitals, taking the greatest possible pains that the sick should be provided with everything of which they had need, both for soul and body ; he served the sick in times of plague, when no one else dared

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THE THIRTEEN

SECRET TO ALL

CONFIDENTIAL

2. What is meant by the term "the four corners of the earth"?

4. The Dark City represents ~~original sin~~ ^{original sin} which is born, and the scar upon the forehead of the citizen signifies the wounds which it inflicts upon the soul. The fountain is meant the sacrament of baptism, which cleanses from original sin, and makes us servants of God. The stars of the kingdom of heaven. It is this kingdom even which is represented by the City of the Cross.

What is meant by the cross upon the brow.

The cross is the sacred character impressed on all of all who are baptised, which, although stained by sin, can never be effaced. The life of holiness, prayer, the constant source of grace.

What is to be understood by the spot-
ter's journey?

The death of those who fall at our borders, but die young. I saw

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CHAPTER THE SECOND

hen the next morning arrived, the sun was shining brightly, and deeper; but the earth was still very dry, and the grass was approaching

in the earth, I thought the man, and was approach-
ing. I doubted whether he would himself of his bell; and

myself to the ground from it, he turned back

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the exception, for very

to approach them ; he provided for the spiritual wants of sick and wounded soldiers in time of war ; and he was very diligent in attending the dying at their own homes, staying with them, helping them in time of temptation, and suggesting holy thoughts to them until the last moment of their lives. In all these good works he was assisted by his religious, and his order carries them on to the present day in those places where it is established.

Like all the rest of God's saints, St. Camillus was very devout to the Blessed Virgin. He chose her to be the principal protector of his order, and he visited her sanctuaries with great devotion. He always celebrated her festivals with great joy ; and it was remarked that, on those days, nothing seemed to cause him trouble or weariness, so great was the spiritual consolation with which he was filled.

He greatly prized the devotion of the Holy Rosary as a means of honouring our Blessed Lady and obtaining her protection. "Woe to us sinners," he used to say, "if we had not in heaven this grand advocate, the treasurer of all the graces that come to us from the hand of God." He never omitted saying his Rosary every day, however great his labours might be.

He wished everyone to have a Rosary beads, in order that all might profit by this means of grace. And it was one of his practices of piety to distribute Rosaries to those who were without them. Once, at Genoa, he was distributing to the lay-brothers a quantity of Rosary beads which he had brought from our Lady's Sanctuary at Loreto, when a priest came up to him to ask for one. "Have you not got one?" inquired Camillus. "No," replied the priest. "What!" said the saint, in astonishment. "What! a priest without a Rosary! A priest without a Rosary!"

God was pleased to give him many signs that his devotion to the Blessed Virgin was pleasing to Him. At the beginning of his career, St. Camillus had led a very irregular life as a soldier, and was converted to God on the feast of our Lady's Purification, and, as he believed, through her intercession. On the feast of her Assumption, he was inspired to found his order ; he began it on the feast of her Nativity, in a church dedicated in her honour ; and he and his first companions made their solemn profession on the feast of her Immaculate Conception.

THE THREE CITIES : AN ALLEGORY.

(Continued from page 180.)

CONVERSATION UPON CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Q. What is meant by the Dark City and the fountain outside its walls ?

A. The Dark City represents original sin, in which all men are born, and the scar upon the foreheads of the children signifies the wounds which it inflicts upon the soul. By the fountain is meant the sacrament of baptism, which cleanses us from original sin, and makes us servants of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. It is this kingdom of heaven which is represented by the City of the Great King.

Q. What is meant by the cross upon the brows of Desiderium and Fuga, and what does the little bell represent ?

A. The cross is the sacred character imprinted on the souls of all who are baptised, which, although it may be dimmed by sin, can never be effaced. The little silver bell symbolizes prayer, the constant source of strength to the soul, and the never-failing remedy for all the evils of life.

Q. What is to be understood by the sudden termination of Desiderium's journey ?

A. The death of those who, full of ardent desire to see God, die young.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

When the next morning arose, bright and beautiful, from beneath the earth, I thought that instead of waiting for Fuga (whom I doubted would ever advance so far on the road), I would attach myself to the first who should come in sight. I waited a few hours, but as none appeared to have advanced so far on the way, I retraced my steps until I met two youths who were travelling along. They were taller and older than Desiderium and Fuga, and were called Spes and Desperatio.

The cross upon the brow of Spes was very bright, and his little bell emitted a clear and melodious sound ; but Desperatio allowed his bell to hang idly at his side, and the cross upon his forehead was so dim that it was hardly visible. And while Spes was full of life and spirits, Desperatio appeared haggard, wan, and thoroughly discouraged by the difficulties he had met upon the way.

However, they had both safely passed through the dangers of the night, and I hoped that ere long Desperatio would pluck up his courage, and finally reach the City of the Great King. The fresh morning air revived his spirits, and for a time he walked along briskly by the side of Spes. But he soon began to lag behind, and often turned with longing looks towards the soft, mossy seats, under the trees in the woods that lined the road, and I thought that he did not so much yearn for rest as to avoid the difficulties by the way.

Spes always proved a true friend to him, and never ceased to incite him to courage and patience; yet in proportion as Spes increased in ardour, so did Desperatio's downheartedness increase. For a few miles they kept together, but at length Spes, seeing that if he did not leave Desperatio his progress would be materially hindered, took leave of him, saying that he could not play the laggard. And so he left Desperatio, advising him on parting to hasten his steps.

I followed him, determining to come back to meet Desperatio when I had seen Spes reach the end of his journey. After long and weary travelling he came to the brink of a deep chasm, stretching right across his path. It was deep and wide, yet not so wide that it could not be cleared by a vigorous leap. And so it appeared to Spes, for ringing his little bell lustily, he measured the width with his eye, planted his foot firmly upon the ground, took a great leap, and happily cleared the chasm with several feet to spare on the other side; then, without a single glance backward at the danger he had escaped, he pursued his onward journey as blithely as before.

His success elated him, and so occupied his mind that without noticing it he turned aside into a bye-path, and apparently unconscious of his mistake, commenced the ascent of a lofty hill, his eyes intently fixed upon the sky. But when he came to the summit he suddenly paused, and with a violent effort threw himself backwards upon the ground. I pressed forward to see what had caused this unlooked-for act, and to my great horror found that the hill led up to the brink of a lofty precipice, at the foot of which rolled a rapid river. He had walked along with his eyes fixed on the sky, absorbed in his own desires and aspirations, and forgetting the chief object of his journey, namely, to reach the City of the Great King, but happily he saw the danger in time to prevent his falling headlong over the precipice.

This rapid river was called *Luxuria*. To the eye it seemed to flow softly between grassy banks which sloped down to the water, but in reality it was extremely dangerous, and almost invariably carried those who were foolish and unwary enough to enter it down to a large sulphur lake whose noxious fumes speedily put an end to their lives.

I looked over the precipice and saw many people bathing in the shallow water near the shore, for it had this peculiarity, that while a very rapid current in the centre of the river carried away all before it, the water near its shores was shallow, and scarcely moved by a ripple. From this point the course of the river ran almost parallel with the road to the City of the King, and from it many little paths ran down to the river side, all very beautiful, shady and cool, very tempting to the weary traveller. While I stood on the summit of the hill I saw a number of youths leave the road and go down to bathe. The water seemed to have great attractions for them, but few ever regained the dry land safely, and those who did fell asleep before they had found the road again. For a few moments the bathers would dabble in the shallow water which hardly covered their naked feet, but they soon went deeper into the water, and mostly ended by being carried away down the stream to the sulphur lake, vainly struggling against their fate. All of them had the little silver bell attached to their girdles, but the water deadened their sound. One youth, indeed, I saw, who had left the road to the City of the Great King and had come down to the water's edge, but who escaped the fate of the greater number. At first he only dipped his feet into the water, then he walked in deeper and deeper; but when he had nearly got out of his depth, and was approaching the centre current, he bethought himself of his bell; and, finding that he could obtain no sound from it, he turned back towards the shore, and reached it with much difficulty, and weakened by his exertions. He shook off the water from his feet, and quickly returned to the road to the City of the Great King. This, however, was quite the exception, for very few ever regained the shore.

A boat full of youths now came in sight. They were handsome young lads, but "femininely fair, and dissolutely pale." Wreaths of bright-coloured flowers were twined around their heads, and as they rowed down the stream they sang snatches of wanton songs. The boat was in the very midst

of the river and went rapidly along, but this, instead of alarming, seemed to please them, and they would call out to the bathers in the shallow water to swim out and join them in the boat. I was so horrified at their indifference to the danger they were in that I had forgotten Spes, when suddenly I heard the sound of his little bell far down the hill behind me. I looked round and saw that he had retraced his steps, and was already nearly at the foot of the hill.

I soon overtook him, and was astonished and grieved at the change in his appearance. The lustre of the cross upon his brow had diminished; yet every moment it became brighter and brighter again, the farther he went down the hill. The little bell, which he grasped tightly in his hand, had lost much of the beauty of its silvery tone, yet it also gradually became clearer and clearer, as he went on.

When he had regained the road, he looked this way and that, as if in doubt which direction he should take, forward or backward. At one time he turned his face in the right direction, at another seemed inclined to take the backward path. Again his little bell was his friend in need: he rang it long and loud, and then, to my joy, took the path forward, and once more started off on his journey to the City. By this time the cross on his brow had recovered its pristine brightness, and the tone of his bell was even more beautiful than before.

As soon as he reached the road he was met by a venerable old man, who, accosting him, said that he was a messenger of the Great King, placed there to guide all travellers in the right way and to pardon all their failings and turnings aside from the true path, on the sole condition that they were willing to acknowledge them and to promise to be more careful for the future.

"My child," he said, and his voice had a tender, encouraging tone, "have you always overcome the difficulties of the way without receiving harm, or have you allowed yourself to turn, even for a moment, from the right path? Do not hesitate, but confide in me, for if you do not give me your confidence, and follow my advice, there is little chance that you will be able to advance much farther on the way without harm."

"Sir," said Spes, "I will tell you all," and then, falling on his knees, he related what had happened to him, and how he had left the road to ascend the lofty hill, but how he had

been enabled to regain the road again by the aid of his little bell. Then he humbly craved pardon, and begged advice how he might best continue his journey. The old man tenderly pressed him to his heart, in the name of the Great King pardoned him, gave him salutary counsel in words of much wisdom, and set him off again on his way.

This was the last I saw of Spes, yet I had no doubt of his ultimate success, for I saw that although he had once failed in keeping in the right road, yet he never forgot his little bell, had courageously acknowledged his faults, and had always striven to amend them.

I was very anxious about Desperatio, and therefore retraced my steps to see what had befallen him since Spes had left him. After going back almost to the place where they had parted company, I found Desperatio slowly advancing on the way. He had become much dispirited, and walked on slowly and despondingly, sore at heart because Spes had left him behind. Yet although he walked but slowly, he did advance, and I still had hopes that ere long he would animate his drooping spirits and walk faster along the way. Alas! my hopes were doomed to be disappointed. Every trifling difficulty caused him to lose courage more and more. When he came to a part of the road more than usually rough under foot, he would look at it, stand still, deliberate a while, and although he did at last crawl painfully over the stones, still I noticed with alarm that each time he became more and more discouraged, and less and less able to overcome the obstacles which he met.

I feared much that he would never arrive at the City of the Great King. My only hope was in the fact that he had not entirely forgotten his little bell, although he rang it seldom and with but little energy. When he had thus travelled a long way, and had surmounted many difficulties, though always with serious injury to himself, he came at last to the chasm over which Spes had so bravely leaped that same morning. He approached the brink, but his heart failed him when he looked into its depths. He anxiously searched for some way by which he might pursue his journey without having to leap the dreadful gulf. He looked in vain; on either side it continued as far as eye could reach. He looked down the chasm again; its depth frightened him, and it seemed more and more impossible to leap it each time that he looked at its width.

I hoped that he would remember his little bell, but the danger so occupied his mind that he did not give it a thought. Once or twice, it is true, he tried to raise his fallen spirits, and even took a slight run, as if to leap it, but when he saw it, dark and deep beneath his feet, his courage failed, and at last he gave it up entirely. Then he sat down upon the road and gazed upon the opposite side; it seemed so near, yet so far, so easy of attainment, yet so difficult that he thought he could never take the leap, and the longer he looked, the more impossible it seemed.

At last, with beating heart, he started up, his hands pressed wildly against his throbbing brow, and his whole frame quivering with unsubdued emotion. It was not a revival of courage, alas! but dark despair, for he hurried to the edge of the chasm and deliberately flung himself down its sombre depths.

I quickly followed to see what had become of him, and saw that he had been killed by the fall, and lay still and motionless at the bottom of the abyss.

(To be continued.)

APOSTLES OF THE ROSARY.—III.

FR. LEWIS CANCER. *(Continued from page 184.)*

WHEN the four Indian merchants and their companions from the Land of War reached Guatemala, the Dominican Fathers received them with great joy; especially they welcomed the young Indian chief and his followers. It need hardly be said that their hearts overflowed with gladness when they heard from the merchants how successful their mission had been.

While the Indian chief was occupied in visiting the curiosities of Guatemala, the friars consulted amongst themselves what had best be done in reference to the invitation they had received from the Cacique to explain the Christian faith to him and his people; for they rightly thought that the whole success of the work was likely to turn upon the course they should now pursue. Guided throughout by great prudence, they resolved not to risk the safety of the whole of their body, but to send at first only one Father, that he

might find out more certainly the intentions of the Cacique, the dispositions of his people for receiving the faith, and the special difficulties which the work of conversion was likely to meet with. Their choice naturally fell upon Fr. Lewis Cancèr, who was particularly fitted for the task by his knowledge of the Indian languages, and by his zealous and energetic character.

Meanwhile, the Cacique's brother was occupied in visiting the town of Guatemala. He had never before been amongst Europeans, and he must, therefore, have found much to astonish him in their customs and manner of life. He was especially careful to note the manner of living of the friars, their austerities and their poverty, and he found that the merchants had not in any way given a false or exaggerated account of them. This, of course, impressed him very favourably, and he was still further gratified by some little presents that the Fathers were able to make him.

But it was now time for him to return, with his companions, to the Land of War. The four Indian merchants went with them, and so also did Fr. Lewis Cancèr. The latter carried with him some presents for the Cacique, amongst which were some crosses and pictures, which, it was hoped, would assist the Indians to remember the truths which the Father would preach to them.

Father Lewis was received into the Cacique's country with every sign of welcome. Indeed, he entered more after the fashion of a victorious king returning to his own land than of a poor missionary entering a heathen land. He was received under triumphal arches, and, as he journeyed on foot, the ways were made smooth before him. The people flocked out to meet him, and they noticed with pleasure how different he was in dress and manners from the other Spaniards whom they had seen. The Cacique himself came out to meet him at the border of his own territory, and bent low before him, casting his eyes to the ground, showing him, in this way, the same marks of respect which he would have shown to the idolatrous priests of that country.

But the chief soon gave Fr. Lewis more substantial proofs of his good will. At his orders a Church was built. It was, no doubt, only a simple structure of wood, thatched with the boughs of trees, which was the sole architecture of the country. However, it was gladly received by Fr. Lewis, who said mass in it in presence of the chief and his people. The

Cacique was especially pleased with the cleanliness and beauty of the sacerdotal vestments; for the priests of his own country, like those of Mexico, affected filth and darkness—the fitting accompaniments of a religion of terror.

Meanwhile, the Father explained the doctrines of the Catholic faith. The Indians came in numbers to assist at these instructions; but he had no more attentive or favourable hearer than the Cacique. The merchants were of great assistance to Fr. Lewis, for they continued to chant every evening the verses explaining the Christian doctrine, which had from the beginning won for them the title of Ambassadors from new Gods. The frequent repetition of this catechism in verse no doubt greatly helped to impress the truths of the faith on the minds of the Indians, which were naturally volatile, and required some such means to make a lasting impression upon them.

Fr. Lewis had also taken the precaution to bring with him a copy of the written agreement between the Dominican Fathers and the Governor of Guatemala, which contained such favourable conditions for the Indians. All this he explained to the Cacique, and, although the latter would not be able to read the document itself, yet the four merchants were there, who might be appealed to as to its meaning. Then, too, the Cacique's brother gave a favourable account of what he had seen at Guatemala, and especially of the lives of the friars; and the result of all these influences on the mind of the Indian chief was that he determined to embrace the Christian faith. He received, in baptism, the name of John.

His conversion must have been a great consolation to Fr. Lewis, not only because it was the first fruits of his labours, but also because the example and influence of a man in such a high position was likely to draw many others after him. And this was the case. With all the energy and zeal of a convert, he began to exhort his people to embrace the Christian faith. He pulled down and destroyed his idols, and induced many minor chiefs to do the same. Fr. Lewis now had enough to do to instruct and baptise the converts who presented themselves to him.

Nevertheless, he managed to visit many of the neighbouring Indian villages in order to ascertain how far they, too, were disposed to receive the faith; and everywhere he found that the harvest only waited the coming of God's husband-

men to gather it into His barns. But he had no time to undertake the work himself—at least, at present. It had been arranged between him and the other religious of the Convent of Guatemala that as soon as he had fairly ascertained the nature of the work to be accomplished, and its prospects of success, he should return to give them full information of it. Therefore, towards the end of October, 1537, which is the close of the rainy season in those regions, and the time when the country can best be traversed, Fr. Lewis returned to Guatemala.

We may be sure that he was warmly welcomed, and that his story was listened to with the most intense interest and delight. Measures were at once taken to carry on a mission which had had so prosperous a beginning, and offered such solid hopes of success. It was determined that Fr. Lewis Cancèr should not himself return at present to the Land of War; perhaps his strength had need to be recruited after his recent labours. The work was, however, to be taken up by the Prior of the Convent himself; the famous Fr. Bartholomew de las Casas, accompanied by Fr. Pedro de Angulo. The latter was well acquainted with the language of the country.

Hitherto the history of the conversion of the Land of War has been but a record of successes. It was not, however, to be expected that the course of conversion should go on without a check; this would not be according to the usual order of God's works, which are always marked with the sign of the cross in the contradictions which they meet with. It is not, therefore, surprising that during the interval of time which elapsed between the departure of Fr. Lewis Cancèr and the arrival of the two fathers, who were for a time to carry on the work, the new converts' sincerity and courage should have been sorely tried.

The first great difficulty which occurred rose from the following circumstances. It had been arranged that the brother of the converted Cacique should marry a daughter of the cacique (or chief) of Coban, a neighbouring Indian village. It was the custom on such occasions for those who had charge of the bride to sacrifice certain birds and animals on arriving at the borders of the bridegroom's country. Now the converted Cacique's conscience would not allow these sacrifices to be made, and the ambassadors from Coban were therefore in the highest degree vexed and affronted. Nevertheless, the alliance with so powerful a chief was not broken

off, and the Princess of Coban was conducted into the territory of the bridegroom. Thus this affair was safely concluded, though not without difficulty.

The next trouble was more serious. There were many among the subjects of the converted Cacique who were far from being inclined to embrace the Christian faith. They were dull and ignorant fanatics, and they clung to their old heathen ways with all the affection which rude and uncivilized men have for old-established customs. Doubtless, also, the unclean priests of the idols, seeing their followers falling away in such numbers from them, stirred up the common people, who, thus acted upon, contrived furtively to burn the church, which, as we have seen, the Cacique had erected. This, however, did not daunt the courage of the chief. He rebuilt the church, and on their arrival the two fathers said mass in it. Their sermons were preached in the open air to the people, who came in large numbers to hear them. But of these auditors all were not favourably disposed to the Catholic religion. Some, of course, came through curiosity, while others, more addicted to their barbarous customs, had a gluttonous longing to devour the two fathers, who, they thought, would taste well, if flavoured with sauce of chilia.

(To be continued.)

MIRABILIA DEI.

A CONVERSION THROUGH OUR LADY.

A PRINCE of one of the reigning families of Germany had been reared in infidelity by an impious and depraved guardian. This irreligion, which he had imbibed from the teachings of his master, became more and more deeply rooted in his heart with his years. At the age of seventy-one, no one could pronounce the name of God in his hearing without the risk of hearing him give utterance to blasphemies.

A lady who had known him for twenty years, touched by his unhappy state, recommended him to the prayers of the Association of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Some days later this man, who had hitherto never had a pious thought,

became as if beside himself. It was grace that had begun to work in him.

On Sunday, May 14, he was again recommended to the prayers of the Associates. Thenceforth he could rest neither night nor day. If, overcome by fatigue and want of sleep, he chanced to slumber for a moment, a fearful dream immediately awoke him in affright; it seemed to him as if he were seized and dragged before the Judgment-seat of God, there to render an account of his conduct. This thought pursued him even in the daytime, and occasioned him much suffering. Having at some time heard of the extraordinary effects wrought in persons who wore a miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin, he earnestly asked for one. A medal that had been blessed and indulgenced was accordingly sent to him. He received it with eagerness, kissed it respectfully, and put it into his bosom, saying, "It shall never leave me."

On the Sunday following, prayers were again offered for him, and several Communion were offered for his intention. From that time peace was restored to his soul, and his rest became sweet and tranquil. But the Blessed Virgin, who desired his salvation, accorded him much greater favours. One night he felt himself awakened gently; he opened his eyes, and saw his apartment filled with a brilliant light. Struck with astonishment, he sought an explanation of the phenomenon, when a lady of noble, majestic mien, with a countenance full of sweetness and dignity, clothed in white, advanced towards him, and said that it was time that he should cease to commit sin; that if he died in his present state he would be lost for all eternity, but if he became converted, and approached the Sacrament of Penance, God would bestow upon him a happiness that should never end. At these words the lady disappeared, and all became dark again. Next night he was favoured with the same vision, and received the same warning, and the same was repeated on the third night; but she added that she had come for the last time—let him pay due attention to the advice she gave, for that his salvation depended upon it. She then disappeared, and he saw her no more. Vanquished by the wonders he asked for a priest to instruct him in the Catholic religion, made his confession, received his first Communion on his seventy-second birthday, and, completely changed under the maternal care of Mary, became as gentle and humble as he had hitherto been arrogant and passionate. He wished to return to his

native land, in order to reanimate the faith of his fellow-countrymen by relating the favour he had received from the Blessed Virgin; but God was satisfied with his good intentions, and he died before the end of his journey.

Ave Maria.

QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE ROSARY.

Q. What are the conditions necessary to be fulfilled in order to become a member of the Confraternity of the Rosary?

A. There is but one condition that it is absolutely necessary to fulfil, namely, that the name of the person who wishes to become a member should be entered in the book of a canonically-erected Confraternity of the Rosary. The Confraternity is established in all churches of the Dominican Fathers, and in many others.

Q. Is it necessary that the person who desires to become a member of the Confraternity of the Rosary should go himself to the church to be received?

A. No; this is not necessary. Another person may give his name, or it may be sent by post.

Q. But is it not necessary that the person's Rosary beads should be blessed?

A. This is not necessary in order to become a member of the Confraternity; but it is necessary, in order that all the indulgences may be gained, that the beads should be blessed by some Dominican or other priest, who has received power to do so from the General of the Order of St. Dominic.

Q. Is it necessary that the members of the Rosary Confraternity should wear a white scapular?

A. It is not necessary. To wear the white scapular (which is a part of the habit of the Order of St. Dominic) is a privilege that has been granted to the members of the Rosary Confraternity in Ireland, and this privilege is enjoyed also by those of England, by participation. But there is no obligation whatever to wear the scapular.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.—MARCH 7.

I.

As clouds o'er clouds in quick succession roll,
And veil anon the sunbeams from our sight,
So is it deep within the human soul
When error, with its devastating blight,
Infects the Conscience—man's true meteor bright,
And severs Faith and Reason far in twain :
These once dissolved, extinguished too their light ;
Confusion, havoc, and their evil bane
Subvert e'en Nature's course, usurping God's domain.

II.

'Twas thus when subtle Heresy combined
With Pagan lore and Oriental pride
To weaken Faith, and captivate the mind,
Had opened Hell's destructive flood-gates wide,
And poured o'er earth its all-pernicious tide ;
Yea, loosened demons in one deadly fray
Against those souls for whom the Saviour died :
Then all seemed dark—no flame, no cheering ray,
To dissipate that night, bring back once more the day.

III.

But now within Cassino's hallowed walls,
That peaceful haven, girt with dangers wild,
A scion of Aquino's princely halls
Drinks deep from Doctrine's fount—a favoured child,
On whom both Grace and Nature kindly smiled ;

Still young, entrusted to the fostering care
Of aged Monks, whose rule, paternal, mild,
Embracing science, discipline, and prayer,
Matures those brilliant talents, gifts both great and rare.

IV.

As seedling, watered by refreshing dew,
Shoots forth in vigour from the genial mould,
That child in virtue and in learning grew
Within that cloistered home—Saint Bennet's fold;
But, soon transplanted from Cassino's hold,
He hastens where God's call and duty urge,
And girds himself for labours yet untold,
To rid the world of Heresy's foul scourge,
To shed the Gospel light, the Gentiles' dogmas purge.

V.

In doctrine tried, tho' still in years a youth,
He bids a long adieu to home and sire,
To join that chosen band, whose motto, "Truth,"
Denotes the special aim of Preaching Friar,
Whose life, alternate in the world and choir,
Quick action blends with contemplation sweet;
For love enkindles zeal's devouring fire,
Where prayer and work in one pulsation beat,
With Martha now, with Mary too, at Jesu's feet.

VI.

When storms and winds are past, the flowers
Ope out their petals to the cheering sun,
And deck with variegated hues earth's bowers:
Aquinas thus, by sure vocation won,

Adorns the glorious city of Cologne ;
From thence to Paris, Rome, and Albion's shore,
The fame of this new-dawning star had run,
And Europe echoes with the wondrous lore
Of this young Sage—the “ Dumb Sicilian Ox ” of yore.

VII.

All streams of Error have one common source,
When man's weak judgment reigns in God's own shrine :
'Twas Thomas' mission to discern the course
Of Faith and Human Reason—then assign
The points wherein they differ, where entwine ;
Of Morals pure to indicate the rules :
This did he in that “ Summa ”—richest mine
Of Sacred Learning in the Christian Schools,
An armoury replete with sin-destroying tools.

VIII.

Tho' clouds may roll, the sun at length will shine,
'Tis true in Nature, truer still in Grace :
When Heresy and Schism close combine
To hurl destruction on the human race,
To mar God's work, His image to deface,
When all seems lost, some Champion will appear,
To combat falsehood with its tenets base,
Dispel the mist, and render darkness clear :
When dangers threaten to assail us, God is near.

F. S. S.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

Means to accomplish an important undertaking.

A mother asks prayers for her son's vocation to the priesthood.

A religious community asks for means to complete their church and choir.

That a happy marriage may be brought about.

The conversion of two Protestants.

A priest in Ireland asks prayers that our Lady may help him in his great difficulties with regard to the Catholic education of the children of his parish.

To know a vocation.

That a young person may escape out of a difficulty.

Means to pay some debts.

That a person may be paid money that is due.

Three very special intentions.

Reconciliation in a family; and means to pay debts.

A brother's intention.

The conversion of some persons out of the Church.

The safe return of a father to his family.

The recovery of a young man.

The intentions of a religious.

The perseverance of some persons in the religious state.

The repose of the souls of some parents and friends.

For an orphan, that she may make a good confession and first communion.

A sister asks prayers for our Lady to guide her parents and brother under a severe trial.

An old Protestant gentleman, who is dangerously ill, and has no thought of preparing for death.

The conversion of a family.

A spiritual favour.

A prosperous year in business, if it be God's will.

The conversion of a drunkard.

Two persons in trouble, that they may know the will of God.

Help for a family in great temporal distress.

Christian union between a husband and his wife and family.

Two temporal favours.

The conversion of two drunkards.

A lady suffering from scruples of conscience.

Many other intentions.

A person desires to thank God, and our Lady of the Rosary, through whose intercession she has found a happy home in a Catholic country.

A person returns thanks for a conversion recently obtained through our Lady of the Rosary.

A person returns thanks for a cure obtained through the use of the Water of Lourdes.

N.B. Intentions for prayer are not inserted unless authenticated by the name and address of the sender.

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APRIL.

[A.D. 1877.

LESSONS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

PSALM VIII., DOMINE DOMINUS NOSTER (*Continued from p. 201.*)

5. What is man that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou visitest him?

6. Thou hast made him a little less than the angels, thou hast crowned him with glory and honour: and hast set him over the works of thy hands.

7. Thou hast subjected all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, moreover also the beasts of the field.

8. The birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, that pass through the paths of the sea.

9. O Lord, our Lord: how admirable is thy name in all the earth!

This is the second part of the Psalm. In it, according to the literal sense, David glorifies God for His wonderful favours to man, in creating and preserving him. He begins by an exclamation of wonder that God should be mindful of a creature so vile as man, and that He should deign to visit him. He then goes on to celebrate man's threefold exaltation; first, in that he comes next after the angels, in the scale of creatures; secondly, because he is crowned with glory by being made after the image of God; and thirdly, because he has received dominion over the rest of God's creatures. David concludes the Psalm with the same ejaculation of praise with which he began it, "as if," says Bellarmine, "he would say, How justly I said at the beginning, 'O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is Thy name in all the earth!'"

We now come to the mystical meaning of this part of the Psalm. To understand it we must raise our minds from man, who is stained by sin and full of misery, to that Man "who is the first-born of every creature" (Col. i. v. 15.), who called Himself the Son of Man, because He had in truth taken upon Himself our nature, but was also true God, "Born of the Father before all ages." (Nicene Creed.)

It is of our Lord Jesus Christ that the Psalm speaks, of His humiliation and exaltation.

Well may David exclaim, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" for it is of the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation that he is singing. In that mystery God was so mindful of man's misery in the bondage of sin, that He sent His co-equal Son to deliver him from the dreadful state. In His Incarnation, God the Son visited the children of men with such wonderful condescension that He vouchsafed to take upon Him their nature and to become Himself the Son of Man.

Blessed Albert the Great remarks that by His Incarnation our Lord visits man in a fivefold way. First of all, He comes to us as a Physician, who visits a sick man in order to cure him; for our Lord came to heal the diseases and wounds of our souls. Secondly, He visits us as a Redeemer, to purchase our souls from the power which held them captive; as St. Luke's gospel says "He hath visited and redeemed his people." Thirdly, He visits us as a Father who seeks his erring child; and though in this visitation He chastises (according to the words of the 88th Psalm, "I will visit their iniquities with the rod,") yet it is in mercy, for He does not seek to punish, but only that we should amend. Fourthly, He visits us as a Friend, bestowing His favours upon those who will receive Him. And fifthly, He visits us as Judge.

"Thou hast made him a little less than the angels." Our Lord is said to have been made a little less than the angels, because the nature of man which He took at His Incarnation is lower, in the order of creation, than the angelic nature. But He is said to be only "a little less" than the angels, for He took our nature in its noblest and purest state, without the defilement of sin.

This word "a little," is also interpreted *for a short time*; and this is true of our Lord, for His humiliations lasted but a short time. It was but for thirty-three years that He remained in His humble state of subjection upon earth, and the abasements of His passion lasted but for a few hours. And then, when this short time of humiliation was past, the following words of the Psalm were also verified in Him, "Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour." For His body, which had been humbled, was glorified at His Resurrection; and at the Ascension, which followed after forty days, He sat down at the Right Hand of the Eternal Father, "being made," as St. Paul says, "so much better than the

angels, as he hath inherited a more excellent name than they." (Heb. ii. v. 4.)

On this verse, blessed Albert tells us that our Lord has received four crowns: the Crown of Mercy, which He received when He took on Himself our nature; the Crown of Sorrow, with which the Synagogue crowned Him in His Passion; the Crown of Glory, with which He was crowned at His Resurrection; the Crown of Honour which will be His at the Last Day, when the whole multitude of the redeemed will surround Him as a Crown.

"Thou hast set him over the works of Thy hands." None of the creatures of God escape from the divine rule of our Lord. He who humbled Himself so low, has been raised above all creation.

"Thou hast subjected all things under his feet." The feet of Christ, as being the lowest of His members, are taken as the symbol of His human nature, just as His head is taken as the symbol of His Godhead. Therefore, the meaning of the verse is, that our Lord, as man, has received dominion over all creatures.

The Psalmist goes on to enumerate the different kinds of creatures that are subjected to our Lord's rule: "all sheep and oxen; moreover, also the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, that pass through the paths of the sea." These are, of course, to be taken figuratively, according to the manner of Holy Scripture. In this all commentators are agreed, though they do not all explain the passage quite in the same way. We will follow the interpretation of the Latin expositors, rather than that of the Greek.

It should be remarked, first of all, that the animals named by the Psalmist are divided into two classes. First are named "sheep and all oxen;" and those which follow, "the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea," are preceded by the words, "*moreover also*," as if they formed a class apart. This denotes the division of all rational creatures into two classes, the good and the evil. The good are signified by the "sheep and oxen." The sheep are those who lead simple and innocent lives, and are intent only upon the service of God. The oxen are those who serve God in the labours of an active life, and especially the prelates of the Church.

The other animals represent the wicked. Now the wicked, says Blessed Albert, may all be divided into three classes,

according as they follow after one or other of the three concupiscences enumerated by St. John. First, there are the *sensual*, who offend God by indulgence in gluttony, luxury, and similar sins of the body. They are like the beasts, as they seek after the same pleasures; and therefore the Psalmist fitly compares them to the "beasts of the field." Secondly, there are the *proud and ambitious*. They seek after honour and esteem; and for this reason they are compared to "the birds of the air," that are ever flying high above the earth. Thirdly, there are the *worldly and avaricious*. They are compared to "the fishes of the sea," because they are plunged in earthly things and desires, as completely as fish are in the sea. They are also compared to fish because they are always restless, and therefore the Psalm says that they "pass through the paths of the sea," always seeking to acquire more and more of this world's goods.

NOTE.—In explaining the 4th verse of this Psalm, we omitted to mention the interpretation given by the Dominican Cardinal Thomas Jorzius, or Joyce (who was confessor of our king Edward I.), of the words, "the moon and the stars which thou hast founded." He explains the moon to be a figure of the Blessed Virgin. For as the moon receives all its brightness from the sun, and is, after it, the most splendid object in the heavens, so does our Lady receive the fulness of grace from God who is the Sun of Justice, so that in heaven she is the most glorious being after Him. The stars he explains to be the choirs of Virgins who have imitated Mary in her purity, and so are worthy to be her companions in glory; though they shine with less splendour, because their grace is inferior to hers.

This interpretation is perhaps one reason why the Psalm which we are considering is used by the Church in the offices of the Blessed Virgin, although its allusion to the Incarnation is the chief cause of its selection.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

VIII.

THE opposition to the manifestations of devotion at the Grotto of Massabielle, which had been aroused by the apparitions of our Immaculate Lady to Bernadette, was led by a certain Monsieur Jacomet, who at that time held the post of Commissary of Police at Lourdes. He was, of course, encouraged and supported by the knot of rationalists and free-thinkers which is always to be found in the provincial towns of France; and he received powerful support from the Prefect of the Department, and the irreligious newspapers of Paris.

It was to have been expected that Bernadette should be accused of feigning to see visions and to have ecstasies, and that her parents should be charged with encouraging their child in the imposture. It was also equally to have been expected that the clergy should be accused of having inspired and directed the deceit. But these charges were not credited by the good people of Lourdes, although they were doubtless believed elsewhere. At Lourdes, Bernadette and her parents were too well known to be deemed capable of planning such trickery, much less to have been thought clever enough to carry it out. It was well known, too, that the clergy, so far from patronising Bernadette, had from the first received the account of her visions with great coldness, and almost with disfavour, and had always kept aloof from what had been done at the Grotto. The opposing party was, therefore, soon obliged to lay aside these calumnies, and to have recourse to other means of checking the devotion. They, therefore, applied to the Prefect and to the Minister of Public Worship, for powers to prevent Bernadette and the people from visiting the Grotto of Massabielle.

The minister, M. Rouland, a man without any fixed religious principles, was indignant that in this *enlightened* century, and during *his* term of office, celestial apparitions should be seen, and miracles be wrought. Nevertheless, he was obliged to act with caution, for the guiding principle given to the Ministers of the Second Empire would seem to have been, "to silently repress religion, but to show a certain outward respect to the bishops and clergy." Guided by this policy, M. Rouland told the Prefect that, although the

law would justify them if they immediately ordered the Grotto to be closed to the public, it would nevertheless be dangerous to act abruptly ; that it would therefore be advisable to prevail on the Bishop to forbid Bernadette and the people to go to the Grotto ; and, "You may tell him from me," added the wily Minister of State, "that a free course should not be allowed to a state of things which cannot fail to serve as a pretext for fresh attacks upon religion and the clergy."

The Bishop saw clearly, through the astute Minister's words, the half-threat conveyed in them, and the desire to make him do acts so contrary to the individual liberty of his flock, and which must naturally arouse the indignation of all just men. The Bishop was, of course, most anxious to prevent anything taking place that would authorise the Minister or the Prefect to have recourse to violent measures ; but his conscience would not allow him to formally forbid Bernadette or the people going to the Grotto, as long as they did not offend against the laws or cause any annoyance or disturbance. He, however, begged the parish priest to counsel Bernadette to go there but seldom, and as privately as possible ; but the advice was scarcely necessary, for, of her own accord, she had always tried to avoid the crowd ; and, for that purpose, although the weather was so cold, she always went to the Grotto as early as the daylight appeared, but hundreds went there before daybreak, and frustrated her desire. There never was the least noise or disturbance of any kind, as the people were most orderly, quiet, and respectful ; and, although the crowds were immense, there never was any confusion, and no one was ever hurt.

The authorities, baffled in their plans, now changed their tactics ; and, seeing that they could not entangle the Bishop and clergy in their opposition to the now popular devotion, they threw off all restraint and determined to try intimidation. Their first move was to try to have Bernadette shut up in a lunatic asylum ; but in this they were opposed by the parish priest, who invoked the French law, which prescribes that no one shall be confined as a lunatic, unless, after being duly examined, he or she shall be declared by two competent doctors to be suffering from severe mental disease. Accordingly, during three weeks, Bernadette was subjected to daily examinations. The result was that the physicians, one of whom was the particular friend of the Crown Prose-

ctor, certified that they had not been able to discover any mental or cerebral disease in the child ; two of the doctors added that *probably*—they would not say *certainly*—she *might* be subject to hallucinations.

The Prefect wished to avail himself of this word "*hallucinations*," and have Bernadette arrested, and in due time transferred to a lunatic asylum ; but it was pointed out to him that this abuse of his authority would lead to very serious consequences, and raise a storm of indignation and angry feelings, for the results of which he would be held responsible.

Thwarted in this, he gave orders, in virtue of a law forbidding any place to be used as a Sanctuary without the permission of the Minister, that the Grotto should be closed ; for in it prayers were offered up, lights burned, and hymns sung, all which the Prefect declared gave it the appearance of a Sanctuary.

When it became known that the Grotto was to be closed, and despoiled of all the gifts and offerings that had been placed there, a great agitation arose in the town and it soon spread to the adjacent districts. Great crowds of peasants from the mountains poured into the town, and assumed a very threatening attitude. The parish priest and his vicars went amongst them, exhorting them to be calm and patient. It was no easy task to soothe the general indignation. "The Blessed Virgin," said they, "has deigned to visit our country, and shall we allow Her to be thus insulted ?" But the excellent parish priest answered them, "Believe me, our Blessed Lady will know how to defend her rights, and will turn all to the glory of God. Do not give way to anger : submit to the law." These words had the desired effect, and, although it was difficult to bear patiently the proceedings of the police, the people remained calm and silent.

The Grotto was by this time filled with offerings, some of which were of considerable value ; and money to the amount of several thousand francs was lying on the ground inside the balustrade which the Confraternity of Carpenters had put up before the Grotto.

No thief had dared to lay a sacrilegious hand on this money, placed there as the first subscriptions towards building the church asked for to our Lady. The Commissary of Police, however, was not so scrupulous. He took upon himself to confiscate this money, as well as everything else ; but,

to carry off the spoil, a cart was necessary, and here M. Jacomet's troubles began. No one would lend a cart for such a purpose. After many fruitless petitions, he applied to M. Barrossi, a well-known and most obliging post-master; but Barrossi flatly refused to lend either cart or horse. "I do not hire out my horses for such work," was his reply. "But," said the Commissary, "you have no right to refuse your horses to a person who offers to pay for them." "The horses," retorted Barrossi, "are for the service of the post. You can bring an action against me, if it suits you to do so; but you will not obtain horses or cart from me."

From door to door went the baffled Commissary, and, although the town was full of horses and conveyances of every kind, he could obtain neither animal nor cart, although he offered thirty francs to anyone who would do the work for him. The ready-witted Bearnais people made a loud and unanimous allusion to the thirty pieces of silver offered to, and accepted by, the most wretched traitor the world ever knew, and many were the bitter taunts addressed to Jacomet by the crowd that followed him.

At last a young woman, seduced by that sadly memorable sum, lent her cart and horse, to the intense disgust and profound indignation of all the inhabitants of Lourdes. There was at that time no possibility of bringing a cart, however small, up to the Grotto; the police were, therefore, obliged to leave it at some distance, and carry the different objects away from the Grotto in their arms. The people looked on in silence, but there was something in their attitude that gave reason to fear that their patience was nearly worn out. Several wise and prudent persons went through the crowd, reminding them of the parish priest's words, and of their own promises not to cause any scandal, and to leave all to the Blessed Virgin. This kept them quiet; but it was easy to see that the police were ashamed of the work they were doing, and uneasy as to how the people would bear their proceedings.

When all the lights were extinguished, and all the offerings and money had been carried off, Jacomet ordered the balustrade to be removed. To effect this a hatchet was required. More than an hour elapsed before this implement could be procured. At last, amidst murmurs of contempt, a man lent one; but, even then, no one would use it, and Jacomet had to destroy the balustrade himself. As the frail

barrier fell beneath his blows, the crowd made a threatening movement. Jacomet, alarmed, assured them, in the most humble tones, that he was obeying the orders of the Prefect, and did so with regret; but there was a stir amongst the people which showed that their wrath was rising. At this moment several voices called out, "Keep calm; no violence. Leave all to the justice of God." Once more the voice of prudence prevailed, and the people dispersed quietly; but in the evening they again repaired to the Grotto, bringing with them a profusion of flowers and lights; and, kneeling down in great order and recollection, they recited the Rosary.

Two singular accidents occurred that very day. The young woman who, *for thirty pieces of silver*, had lent her cart and horse, fell from a hayloft and broke her ribs. A few hours later, the man who had lent the hatchet had both his legs smashed, through a large plank which he was moving falling upon them. These two incidents made a great impression on both believers and freethinkers.

(*To be continued.*)

FIRST GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

THE RESURRECTION.

In the depths of Night infernal
Hell is conquered, Limbo free,
And the Son of God eternal
Claims His bright Humanity.
Realms of light and joy supernal
Ring with songs of Jubilee!

From her unsought elevation
Who the way of sorrow trod,
Wrapt in sleepless contemplation,
Waiteth in her still abode
For His Rising;—when creation
Shall adore creation's God.

In a vision she beholds Him !
Hears the earthquake far away !
Lo ! the tomb no longer holds Him !
Christ is risen !—'tis Easter Day !
For the Godhead which enfolds Him
Raiseth Him to life, for aye.

Rejoice ! Rejoice !
O Mother Maid !
Risen is He
As He hath said.
No soldier guard,
No sealed stone,
Detains thy sole
Begotten One.
Put off thy garb
Of grief, for He
Hath perfected
Humanity.
No vision now !
With lifted hand,
The Son before
The Mother stands ;
And she who shared
His every pain
First welcomes Him
To earth again !
O Mother Mary
Hear our prayer,
Nor leave thy children
In despair ;
Pray for us now,
That, when we die,
We may not fail
Eternally.

SR. TERESIA DE S. S.,
TERT., O.S.D.

APOSTLES OF THE ROSARY.

III. FR. LEWIS CANCER. (*Continued from p. 218.*)

THE absence of Fr. Lewis Cancèr from the Land of War was of no long duration. When he returned to it he found that the work of converting the Indians to the Christian faith had made no small progress during his absence. Not only had large numbers of the people been instructed and baptised, but a very important change in their way of living had been introduced, and seemed to be in a fair way of succeeding.

This change was the bringing the Indians to live together in villages. The missionaries, on their arrival in the Land of War, had found them living scattered over the country, either in solitary huts, or in very small hamlets, seldom consisting of so many as six houses. This state of things made it very difficult to instruct the Indians in the faith, or in the arts of civilised life; it was almost impossible to collect them together for the worship of God or for sermons, and the greater part of the missionaries' time was taken up in going in search of their converts in the distant and scattered hamlets in which they lived. It was, therefore, soon seen that it was necessary to collect the Indians together in villages, as well for their own sakes as in order to economise the time and labour of the missionaries.

The task was, of course, not an easy one to accomplish, for every nation is tenacious of its own customs, and this was one which was universal and of very old standing. The Indians did not at all like the idea of quitting the spots where they had been born, the forests and mountains where they had passed their lives, for the purpose of going to live together with a number of other people in a village. They did not see what they were to gain by the change. But the two Fathers, Bartholomew de las Casas and Peter de Angulo, were not daunted; they persevered in their efforts, and after much labour, and no little suffering, they contrived to make a beginning of a settlement at a place called Rabinal. The spot was wisely chosen, not only on account of its position, but because it was already inhabited, and some few Indians, at least, were attached to it.

At Rabinal, therefore, the Fathers settled as many families as they could persuade to come and live there; they built a church, and instructed the people, not only in the Christian

faith, but also in the cultivation of the earth and in all sorts of trades and arts, and even in the elementary processes of washing and dressing, with neither of which the Indians were much acquainted. And so religion and civilisation began to grow (as they ever do) side by side in the Land of War.

Meanwhile the town went on increasing, one Indian family attracting another, until at last no less than a hundred families were collected together. This must be looked upon as a great success in a country where heretofore the largest villages had not contained more than five or six houses.

This strange experiment of founding a town was not unnoticed by the neighbouring populations, and they were soon drawn by curiosity to visit Rabinal, in order to observe this new way of living. It seems that their impressions of it were favourable, and the visitors seemed so friendly that Fr. Lewis Cancèr went as far as Coban, whence some of them had come. He was very favourably received there, and the Indians listened with pleasure to what his imperfect knowledge of their language enabled him to tell them of the Christian faith; he therefore returned to Rabinal more contented, as the old chronicle says, than if he had discovered rich mines of gold and silver. His joy was shared by the other missionaries, and they all began with great vigour studying the language of Coban. Each success was with these brave men a reason for further exertion.

The new mission prospered, and Coban rose to be a considerable town; it became the centre of the mission of the Land of War, and has continued so down to the present day.

It seems time now to discontinue calling Tuzulutlan by the name of the Land of War, which it deserved so little since the missionaries had begun their work in it. It received the name of True Peace—in Spanish, Verapaz; and this name was confirmed to it by the King of Spain, and became the official designation of the province.

The work of conversion went on without interruption until 1838. In this year a Provincial Chapter of the Order was held at Mexico, at which all the three Fathers who were engaged in the mission were bound to assist. And so for a few weeks Verapaz was left solitary. It was not, of course, to be supposed that so promising a mission could be left without missionaries, and, indeed, several Fathers were appointed to it in the Chapter. But Fr. Lewis Cancèr, its first apostle, was not of the number, and four years were to

elapse before he returned to it again. No doubt he felt keenly the separation from a flock that had endeared itself to him by its docility to his teaching. But, as a religious man, his first duty was obedience, and so he cheerfully undertook the new work which was committed to him.

He was sent to Spain with Father Bartholomew de las Casas and Father Roderick Ladrada to promote there the interests of the American missions. Their object was twofold : first, to obtain a fresh supply of missionaries of different religious orders ; and, second, to obtain from the King protection for the Indians against the rapacity of the Spanish authorities and colonists. They succeeded in both these objects. Charles the Fifth sent letters to the Indian chiefs, through the Fathers, according them many favours. Amongst others he granted them titles of honour, and the right to use armorial bearings ; this was very important in the eyes of a punctilious people like the Spaniards. He also forbade any Spaniard to enter the Land of War for five years, unless with the permission of the Dominicans ; and he wrote to the Franciscan fathers of Mexico, to ask them to allow some of the Indians, whom they had been very successful in training in Church music, to be sent to the Land of War with the Dominicans, for the purpose of teaching the Indians there.

The three Fathers also succeeded in obtaining a fresh supply of missionaries. In this, indeed, there was no difficulty, so great was the missionary ardour of the religious orders in Spain at this time ; the only difficulty was in selecting out of those who offered themselves for the work those who were the most fitted for it, and then in obtaining passages for them in the ships that were sent from Spain to the New World. In the present case all this was satisfactorily accomplished, and two parties of missionaries were organised, one of Franciscans and the other of Dominicans. The Franciscans were the first to start, and with them went our Father Lewis Cancèr, who was probably too desirous to continue his labours amongst his converts of Verapaz to wait for the departure of his own brethren, and therefore preferred to go on at once in company of the Franciscans. He carried with him all the letters and royal orders relating to the newly converted province.

THE THREE CITIES : AN ALLEGORY.

(Continued from page 214.)

CONVERSATION ON THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Q. What does the deep chasm represent ?

A. The first apprehension of the many dangers and difficulties which beset a young man on his first entrance into the world.

Q. And what does the lofty hill which ended in a precipice overhanging the river represent ?

A. The sin of pride, which often leads to luxury.

Q. The venerable old man, I suppose, symbolises the priest in the sacred tribunal of penance ?

A. Yes ; for in the sacrament of penance not only are sins forgiven, but the sinner is also guided on his way amid the temptations which surround him.

Q. What is meant by the fearful end of Desperatio ?

A. The fate of those who, neglecting prayer and trust in the mercy of God, die in despair.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

EARLY the next morning I saw two youths walking along the road, side by side. They were fast verging on manhood, but were singularly unlike. The elder was of erect form, his figure was well made, and his manner and bearing betokened much self-assurance ; while the younger was of a slight frame, and evidently of a very nervous temperament. He seemed to be ever afraid of some coming danger, from which he was perpetually shrinking. His body trembled with weakness and emotions that he could not suppress, but his face, which was pale, was nevertheless very pleasant to gaze upon. The elder of the two was handsome also ; but a near observer could not fail to notice the unpleasant supercilious curl of the upper lip, which imparted a sinister cast to his otherwise engaging features. His voice was loud, yet hollow in tone, and he uttered his words in a self-important manner. His name, as I soon learnt, was Audacia, and that of his companion was Timor. The latter's voice was low, and he spoke hurriedly. He listened to Audacia with humble deference, and was evidently much awed and impressed by the tone of superiority which his companion assumed.

They were whiling away the time by narrating to each other the adventures of the two preceding days' journey. Thus several hours passed almost unnoticed, and without incident of any kind.

At last they came to a place where the road divided into two. That to the right was narrow and uninteresting; the other, which turned to the left, was broad, and led through a most fertile and inviting plain to a large city, which was seen in the distance.

Audacia quickly chose the road he would take, and turned towards the city. "Come," he said to Timor, who hesitated, "do not take so long to consider. Do you not see the city to which we have been so long travelling? A few miles of pleasant travelling will bring us at last to its gates. See how beautiful it is, nestling in a grove of orange trees, and shining like a brilliant jewel on the plain. This must be the end of our journey; why, then, do you delay? You shake your head. Well, take your own course; for my part, I will not wait a single moment. And, after all, even if it should not prove to be the City of the Great King, what odds! I shall only have lost a few hours, for when I have enjoyed such a beautiful sight I can easily return to this road again, and continue my journey refreshed, no doubt, by a little innocent enjoyment; but, as for you, your fatigue will increase, and, before you have gone many more miles upon your weary way, you will be quite worn out by your exertions. So follow my example, and come with me to this beautiful city, which, no doubt, is that to which we are bound." But Timor, remembering the advice which the old man at the fountain had given them when they first set out on their journey, said, "No, Audacia, I cannot believe that what we see before us is the City of the Great King, because it is not on the narrow road. I do not like, therefore, to go with you." "Take my word for it," said Audacia; "trust to me. I will bear all the consequences." And, with many such words, he persuaded Timor to accompany him. So they both left the narrow road and turned towards the city.

On their way they overtook great numbers of travellers, who all assured them they were in the right way, and only wished, so they said, that they themselves could travel on as fast as Audacia and Timor. When, however, they drew nearer the city they met others returning to the narrow road. They were all oppressed with sorrow, and seemed to be

escaping from some great evil which they feared would overwhelm them. One and all cried out to warn them that they had left the true road. "Alas," they said, "we have been sorely deceived. We thought we were going to the City of the Great King, but we were mistaken; it is not so, but one full of sorrow and woe." And some of them seeing that Timor was inclined to believe them, took him by the hand and turned him back again towards the narrow road.

But Audacia, deaf to their entreaties, continued his journey to the city, which now appeared to him so beautiful that he could not be persuaded that it was not in reality the City of the Great King.

When he had nearly reached its gates he was overtaken by a cavalcade of gallant knights, mounted on richly caparisoned horses, who were also wending their way to the city. One of them drew up his horse alongside of Audacia, and, telling him that they were subjects of the king of the city he saw before him, now returning from a hunting expedition, invited him to accompany them, and place himself under the patronage of their king, who was always anxious to secure the services of young and clever men, such as Audacia. The latter answered that he was on his way to the City of the Great King, and inquired whether that was it which he now saw before him. At this the whole company looked at each other, and smiled, as if pitying his simplicity; but he who had entered into conversation with him said, "Oh, yes! no doubt this is the city which you are seeking. We also are going there, and shall feel honoured by your accompanying us thither."

Notwithstanding his desire to visit the city, Audacia hesitated to accept the invitation he had received, for he did not feel quite certain that what had been said to him was true; but on being pressed to join the company, he consented to do so. A horse was placed at his disposal, upon which he mounted, and the cavalcade continued its way to the city.

For the moment he felt happy and contented enough; for was he not in distinguished company, and had he not the promise of an introduction to the king of the city? Surely he could hardly fail to gain honour and wealth in his service. Nevertheless, it was not long before he began to feel somewhat ill at ease. For while he listened to the conversation of his companions, he observed that, although their apparel

was gay and their armour bright, yet their faces wore a low and degraded expression ; and he began to suspect that they were very different from the inhabitants he had expected to find in the City of the Great King, and to doubt whether, after all, he had not better leave their society and return to the narrow road he had abandoned. But, with all his boldness, he felt that he did not dare to do this, and face the ridicule with which he felt sure his companions would greet such an act.

Ill at ease he entered the city, and then he felt that for the present the time for escape had passed away. The crowds which filled the streets welcomed him and his companions with many a pleasant salute ; and the thought what a sorry figure he would present if he fled from so much honour without any apparent cause deterred him from attempting it. "No," he said to himself, "I will see the upshot of the adventure ; and, if it should come to the worst, I can easily retire at the first favourable opportunity."

As he was thinking thus the cavalcade paused, and he was requested to give up his little bell into the hands of one of his companions ; and, at the same time, a helmet was placed upon his head, which completely hid the cross upon his brow. At first he was unwilling to part with his little bell, and it was only upon being assured that it would be carefully preserved, and would be always at hand when needed, that he consented to allow it to be unfastened from his girdle.

The city was encircled by a lofty wall, guarded so carefully that Audacia saw that it would be exceedingly difficult to escape without being seen. The gate by which they had entered was the only one to be seen. Over the arch was written in large letters the name of the city—"Civitas Mundi"—but almost invariably those who entered it were so occupied with the splendour which they saw for the first time that they did not perceive it.

Not a single poor or meanly-clad person was to be seen in the streets through which they rode, and all the buildings were of a costly description. The streets were gaily decorated, as if for some festival, with rich hangings and curiously-worked tapestries. Long rows of fruit-laden orange trees were planted at each side of the streets, and garlands of rare flowers were hung from the points of the gables of the houses, high in the air, in intricate confusion. Fountains ran with sparkling wines, the air was laden with scents, and

the scene was one of delirious joy and intoxicating delight.

The inhabitants were engaged in enjoying the various pleasures thus liberally provided for them. Some chatted together in groups, while others quaffed goblets of wine from the ever-flowing fountains. Bands of musicians, and white-robed choirs of beautiful youths, filled the air with entrancing melodies; in short, nothing fancy could suggest was wanting to captivate the senses and to entrance the mind.

The lofty desires of Audacia's heart seemed to be now completely satisfied, and all thought of escaping left his mind; although occasionally he was obliged to stifle his conscience, which, in spite of all repression, would whisper to him that this could not be the City of the Great King of which he was in search.

After passing through many streets, each more beautiful than the last, the cavalcade entered a square near the centre of the city and drew up before a large mansion. There the horseman who all through had constituted himself Audacia's patron alighted, and requested him to alight also and partake of the hospitality of his home. Audacia readily assented, and leapt from his horse. As they were entering the mansion, servants in handsome livery waited upon them with an invitation from Mammon, the king of the city, to a grand banquet to be held that same evening. This, of course, was accepted. Audacia was very much surprised to find how little the interior of his friend's palace corresponded with its exterior; for, while the outward appearance was one of great splendour, the inside was shabby and mean. The walls were of common plaster; the windows and doors fitted their frames so badly that they shook with every trifling gust of wind, which whistled mournfully in the cold and dreary corridors; the floors were uneven, and the carpets worn and faded. The furniture, although once of extreme magnificence, was now so old and decayed that Audacia could hardly find a single chair fit to sit upon.

Having been left to himself a long time in the room to which he had been conducted, he thought he would take a stroll through the city, and, for that purpose, found his way out into a street at the back of the mansion. But what a sight met his eyes! He could not have believed that so great misery existed within so few yards of so much splendour. The parts of the city he had hitherto seen were built on a

magnificent scale; but here the houses were mean, dilapidated, and so badly built that Audacia wondered how they could stand at all. The people who inhabited these back streets were thin and poverty-stricken; hunger and want spoke through their eager eyes; and, dressed in garments that had once been rich, but were now worn and tattered, no more miserable objects could be imagined. Their speech, too, was ungracious, and their bearing betokened a state of unspeakable misery.

Audacia had not gone far when he came to a bridge, and, looking over the parapet, saw a still more fearful sight. It was the River Luxuria, which had taken a sudden bend, and for a few miles had left its parallel course with the road to the City of the Great King, and upon this bend the city was built. Its width was narrowed by the houses built upon its banks; and, although it was deep, its waters ran slowly, and were literally thick with the dead bodies of those who had been carried away by the stream while attempting to bathe. It was a horrible sight: one body floated above another, all were putrefying in the heat of the sun and exhaling a deadly malaria.

This fearful scene, which completely exposed the real character of the city, would have convinced Audacia that it was not the City of the Great King, had not his mind been so fully occupied with the pleasures he expected in the coming banquet and the honours and preferment he hoped to receive. Therefore, quickly withdrawing his eyes from the unwelcome sight, he continued his stroll; but, not meeting with anything which engaged his attention, he returned to his host's mansion, and there impatiently awaited the hour when they should be summoned to the king's presence.

He had not waited long when the sound of trumpets warned him that the cavalcade was on its way to conduct them to the banquet. He quickly adjusted his attire, and stepped out into the porch to await its approach. It soon arrived, and he and his host having mounted upon two magnificent coal-black horses, the cortège set off in much the same order as in the morning. The splendour of the streets through which they were led was apparently equal to that of those through which they had passed on entering the city in the morning; but, every now and then, a passing glimpse of some wretched quarter of the city recalled to his mind the fearful scene he had witnessed that afternoon, and caused

a momentary distrust to arise in his breast; but he stifled all such thoughts, and soon arrived at the banqueting-hall of the king.

The scene which burst upon him on entering was the most splendid he had yet beheld. An immense area was covered by a lofty dome of almost immeasurable height. The walls were built of alabaster, which sparkled in the light of countless lamps, suspended midway in the air. Large pictures were frescoed on the walls, while underneath these were hangings of cloth of gold reaching down to the ground. At the further end of the hall was a dais, upon which a throne for the king was placed. Tables were ranged down each side of the hall, laden with the choicest dishes and luxurious wines; while, in the centre, entrancing music issued from amidst a miniature forest of ferns and rare exotic plants. But, strange to say, while everything was of the most costly description, the floor of the hall was of common wood, rotten with age; and, as they advanced up the centre towards the throne, Audacia felt it bend beneath their weight. Several times, too, he caught sight of large holes, and he fancied that he could hear the sullen sound of rushing waters far beneath. This alarmed him, and he determined to fly upon the slightest appearance of danger to himself.

King Mammon was seated under a canopy on the dais, surrounded by his favourite courtiers. Audacia's quick eye perceived an empty seat amongst them, and, leaving his companions to take care of themselves, walked towards it. This bold step proved partly successful; for the king, seeing a handsome youth, unknown to him, and quickly perceiving that he would be useful to him, asked who he was, and, when he learnt that he was a stranger arrived in the city that day, sent a page to find him a seat—not quite so near the king, however, as Audacia had wished, but far above that which his quondam companions obtained. Then the banquet commenced.

At first the conversation ran upon the most ordinary topics connected with the affairs of the inhabitants of the city; but, under the influence of the deep draughts of potent wine, it gradually assumed a tone of frantic mirth. In the midst of a jovial song, a loud crash was heard, and he saw that the floor had given way at the lower end of the hall, and that several of the feasters had disappeared beneath its

surface. In other circumstances, this would have convinced him that he was himself in danger; but, by this time, the fumes of wine had so clouded his brain that he took but little notice of it, beyond making a weak resolution that, if another such accident should occur, he would at once leave the hall. The king and his courtiers appeared not to have noticed it, and this more than all served to lull his suspicions. But while such thoughts as these were feebly and slowly passing through his mind, obscured by wine, he suddenly felt the floor tremble beneath his feet; and, seriously alarmed, searched for his little bell from mere force of custom acquired in happier and more innocent days: but, alas! he remembered that he had given it away when he entered the city. Then he arose to fly, but before he could reach the centre of the hall the floor gave way beneath his feet and he and his companions were precipitated into the torrent which flowed beneath the hall. The cold water somewhat cooled his heated brain, and he struggled desperately to keep his head above water; but it was in vain, for a drowning man, seizing hold of him as he sank, drew him down beneath the flood.

This terrible scene faded away from my sight; and where but a short time before a stately city had stood in all its pride, there was now nothing but a dreary tract of land in the midst of a bare and arid plain.

(To be continued.)

MISSION WORK.

THE MISSION OF NEBRASKA.

THE following account of the Mission of Nebraska, in the United States of America, is condensed from a correspondent of the *Catholic Review*.

The Mission of Nebraska takes its name from the State, in the principal city of which—Omaha—the Vicar-Apostolic resides. Omaha is a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, of whom 4,000 are Catholics. It contains three Catholic churches. The cathedral, which is a neat brick building, has been dedicated under the patronage of St. Philomena. Its principal orna-

ment is a very fine altar of Carrara marble, which cost £800. Besides the cathedral, there is a church for the Germans, St. Mary Magdalene's, with a flourishing congregation, under the charge of the Rev. Otho Broenebaum, of Paderborn. A third church, of the Holy Family, has lately been built to supply the wants of a newly-organised congregation. Omaha also contains a convent of Sisters of Mercy, who have charge of boarding and day schools, and a hospital. There is also a convent of nuns of the Precious Blood, attached to the German church, who have charge of the schools. This community comes from Baden, and was driven out of Germany by the persecution now raging.

The vicariate of Nebraska includes, besides the State of that name, the territories of Montana and Wyoming, and that part of Dakota which lies west of the Missouri river. This is a vast extent of country to be under the charge of one bishop, for it contains an area of one hundred thousand square miles, with a population of three hundred thousand souls, besides the Indians, whose exact number is not known. In the territory of Montana alone, the bishop will have to travel more than sixteen hundred miles in making his visitation. As for the number of Catholics in the vicariate, the nearest approach to truth sets them at fourteen thousand, without reckoning the Indians.

Were it in the bishop's power to supply all the demands that are made upon him, the Indians, who certainly cannot be fewer in number than fifty thousand, would all be Catholics, for they are very earnest in their requests for Catholic priests. As it is, he can do but little to help them. At present, the Indians of Montana are in charge of four Jesuit fathers, who have their head-quarters at St. Helena. In Dakota, two Benedictine fathers have lately established a mission among the Indians. Those of the northern part of the vicariate are occasionally visited by a priest from the diocese of St. Paul in Minnesota. The Vicar-Apostolic of Nebraska has great hopes of establishing a nursery of young missionaries destined to evangelize the Indians; indeed, the prospects of doing permanent good among these children of the forest in this vicariate are most promising.

The spiritual condition of the Catholics of Nebraska is at present truly desolate, at least, in many places, owing to the scarcity of priests. It is said that were there at this moment more than twenty missionaries—German, Bohemian,

and English—at the disposal of the bishop, they would be scarcely enough to meet the *most urgent* wants of the mission. Their life would be no sinecure. Poverty and privations of all kinds must, for years to come, be the lot of those who labour in this vicariate, and in the more distant parts the missionary will often be without a place to rest at night.

One exceedingly painful feature of the mission is the state of the Bohemian settlements. According to the very accurate reckonings that have been made, it appears that there are in Nebraska nearly six thousand Bohemian Catholics who are almost entirely destitute of spiritual aid. Meanwhile, book-hawkers are busily occupied in disseminating infidel publications amongst them. Owing to this, many have lost their faith, and others are in danger of losing it. What can be done? The poor bishop has tried every means to get priests to come to the rescue of so many immortal souls redeemed by the blood of Christ, but everywhere he applies he receives the same answer—There is no one to send. As a last resource he has turned to the mother-country of these poor people, and has appealed to the zealous Bishop of Budweis, in Bohemia, to send him priests.

The German Catholics are supplied, though not to an extent adequate to all their needs. But for them help is at hand. Some German priests, and a community of German Franciscans, exiles of the Bismarckian persecution, are expected in Nebraska in the spring. Their arrival will gladden the hearts of both the bishop and his flock, and will give a new impulse to piety and good works.

Besides the two convents of nuns already mentioned, there is, in another part of the vicariate, a community of Benedictine nuns, with a boarding-school.

There is one respect, and that a most important one, in which Nebraska enjoys an advantage which very few missions possess. It has, in the Creighton foundation, a most abundant provision for the building and endowment of a college for the education of its youth.

This foundation is due to the late Mr. Edward Creighton, a wealthy merchant of Omaha, and his wife. Mr. Creighton was a man who possessed a well-balanced mind, quickness of perception, and coolness of judgment, together with unimpeachable honesty and integrity of character. By applying these talents to his business transactions, he amassed, by degrees, a considerable fortune. It is remarked of him that,

during his whole career, he only once failed in business, and then only to a trifling extent—a very unusual thing in an American trader. But, besides being a successful man of business, Mr. Creighton was also a practical Catholic, and he was careful to spend in works of charity a considerable portion of his profits. His good works were, however, most carefully concealed, and, though he has deserved to be called the father of the orphan and the protector of the widow, the world around him, and even his own household, knew very little of his charities, generous though they were. His life was closed by a sudden, though not an unprovided, death.

Mr. Creighton died intestate, but his widow knew of certain noble designs which he had long resolved in his mind, and she provided for their being carried out. At her death, a short time back, she left a sum of £40,000 for the foundation of a Catholic college at Omaha. Measures are now being taken to secure an appropriate site for this institution, on which a wing of the college will be built; this will be sufficient to meet its first wants. It is expected that about a quarter of the bequest will be needed for this purpose, and the remainder will be invested for the future needs and for the permanent endowment of the college.

In conclusion it should, be said that a bishop has lately been consecrated to take the spiritual charge of this mission as Vicar-Apostolic. This is the Right Rev. James O'Connor, Bishop of Dibona, *in partibus infidelium*, whose brother was the first Bishop of Pittsburgh.

QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE ROSARY.

Q. What persons may be enrolled as members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary?

A. All the faithful, of both sexes, may be received into the Confraternity, provided that they have the intention of fulfilling the obligations which it imposes on its members.

Q. Is it necessary that the person who wishes to be received should have made his (or her) first communion?

A. This is not necessary.

Q. May young children be received into the Confraternity who have not attained the use of reason?

A. Yes, they may be received. Only, in this case, some

one must undertake to say the Rosary for them until they are old enough to recite it themselves.

Q. Can the dying be enrolled in the Confraternity?

A. They can; but should they have already lost the use of reason, or the power of reciting the Rosary, some other person must say it for them.

Q. Is it allowed to enrol those who are already dead?

A. Even this may be done; but the fact must be stated when the name is inscribed, and some person must engage to fulfil the obligations for them, or else a mass must be said each year for the person so enrolled.

Q. What advantage is gained by those who are received into the Confraternity after death?

A. They gain the advantage of being sharers in the prayers and good works of the other members of the Confraternity.

Q. If a member of the Rosary Confraternity undertakes to fulfil the obligation of a young child, or of a dying or deceased person who is received into the Confraternity, is he bound to say the Rosary twice each week—once for himself, and once for the person whose obligation he has engaged to fulfil?

A. Yes.

MIRABILIA DEI.

A CURE BY THE WATER OF ST. WINEFRID'S WELL.

THE following account of a miraculous cure, due to the use of the water of St. Winefrid's Well in North Wales, has been forwarded to us by the lady to whom it happened. The cure took place on Feb. 5th, 1876.

It is now rather more than twelve months since a lady, aged 64, was attacked by acute rheumatism, which appeared to be settling into confirmed sciatica. She was confined to her bed for more than a fortnight, and it was prognosticated that she would not be able to leave her room till the summer set in, and that she would remain lame for life. No medical remedies appeared to have any effect in relieving the symptoms.

The Rev. F. J. B. di Pietro, who was at that time priest of the mission at Holywell, advised her to use the water of St. Winefrid's Well. She did so (being at Holywell at the time),

merely making the sign of the cross with the water, on the spot where the pain commenced, in the name of the Holy Trinity, three times a day, three times consecutively, and for three days. On each application she felt a pleasant glow down the limb, which had previously been of marble coldness. The first day she had no paroxysm, which before had come on daily at a certain fixed hour with excruciating intensity, leaving her afterwards in a very exhausted state. On the second day the weary aching ceased. On the third day she got up, dressed herself without assistance, came downstairs alone, went about the house, and performed her domestic avocations perfectly strong and well, finding it difficult to believe that she had been ill.

The following morning she went to the church through a heavy fall of snow, to hear mass and receive holy communion, paid her thanksgiving visits to the Holy Well for three consecutive days, kneeling on the wet stones for a quarter of an hour each day, and has never since felt any pain or inconvenience from her complaint.

The lady's account is attested by the following letter which we have received from the Rev. F. di Pietro.

S. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, 8, Salisbury St., Liverpool.
Feb. 28, 1877.

SIR,—I can vouch for the truth of the above account, the cure having taken place during the last month of my residence in Holywell.

I have the honour to be yours truly in J. C.,
J. B. DI PIETRO, S. J.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF THE HOLY FATHER.—In conformity with the desires of the Catholic Society of the Youth of Italy, our Holy Father the Pope has granted a plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in purgatory, which may be gained by all the faithful on the 3rd of June next, the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as bishop. The conditions for gaining this indulgence are as follows:—1st. Confession. 2nd. To hear mass in any church or oratory. 3rd. Holy Communion. 4th. To pray for the conversion of

sinners, the propagation of the faith, and the peace and triumph of the Church.

On March 12th the Holy Father held a public consistory, at which he created a number of cardinals. Amongst these new Princes of the Church there are two whose promotion ought specially to be noted in these pages—Cardinal Howard, as being the fourth living English-speaking cardinal, and the Archbishop of Saragossa.

Mgr. Howard is the second of his name and family who has received the cardinal's hat. The first was Fr. Philip Thomas Howard, a Dominican. He was the restorer of the English Province of his order after its dissolution under Queen Elizabeth, and founded three convents. He was made a cardinal in 1676.

The Archbishop of Saragossa is Mgr. Emmanuel Garcia-Gil, of the Order of Preachers. He was born in Galicia in 1802, and is one of the most distinguished prelates of Spain. He was chosen by the Spanish bishops to represent them on the Commission of Dogma in the Vatican Council. He is the third Dominican who has been made cardinal by the present Pope, an unusual honour for any religious order to receive, and the more remarkable as the second is still living, namely, Cardinal Guidi, Cardinal-Bishop of Tusculum, or Frascati. The news of Cardinal Garcia-Gil's promotion has been received with great enthusiasm by the people of Saragossa, by whom he is greatly beloved.

At the same Consistory several new bishops were appointed. One of these also is of the Order of St. Dominic—Fr. Leo Vincent Sallua, a native of the diocese of Mondovì, in Piedmont. For many years past this religious has been employed in the Holy Office, or Inquisition, at Rome, and latterly he has been its Commissary General. He has now been created Archbishop of Chalcedon *in partibus infidelium*.

THE CHALDEAN SCHISM.—For some time back the Syro-Chaldaic Christians of Mesopotamia have been in a state of almost openly declared schism against the Holy See, owing to the obstinacy of their Patriarch, Mgr. Audu. The Apostolic Delegate in those parts is Mgr. Lion, of the Order of St. Dominic, Archbishop of Damietta, who is assisted in his mission by Dominican Fathers of the Province of France. These religious have been labouring to bring back this people

to the Church, and hitherto without success, for, though they are well disposed, they can do nothing without their Patriarch, who is the head of their nation as well as of their Church. But within the last few days Mgr. Lion has had the consolation of sending to the Holy Father the news of the submission of the Patriarch. This trouble is therefore now at an end, for the clergy and people desire nothing better than to form part of the Communion of the Catholic Church.

A CONFRATERNITY IN HONOUR OF THE HOLY GHOST.—It is rather surprising that among the numerous devotional Confraternities of the Church one should not have been instituted in honour of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Teacher of the Church, and the Giver of Grace to all souls. This want has, however, been supplied by the establishment of the "Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost." It is under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Rawes, St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, London, of whom all information may be obtained.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

Means to accomplish an important undertaking.

A mother asks prayers for her son's vocation to the priesthood.

A religious community asks for means to complete their church and choir.

That a happy marriage may be brought about.

The conversion of some Protestants

Means to pay some debts.

A priest in Ireland asks prayers that our Lady may help him in his great difficulties, with regard to the Catholic education of the children in his parish.

That a person may be paid money that is due, and released from a great difficulty.

The conversion of a Protestant family.

A special favour asked through the intercession of St. Vincent Ferrer.

The conversion of a family.

The intentions of a religious.

The perseverance of some persons in the religious state.

The repose of the souls of some parents and friends.

N.B. Intentions for prayer are not inserted unless authenticated by the name and address of the sender.

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MAY.

[A.D. 1877.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

EVERY member of the Confraternity of the Rosary has good reason to welcome the return of the month of May, in order to renew the fervour of his devotion to the glorious Queen of Heaven, whom we love to honour as Queen of the Holy Rosary. We hope to do our readers a service by offering a few observations, and adding two or three practical suggestions, which may help them to enter into the devotional spirit of this month.

While it is true that the devotions which the children of the Church pay to our Lady all over the world, during this month, are to be regarded rather as the manifestation of a popular instinct than as entering into the liturgy of the Church, still the Church has given a definite sanction to this pious popular feeling by encouraging many varied forms of devotion, and by the grant of indulgences, both plenary and partial.

Now what undoubtedly stirs the hearts and feelings of the faithful during the month of Mary is the habitual hearty desire and determination, not only to feel, but to give evidence of a filial love and confidence towards the Mother of God, by more frequently imploring her powerful help, and by a renewal of our consecration to her service, so that through her, and with her, he may more securely have access to the throne of Divine mercy.

The great Christian truth which underlies all devotion to our Lady, and which in every age has found expression in many varied ways in popular practices, is her position in the Church as the Mother of the Redeemer and Mother of the redeemed. We cannot remind ourselves too often, nor dwell upon it too earnestly, that she is "Mary of whom was born Jesus"—words which, while expressing her own unapproachable dignity, are also *our* highest encomium of her greatness, and the sum of all her praises. All generations

are to call her blessed, because He who is Mighty hath done "*great things*" for her. She who is mother of God Incarnate needs no other title to greatness. This sublime and solitary position has proved a sufficiently solid groundwork, from the time of the Apostles to our own, for the honour given to one whom God Himself has so honoured.

And when, in the 13th century, St. Dominic gave to the world the holy Rosary, he did but put into a new and popular shape those sacred Gospel truths which had fed the piety of preceding ages. The burden of the sweet song of the Rosary was then, as now, old, yet ever new, repeated, yet never wearying—the familiar yet ever pleasing picture of a mystery of redemption seen reflected in that untarnished "*Mirror of Justice*," the Mother of our Redeemer; while the very repetition of the same words secures attention, and easily shapes itself to the meaning of each succeeding mystery.

All devotion to Mary, Christ's Virginal Mother, began with the first Hail Mary on the Annunciation day; and just as a few notes are the elements of all song, so the few words of the Ave are the elements of all future love and praise of our Lady.

When the Ave sounded in her ears, at Nazareth, the first note of salvation, she replied to the salutation of heaven and became Mother of God. And we, her ransomed children, acknowledging her as the source of all our graces, re-echo the heavenly greeting, and send back from the redeemed world the same gracious Ave, to praise God for His goodness, and to cause fresh gladness and joy to His Mother.

If all devotion to the Blessed Virgin thus reposes upon the Hail Mary, how sweet must be the music of the Rosary in her ears.

Spiritual writers continually urge the importance of securing depth and solidity in the practices of piety by suggesting definite and practical forms of devotion, such as hearing mass on week-days, approaching the sacraments on certain days, being invested with a scapular, performing certain daily acts of self-denial or of charity. We might all select one or more of these as our daily offering for the month, while, as being the highly-favoured children of our Lady of the Rosary, without burdening ourselves with additional practices, we might see how our Confraternity will help us to turn to account the opportunities of this holy month.

1. Let us often offer our Rosary for the welfare of Holy

Church throughout the world, and for all the needs and intentions of our venerated pontiff, Pius IX. While Christianity is being denied, and the world is everywhere in contest with the Church, no devotion could be more opportune than the Rosary.

2. Let us resolve to *meditate* as well as we can upon the different mysteries while we recite the decades. This indeed is a necessary condition for gaining the indulgences. Whatever we read in books, or hear in sermons, we should bring to bear upon our recital of the Rosary.

3. We might also renew our efforts to gain as many as we can of the numerous indulgences granted to the Confraternity, and apply them to deceased members, or to those who on earth were specially devout to our Lady.

4. Lastly, try during the month, when a favourable opportunity occurs, to speak in favour of the devotion and of the Confraternity, and so encourage others to join it.

Many, every day, will be the fragrant garlands which piety will weave and lay at the feet of the gentle Queen of heaven. Members of our Lady's favourite Confraternity! let us be quick, as St. Dominic of old, to testify our love, and to secure many graces for ourselves and for the world at large.

F. A. B.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

IX.

THE next move of the Prefect was to forbid the people to go to Massabielle, or to approach the Grotto. He caused a large board to be placed on the rock, and another near the Grotto, on both of which were painted these words: "It is forbidden to enter these grounds." Strong barricades were placed on every side, and some of the police were stationed there to keep the people from approaching, and from taking away the water of our Lady's fountain. But these measures only served to increase the fervour of the people and the number of the pilgrims, who, being prevented from approaching the neighbourhood of the Grotto, assembled in vast bodies on the opposite side of the Gave, some even kneeling on the stones in the bed of the river. The police harassed

and vexed the people in various ways, and arrested all who ventured too near the barricades.

Jacomet was triumphant, and he exercised his high functions, as he considered them, in an extremely harsh and imperious manner. One day he caught sight of a group of persons, composed in about equal number of ladies and gentlemen, making their way along the heights of Massabielle. Rushing up to them, he bade them, in his usual imperious tone, to read the words painted on the board. "Do you not see," he said, "that it is forbidden to pass here?" One of the strangers answered, "Thanks, friend," and the party continued to advance, evidently bent on going down to the Grotto. Jacomet, in the most violent manner, demanded their names, threatening to arrest them. A lady of the party said, with extreme politeness, "Have the kindness, sir, to lend me your note-book an instant, that we may ourselves write our names, as the orthography of some of them is difficult." Each one of the party wrote his or her name; the lady then handed back the book to its owner, and without waiting for permission, they all continued their descent to the Grotto. Dr. Dozous was present at this scene, accompanied by the celebrated Carmelite, Père Hermann, and M. Louis Veuillot, and he says, "The Commissary was so absorbed in reading what had been written in his note-book that he paid no attention to us, although we passed close by him in the track of the party whom he had wished to arrest. We descended the slopes to the Grotto, but paused on our way to see what had become of Jacomet. He was still in the same spot, still gazing with a pale face at the names in his pocket-book. Suddenly he started off to the town. We afterwards learnt that the lady who spoke so quietly and politely to Jacomet was Madame Bruat, wife of the excellent Admiral Bruat, and governess to the Prince Imperial, and that her companions were high functionaries of the Imperial Court."

In the meantime Jacomet, his note-book in hand, hastened to relate to the Prefect what had occurred, and to communicate to him his fears. The two worthies saw clearly the rock ahead. It was well known that Madame Bruat, a very excellent woman, was in the confidence of the Empress, and they felt sure that if their petty tyranny should be exposed to the Empress it would be speedily checked. It was, therefore, expedient to take measures that would prevent their authority from being discredited. The Prefect consequently wrote to

the minister, praying him to tell the Bishop that a stop must be at once put to the continuance of the deplorable superstition which was so seriously affecting the true interests of religion. The minister immediately wrote a most pressing letter to the Bishop, urging him to use strong measures to prevent his flock from going to Massabielle or ever more speaking of the vision.

The substance of the Bishop's answer was that he had named a commission for the purpose of examining into the extraordinary events that had taken place at the Grotto, that the commission had already advanced some way its labours, and that M. Rouland's letter could in no way stop or change the work already begun, the result of which would be laid before himself, and would guide him in forming a decision which would clear up all doubts, and thus guarantee the true interests of religion. However, the vexatious persecutions went on as before; many persons were arrested, fined, and even imprisoned, on the most trifling pretexts. Three poor women were arrested and heavily fined for having said that the Emperor had asked Bernadette to pray for him. The case was sent on to the superior courts at Pau, but there the first sentence was reversed; the women were declared innocent, with the observation that the case should not have been brought into court.

This decision of the higher courts gave great satisfaction to the people; it showed them that, beyond a certain clique, their rights would be respected, and that in the end justice would prevail. They had not long to wait. What the Prefect and Jacomet feared came to pass: Madame Bruat and her friends related all that they had seen to the Empress, who likewise daily received letters from all parts protesting against the prohibition to visit the Grotto, and complaining of the harsh and arbitrary conduct of the Prefect and the police.

Orders were sent to the Prefect to allow the people to have free access to the Grotto. Overwhelmed with vexation, he sent for Jacomet, who advised him not to allow it to be known that he had received the order, but gradually, and as if of his own accord, to relax the vigilant watch that had been established at Massabielle. They hoped that this order, which was so damaging to their dignity, was only an Imperial caprice, and would soon be forgotten. But their hopes and calculations were very quickly disappointed. A second order,

more stringent and imperative than the first, placed them on the horns of a dilemma. To hesitate now to execute the Imperial decree would be equivalent to signing their own dismissal; on the other hand, to publish it in the terms in which they had received it would be a public condemnation of their past severity.

Jacomet again came to the rescue of the Prefect. He would, he said, take upon himself the task of making it appear to the people that the Prefect had resolved, in spite of all risks, to give everyone for the future free access to the Grotto, for which courageous act on the part of the Prefect he trusted they would be duly grateful.

Unfortunately for M. Jacomet, the parish priest had received orders to inform the people that they were to have full permission to visit the Grotto and use the water of the fountain, and that all restrictions to their devotion were now removed.

M. Péyamale made this good news known to his flock as soon as he received it, and therefore, when Jacomet issued his invitation to the inhabitants of Lourdes to meet him at the Grotto, they knew that he would be obliged to tell them the truth. Not knowing that they were already informed of the contents of the Imperial decree, he addressed them in words intended to mislead them as to the true state of the case. He told them that he had always sympathised with their sentiments of faith and piety, that it had caused him great pain when, in obedience to superior orders, he had been obliged to impose so many restraints upon their devotion, but that he was resolved for the future to protect them from every annoyance. When the people heard these patronising words, they burst into loud laughter. Jacomet now saw how matters stood, and thought it most prudent to beat a hasty retreat from the spot. Thus ended the persecutions that Bernadette and the good people of Lourdes and its neighbourhood had endured with so much forbearance.

(To be continued.)

THE FINDING OF THE HOLY CROSS.—MAY 3.

(Translated from the Dominican Breviary.)

I.

Hail, Holy Cross, the world's true glory, hail!
Our hope and joy in this terrestrial vale:
Salvation's sign, defence in every strife,
Redeeming wood, sole source of grace and life.

II.

O Holy Cross, deserving of all praise,
Be thou adored, revered thro' endless days;
Thy precious merits loud proclaim us free,
Once slaves of sin by Eden's fatal tree.

III.

O Jesus, Who did'st cancel by Thy Cross
The sin of Adam—man's eternal loss—
By that same Cross each sinful fall repair,
And keep us safe from Satan's deadly snare.

IV.

O Holy Cross, protect, defend, and save
All those who 'neath Thy arms a shelter crave:
There grant them rest in Thy embrace all pure,
From ills of soul and body e'er secure.

V.

Let glory through the Holy Cross be given
To God the Triune in the highest heaven,
While Angel hosts their joyous anthems sound,
And Earth pays homage to this Treasure found.

F. S. S.

THE THREE CITIES : AN ALLEGORY.

(Continued from page 245.)

CONVERSATION ON THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Q. What is meant by the city in which Audacia ended his life ?

A. The world ; and its deceitful honours and pleasures, which are never enjoyed without sin, are represented by the various entertainments provided for its inhabitants by the King of the City ; while their hollowness and falsity are represented by the meanness of the interior of the palace, and by the lamentable state of the people living in the back streets and lower parts of the city. The insecure state of the votaries of the world is also represented by the rottenness of the floor of the banqueting-hall ; and the end of all those who forsake the path of true religion to enjoy the world's vain pleasure is symbolised by the untimely death of Audacia during the banquet.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

ON the morrow I overtook Timor, who, having found his way back to the right road, had passed through the night unhurt, and was now advancing on his way. His success had greatly encouraged him, and after he had walked on some little distance his flagging spirits considerably revived, but when the burning rays of the noonday sun fell with terrible force upon his uncovered head, he slackened his pace, and after a short time sat down in the cool shade of a large ash near the roadside. There he remained, utterly discouraged, until, casting down his eyes towards the ground, he saw his little bell, and starting up set off once more upon his journey. This alternate hope and alarm continued to last for some hours, and, sad to say, each time he halted he became more and more disheartened. Every now and then he would start as if he saw some new peril at hand, and fearful phantoms of imaginary dangers passed before his eyes. At one time they would take the shape of some formidable enemy awaiting him in the distance, and then his legs would tremble beneath him, his heart quail, and a sorrowful lamentation escape from his lips. Another time he would fancy that some one was about to assault him from behind, and he would flee as if for his life, until, completely exhausted by his flight, he would

fall down upon the road ; and even the few faint rays of hope which occasionally cheered him only served in the long run to dishearten him the more.

But although the dangers which beset his path made him think, at times, that he would not be able to continue his journey, still he never forgot his little bell, and on the whole he made considerable progress. At last he came to a part of the road which ran between high rocks ; this pleased him, for they appeared to promise protection from danger. But this hope soon vanished, for he saw a man hiding among the rocks, apparently waiting to attack him ; he was armed with bow and arrows, and was quite prepared to take aim as soon as the youth should come within his reach. Timor paused, and looked around, but saw no way of escape ; he must either pass him or retreat by the road by which he had come. His face turned ashy pale, and his hair stood on end with fright. What was he to do ? He sat down upon a rock to deliberate ; then he took his little bell into his hands, and, trusting to its help, ran at full speed past the place where his enemy was posted, and succeeded in making his escape without serious hurt. This carried him at least a mile further on his journey, for his alarm was so excessive that he dared not slacken his speed until perfectly sure that he was out of danger. When he did stop, he found that an arrow, hitting him upon the heel, had inflicted a painful wound. Still, he felt so thankful that he had escaped the danger of death that it did not alarm him much, and after a short rest he set off once more.

A few hours after this adventure he was accosted by a Messenger of the Great King, who, by his considerate manner and soothing words, succeeded in dispelling much of the alarm which yet remained in his mind. "Why should you be afraid ?" he said. "You have already overcome many more dangers than you will have to pass through in the future." And then he drew from him an account of his whole journey, especially how he had been seduced into accompanying Audacia on the way to the Civitas Mundi, but how he had recovered the right road again. Then, in virtue of power given him by the Great King, he pardoned all his wanderings, examined the wound he had received upon his heel, anointed it with oil, and, bidding him farewell, set him off again upon his journey.

This gentle and loving treatment revived him much. Instead of a dooping head and weary, languid limbs, he now

walked along erect, planted his feet more firmly upon the ground, and made more rapid progress.

After several hours he came in sight of a large building, erected close to the road. He quickened his pace, and soon stood in front of the entrance, and looked in through the doorway. It was a wide and lofty hall, built of fair white stone, but furnished with the utmost simplicity. Tables covered with pure bleached linen were ranged down each side, at which many guests were seated. He lingered in the porch, afraid to enter. Then an old man, clad in the robes of the messengers of the Great King, approached and invited him in; but first he took him to a spring of clear water near the door of the hall, and told him to wash himself and shake the dust from his feet. Then he led him into the hall, and found him a seat at one of the tables. A profound silence reigned throughout; but while the guests sat waiting for the banquet, a youth entered and imperiously made his way to one of the tables and sat him down unbidden. His face wore a sullen, discontented look, and having neglected to shake off the dust from his feet, he left footmarks upon the clean floor. After seating himself, he began to talk in a loud tone to one of those nearest him, and very soon expressed his desire for some speedy refreshment in a loud and self-important manner. The guests looked at him in astonishment, and at last one of the more aged among them gently bade him hold his peace. He sullenly obeyed, and like the rest awaited the banquet in silence.

Then a door at the end of the hall noiselessly opened, and two beautiful youths entered bearing loaves of new wheaten bread on clean wooden trenchers, followed by two others carrying cups of clear, sparkling wine. Ample portions of bread and a cup of this wine were placed before each guest.

Timor took the food thus put before him and ate, and in a short time felt a great change pass over him. The food seemed to penetrate into and reanimate the whole of his being; his weakness gradually vanished, and with it his timidity, which was succeeded by a manly courage and modest self-confidence. The change was indeed so great that upon leaving the hall the King's messenger who had invited him in, and who now bade him farewell, told him that his name would be no longer Timor, but the more pleasing one of Amor.

Thus reanimated he recommenced his journey and walked along very briskly. Never had the world looked so beautiful

to him as it now did, never had his fears been less or his hopes higher ; everything he saw—the clear blue sky above, the stately trees, and the ripe yellow corn waving in the fields, all seemed to have acquired a new beauty, and to speak a sweet and loving message from the Great King to his soul, whispering counsels of trust and confidence in his goodness and care for the travellers upon the road. The little rills which coursed their rapid way through the verdant meadows seemed to sing gay melodies in praise of the Great King, and even the trials and troubles he occasionally met with only spoke the same language to him. Never had I seen the cross upon his brow so bright, and the tone of his little bell, which he did not forget in his prosperity, was clearer than ever, and rang like a tiny clarion in the balmy air.

Thus he travelled along for the rest of the day supremely happy, but when the evening was fast creeping over the face of the earth, he thought he heard a mournful sigh issue from a little copse which bordered the road at that point, and looking about him saw that the ground bore marks as if some deadly struggle had recently taken place there ; then he found several pieces of cloth which appeared to have been part of some one's garments, and last of all a little bell, precisely like his own, lying upon the ground covered with dust. On searching still further he saw a clot of fresh blood, then another and another, and then a continuous track, which he followed, and found that it led into the copse of trees from which he had heard the mournful sigh proceed. Here he heard another sigh proceed from the same place. It was evidently the cry of some one in great pain. He rang his little bell, and then, full of trust in its help, ran in the direction from whence the groans proceeded. Forcing his way with much difficulty, he came to a clearing in the wood, and there saw, stretched out upon the ground, but attempting to arise, the youth who had drawn so much attention upon himself by his rude behaviour and loud talking at the banquet in the hall. He was wounded in many places, and bathed in a pool of blood. He saw Amor approaching, and called to him, in a very faint voice and piteous tone, to come and help him. Amor hastened to him, and raising his head from the ground, made him a pillow of grass, and then attempted to stanch his bleeding wounds.

"Who has done this?" cried Amor. "Who has thus dared to ill-treat you?" "Alas," said the youth, "I know not

his name, for as I was peaceably passing this wood, a knight, clad in jet black armour, issued from it, and without any provocation drew his sword and attacked me, and although he had but little real skill, soon overcame me, for after I left that fatal banquet my former strength seemed to depart, and my arm to lose its power, so although in other circumstances I could have easily gained the victory over him, he overcame me and dragged me into this wood, ill-treated me in most un-knightly manner, and then left me, but threatened to return, after a little while, to put an end to my life, for he was determined that I should never arrive at the city of his enemy the Great King. He has been gone some time, so unless you also would fight him, pray get you gone, and leave me alone to die."

"Not so," answered Amor; "here I will stay until this false knight returns, so that I may fight him and force him to reveal his name. But tell me what is your name?" "My name," said the dying youth, "is Odium," and then he continued, "I see my fatal mistake now when it is too late. If only I had followed the advice given me by the messenger of the Great King whom I met before the banquet, and had confided in him, I should not have experienced such a bitter defeat."

To this Amor answered, "Take courage again, my friend, for although you are wounded I will try to find some way of curing your wounds. And first I will carry you back to the road, and then I will search for a messenger of the Great King, who can heal you and direct you what further course to pursue, for although you have made a lamentable mistake in trusting your own strength alone, yet you have paid a grievous penalty for it, and no doubt your sufferings will plead eloquently in your behalf with the Great King." But Odium would not hear of it. "No," he said, "it is too late. I can only live a few hours, and if I should be removed from here the pain would reopen my wounds; therefore let me alone—let me die in peace. I have given up all hopes of reaching the City of the Great King; indeed, I do not believe in its existence; let me therefore die in peace."

Nor did any persuasion Amor used cause him to change his mind. "Let me alone," was all he said, "and take care of yourself, for if my cruel enemy returns while you are here, perhaps he will conquer you also." Amor, however, would not leave him alone to the mercies of so fierce an enemy, and

ceased not urging him to allow himself to be placed beyond his reach. And as he was bending over him to stanch one of his wounds which had burst forth anew, Odium suddenly cried out, "Beware! I see him coming." Amor started up and saw that the Black Knight was close upon him, and scarcely had time to ring his little bell before the enemy attacked him with naked sword. Beyond a stout arm, undaunted courage, and his newly-acquired strength, Amor had no means of self-defence, and was forced to use a stratagem in order to deprive his enemy of his sword. He dexterously stepped aside and allowed the knight to catch his foot in a bramble which grew there. The ruse succeeded; the knight fell, and before he could arise Amor snatched the weapon from his loosened grasp, and hurled it away beyond his reach. He allowed the knight to get up, and then throwing himself with all his might upon him, a deadly struggle ensued. At first the Black Knight, although a little damped by his unforeseen accident, seemed to obtain some advantage, but Amor, knowing what his fate would be if he should be overcome, and calling to mind the City of the Great King, which he knew he should never see if he allowed himself to be conquered, made a gigantic effort, and succeeded in throwing his enemy. But he could not secure him, for he was so lithe and active that he almost immediately secured his lost advantage, and threw Amor to the ground. The knight held Amor down some time, and was fixing his bony knuckles upon his throat to strangle him, when Amor made another desperate effort, and again succeeded in overthrowing his enemy. This was decisive, for after some fruitless efforts to extricate himself from Amor's tight grasp, he gave up the contest, and humbly sued for mercy. "Your name," said Amor. "My name," he said, "is Infidelitas, the son of Superbia."

Then Amor allowed him to rise. But the false knight, seeing his opportunity, attempted to escape, and again almost succeeded in worsting Amor in a fearful struggle which ensued, but Amor happily prevailed, and this time bound him hand and foot lest he should try to escape again. Then he turned to attend to Odium, who had lain upon the grass during the combat, but found him dead. So leading the captive knight along he left the wood, and continued his journey to the City of the Great King.

(To be continued.)

APOSTLES OF THE ROSARY.

III.—FR. LEWIS CANCER. (*Continued from page 237.*)

ON his arrival in Mexico he obtained from a Guardian of the Order of St. Francis some Indians trained in playing and singing the music of the Church, to instruct his converts in Verapaz in these devout arts. The good Franciscan was very unwilling to let them go, but the entreaties of Father Lewis Cancèr, backed as they were by the letters of recommendation which he had obtained from the King, at last prevailed, and the Indian musicians went with him. He arrived in Verapaz in the year 1542.

Great was the delight of Don Juan, the converted cacique, and the Indians, when, after an absence of four years, they saw their spiritual Father once more, "the standard-bearer of the faith," as they called him. No demonstrations of joy were too great to welcome his return. They received him with triumphal arches, dances, and such complimentary speeches that it appeared as if they had been taught rhetoric.

The Indians were greatly delighted with the privileges and marks of esteem that Fr. Lewis had obtained for them from Spain. The chiefs were especially pleased with the letters addressed to them in the name of the Emperor, Charles V., and these letters were preserved and handed down to their descendants for many generations.

Fr. Lewis Cancèr, on his part, was no less pleased at finding himself amongst these fervent converts; and his joy at meeting them again was augmented by the solid satisfaction of finding that, during his absence, the number of inhabitants in the Christian towns had greatly increased, that new settlements had been formed, that good order had been maintained and good habits taken deeper root, that religious zeal had increased, and that these converted Indians seemed to have forgotten the old ways of their idolatry.

He lost no time in setting himself to work to spread the knowledge of the faith, and to establish greater beauty and order in the worship of God. And for this latter purpose he made great use of the Indians whom he had brought with him from Mexico. These men did not stay any great length of time in Verapaz. Uncivilised men can rarely bear to remain long away from their own country, and so these

Indian choristers, though they were no doubt treated with great kindness, soon got home-sick, and returned to their home near Pueblo de los Angeles, in Flascalà. However, they remained long enough to instruct the Tuzulutlans in the chanted services of the Church.

How these services were performed we learn from the letter of an Italian Franciscan missionary, who is giving an account of the customs of Mexico to the Provincial of Bologna. "Every day," he writes, "we are accustomed to sing mass in this way. The priest intones the mass, then these youths sing the rest in figured music, and with instruments, such as organs, harps, flutes, and others, in such a way that I believe no Christian has ever heard such harmony, and hearing these instruments one would think one's self in Paradise and listening to the angels."

In this work of building up the religion of Christ in Verapaz, Fr. Lewis passed several years of quiet and uneventful toil.* And in it he would, no doubt, have ended his days, had not God stirred up his ardent soul, which was ever ready for difficult undertakings, to a new enterprise for the propagation of the faith. This work was the conversion of Florida, a work in which he was not to succeed, but in which he was to gain the martyr's crown, and thus merit success for those who were to follow him in the task.

The peninsula of Florida had been discovered in the year 1510, on Palm Sunday. This day is called in Spanish, *Pasqua florida*, on account of the palm branches used in the services of the Church, and from that circumstance it received its name, and not, as some have said, from the number of flowers that are found there. Four attempts to conquer this country were made by the Spaniards before Fr. Lewis Cancèr was inspired to attempt its conversion, but all had turned out disastrously, and Florida remained in its original barbarism and idolatry.

Having obtained the permission of his superiors, Fr. Lewis Cancèr bade farewell to Verapaz, whither he was never to

* About four years ago the writer of this sketch of Fr. Lewis Cancèr met the Vicar-Provincial of the Dominicans of Guatemala (who had been exiled by the revolutionary government of that state), and asked him what was the present condition of Verapaz, the former Land of War. He was told that it still continued under the spiritual care of the Dominican Fathers, to whom the people were devotedly attached, and that they had a convent at Coban, and about a dozen parishes in the surrounding country.

return, and set out for Spain, in order to obtain there the means necessary for carrying out his plan, and chiefly a ship to convey him to Florida. But he was not destined to reach Spain without adventure. In the sixteenth century, and, indeed, for more than two centuries later, the Mediterranean and the parts of the Atlantic ocean which border on Spain and Africa were infested with innumerable pirate ships from the ports of Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis, which attacked all Christian vessels of inferior size to their own, plundered them, and carried their passengers and crews into slavery. This fate befell the ship in which Fr. Lewis had embarked. It was attacked by a corsair and captured, and the crew and passengers were taken into port to be sold as slaves.

On their arrival at port, the landing of the captives was witnessed by a French gentleman of distinction. He noticed the religious habit of Fr. Lewis, and said to him, in anything but a tone of sympathy at his sad fate, "How does your reverence feel now?" Fr. Lewis calmly replied that he felt that the will of God was being accomplished in him. And he added that he was better pleased thus to suffer, to do God's will, than to accomplish the business on which he was going, though it concerned the salvation of souls. The gentleman was so struck with the reply that he at once ransomed Fr. Lewis at his own expense, and, moreover, gave him enough money to enable him to reach Spain.

(To be continued.)

THE ASCENSION.

THE SECOND GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

Twice twenty days have come and gone
Since Thou didst pass the sealèd stone ;—
Sweet Jesus, live for ever !
Now on the brow of Olivet
With that loved band Thou lingerest yet ;—
O Jesus, live for ever !

Soft is the summer sun, and high
Floateth a cloud in deep blue sky ;—
O Jesus, live for ever !
Once more Thy Mother near Thee stands—
With tender gaze and folded hands
She listens to Thy last commands ;—
Sweet Jesus, live for ever !

The time is past for farewells sweet :
“ I go, to send the Paraclete.”
O Jesus, live for ever !
One blessing more, earth sinks away,
The cloud receives Him,—Mother, pray !
Thy love may Him no longer stay.
Man triumphs ! Heaven is won for aye !
Man reigns in God for ever !

The Eternal gates
Of Heaven unbar !
They spy the Victor
From afar !
And angels throng
The pomp to swell,
And souls set free
From death and Hell.
O glorious train !
Majestic move
On wings of glory,
Wings of love !
O great Redeemer,
Man Divine,
Praise in the Highest
Be Thine ! Be Thine !

SR. TERESA OF THE HOLY GHOST,
Tert. O.S.D.

AUGUSTINE M'NALLY.*

FATHER COLLINS, of Mount St. Bernard's Abbey, has written an interesting and edifying sketch of a young lad, a Dominican Tertiary, who died at Sheffield three years ago.

Augustine M'Nally, the subject of the memoir, was born of poor parents, but inherited from his mother natural gifts and a refinement of mind that were far above his station in life. Through her, too, he received the gift of faith; but she died when he was but five years old, and he was then brought up in a Methodist family, and educated in a Protestant school. For an account of his conversion to the Catholic religion, and his apostacy from it, we must refer our readers to Fr. Collins' little book. His subsequent reconversion was due to his love for our Blessed Lady, towards whom he found no devotion in the Church of England.

One thing that haunted his mind continually was his entire separation from our Blessed Lady, whom he loved most tenderly. Keble wrote a beautiful poem, well describing his feelings, the burden of which is, "My Mother is not here." The drift of this poem is that in the Church of England the Christian child in vain looks about for his Mother, the holy Virgin. She is put out of sight and covered up. This Augustine found to be the case. And though his new friends sought to prove to him their devotion to our Lady, their arguments on this point failed to convince him. He saw plainly that their devotion was at best only personal, and not the teaching of the church of which they were members, but contrary to her spirit. This made him very unhappy; and not finding our Lady in the Church of England, he used to make frequent private visits to St. Mary's, where he knelt a long time in the church, not indeed praying, for, as he confessed afterwards, his heart was so sad that he could think of no prayer. Sometimes the tears would come into his eyes, but if any of his Catholic acquaintances came near him, he hid his face in his hands and would not be seen. It was during his separation from the Church that he wrote in a book of the "Little Office of our Blessed Lady," which he still always carried in his pocket, a list of all her most beautiful titles. This was to console himself a little for his separation from her, and as a sort of protest for the continuance of his love.

His ultimate reconversion took place in this way:—On the last day of April the children of Mary prepared a temporary altar for our Blessed Lady for the month of May. On the 1st of May, 1872, Augustine, on his road to the office where he was a clerk, went into St. Mary's Church to look at the altar for the month of May, which was beautifully decked out, there being a statue of our Blessed Lady at the back. He knelt down before the altar, and tried to say a prayer, but was not able to think of any.

* Memoir of the life of Augustine M'Nally, Tertiary O.S.D. By the Rev. H. Collins. London: Richardson and Sons.

He then raised his eyes to look at our Lady's face, and it seemed to him to wear a stern and severe expression. Then he thought with such sorrow of his separation from the holy Mother of God, and from the Catholic Church, and feeling a deep sense of misery, he could endure it no longer, but began to sob aloud. Canon Walshaw happened to be in the church not far off, and, being surprised to hear the sobbing, turned to look who it was that was in such deep distress. He at once recognised the boy, and longed to go and console him, but, not thinking it prudent, withheld himself with difficulty from doing so. He continued saying his office, when he felt some one touch him. It was Augustine. He asked to go at once to confession, which the Canon readily acceded to; and so he was again reconciled to the Church.

Augustine M'Nally lived but two years after his reconversion. During this time he made two attempts at embracing the religious life, first among the Benedictines at Belmont, and then, finding his health unequal to the Benedictine rule, among the Marists. But here too his health broke down, and on his return home he was advised to content his aspirations after the religious life by entering the Third Order of St. Dominic, which he did.

His last illness was very edifying.

On Christmas Day he came downstairs for the last time. His weakness had increased rapidly, but his cheerfulness was the same. When alone during the day, or when wakeful during the night, he often read. A little pile of his favourite books lay on his bed, close to his hand, with his rosary. They consisted of "The Consoler," "All for Heaven," "New Testament," the "Officium Parvum B.M.V.," and the "Dominican Tertiary Book of Rules and Office." He could repeat long passages from "All for Heaven;" and when in great suffering, mental or bodily, nothing soothed him better than reading to him one of his favourite passages in "The Consoler," while he lay with his eyes fixed on a large crucifix, which hung near his bed. Our Lord's sufferings deeply affected him, and large tears rolled down his cheeks as he contemplated them. He used to say how distressed he felt that he had nothing to offer to our Lord.

Once, when he was in great pain, a friend who waited on him expressed a wish to bear it instead of him; but, looking reproachfully, he said, "You would not rob me of a gem?" Then, turning to the crucifix, he added: "Let me suffer yet more, my Lord, if it be Thy holy Will." He had a great desire to suffer, to atone for his past sins, which were, however, not so much malicious offences as the natural offspring of never being kept under discipline. But he viewed these things now in God's light, and was a tearful penitent for them. About three weeks before his death, his tongue became so sore that to take any food gave him the most distressing pain. This suffering filled him with joy. "I am glad," he said, "that my tongue is so sore. It is only just that it should have to suffer. I have done nothing but evil with it."

He received the last Sacrament with great devotion. Fr. Collins says that—

Those who saw him that day will never be able to forget the radiant joy and holy sweetness of his countenance. He said little, but his face and manner told what he felt and where his soul was fixed. He was very happy and peaceful all the day. All anxiety and excitement had entirely left him. When he spoke it was of his death; but his eyes glistened with an ineffable joy, and a smile of heaven rested on his face. It was the old smile of his childhood, but brightened now to a beauty far beyond. For now he seemed to have reached the climax of his wishes. It was as if the gates of heaven were unbarred to him before the time, and the golden light of Paradise shone reflected on his countenance. He broke out with exclamations sometimes, "Oh! what happiness to think that I shall never sin there—never be able to offend God any more!"

Augustine M'Nally died on February 23, 1874.

THE ROSARY IN HONOUR OF THE HOLY GHOST.

THERE is no devotion that is of such universal application as the Rosary. Indeed, this is one of its great merits. It is suitable to all states of mind, to all seasons and festivals, and it harmonizes with every other devotion. As an example of this, we give the following series of meditations, to be used with the Rosary as a devotion to the Holy Ghost. There are many persons who are accustomed to use some such little meditation before each mystery of the Rosary, and some of these persons may like to use the meditations here given as an occasional change from those which they generally use. They will be, of course, particularly appropriate to the season of Whitsuntide, now close at hand.

The Joyful Mysteries.

1. THE ANNUNCIATION.

I glorify and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, who, when the Angel was sent to announce to the Blessed Virgin Mary that she was chosen to be the Mother of God, didst come down upon her and bring to pass the glorious mystery of the Incarnation. I beseech Thee grant me through her intercession [the virtue of humility].*

* The virtues asked for in each meditation are those usually considered as the fruits of the respective mysteries, but they have been placed between brackets [] in order that the petition may be varied to suit each person's

2. THE VISITATION.

I glorify and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, by whose inspiration the Blessed Mother of God undertook a journey to visit her cousin St. Elizabeth, and who, at the voice of her salutation, didst sanctify St. John who was yet unborn. I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of Mary [the virtue of charity to my neighbour].

3. THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD.

I glorify and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, who, by Thy divine operation, didst cause the Infant Jesus to be born of a spotless Virgin Mother. I beseech Thee to grant me through her intercession [poverty of spirit, and detachment from all earthly things].

4. THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

I glorify and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, who, when the Infant Jesus was presented in the Temple, didst enlighten the holy man Simeon and cause him to proclaim the Redeemer of the world. I beseech Thee to grant me through the intercession of the Holy Mother of God [the virtue of obedience].

5. THE FINDING OF OUR LORD IN THE TEMPLE.

I glorify and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, who didst manifest the glory of the Person of the Divine Word in the Temple in the midst of the doctors. I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of His holy Mother [a true love for Him and for His service].

Hail, Holy Queen, &c.

V. Queen of the most Holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O God the Holy Ghost, who, when Thou didst espouse the Blessed Virgin Mary to Thyself, didst cause her to be the mother of all who live by Thee, grant us through her prevail-

devotion. Thus the same virtue may be asked all through, or any other grace that is being prayed for may be named instead of the virtue placed between the brackets.

ing intercession all the graces purchased for us by the Incarnation, sufferings, and glory of her divine Son Jesus Christ our Lord: who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the glory of the Father, one God, world without end. Amen.

The Sorrowful Mysteries.

1. THE PRAYER AND AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

I adore and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, who art one in nature with the Eternal Word, whose sacred human Soul was afflicted with bitter sorrow for my sake in the Garden of Gethsemane, and who didst strengthen Him by the ministry of an Angel. I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of the Mother of Sorrows [a great love of prayer].

2. THE SCOURGING.

I adore and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, who art one in nature with the Eternal Word, whose sacred Body was cruelly scourged for my sins. I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of the Mother of Sorrows [a true spirit of mortification].

3. THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.

I adore and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, who art one in nature with the Eternal Word, whose sacred Head was crowned with thorns to satisfy for my guilt. I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of the Mother of Sorrows [the spirit of fortitude].

4. THE CARRYING THE CROSS.

I adore and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, who art one in nature with the Eternal Word, whose sacred Body was laden with the Cross which he bore through the streets of Jerusalem to Calvary for my salvation. I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of the Mother of Sorrows [the virtue of patience].

5. THE CRUCIFIXION.

I adore and bless Thee, O Holy Ghost, who art one in nature with the Eternal Word, whose sacred Body was pierced with nails and hung in agony on the Cross for love of

me. I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of the Mother of Sorrows [the spirit of self-sacrifice].

The Glorious Mysteries.

1. THE RESURRECTION.

I praise and magnify Thee, O Holy Ghost, through whose operation the sacred Soul of Jesus was restored to His Body, and He rose triumphant from the dead. I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of His happy Mother [the spirit of lively faith].

2. THE ASCENSION.

I praise and magnify Thee, O Holy Ghost, by whose operation the sacred Humanity of Jesus ascended into heaven, and sat at the Right Hand of God the Father. I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of his glorious Mother [the virtue of hope, and a burning desire to be united to God].

3. THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

I praise and magnify Thee, O Holy Ghost, that Thou didst in Thine own divine Person come down upon earth to dwell amongst us as the King and Ruler of the Church. I thank Thee for thy ever-abiding presence in the Church, and for the infallible voice which Thou hast thereby given her. And I beseech Thee grant me through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary thy Spouse [a great zeal for the salvation of souls].

4. THE ASSUMPTION.

I praise and magnify Thee, O Holy Ghost, who by Thy divine working didst cause thy holy Spouse, the Blessed Virgin Mary, to be assumed into heaven to share Thy glory. I beseech Thee grant me through her intercession [a true devotion to my glorious Queen and Mother].

5. THE CORONATION OF OUR LADY.

I praise and magnify Thee, O Holy Ghost, for the crown of glory with which Thou hast crowned the Blessed Virgin Thy Spouse in heaven, and for all the perfections with which Thou hast adorned her. I beseech Thee grant me through her intercession [the grace to persevere to the end and to obtain my crown].

CURRENT EVENTS.

Too late for insertion in our last number, we received the news that our Holy Father the Pope had appointed the Rev. Fr. Vincent Vinyes, of the Order of St. Dominic, Bishop of Leontopolis, *in partibus infidelium*, and coadjutor of the Bishop of Grassvalley, in California. The actual Bishop of Grassvalley, Mgr. O'Connell, is himself a Tertiary of St. Dominic.

At the petition of the most Rev. Fr. Joseph Sanvito, Vicar-General of the Order of Preachers, the Holy Father has granted an annual plenary indulgence for the Feast of St. Joseph, which may be gained in all Dominican churches, on the usual conditions of confession, communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions.

THE JUBILEE OF THE HOLY FATHER.—The following is the programme of the religious ceremonies which will be celebrated in Rome on occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of our Holy Father the Pope, according to the Roman papers, the *Voce della Verita*, and the *Osservatore Romano*.

The majestic Eudoxian Basilica, better known as the Church of St. Peter's chains, in which his Holiness was consecrated Bishop, fifty years ago, will be sumptuously decorated with hangings and lights. In this church will be solemnised a Triduo on the 31st of May and two following days, in thanksgiving for the preservation of the life of the Father of all the faithful. Each day of the Triduo, between vespers and benediction, a sermon will be preached—on the *first* day by Mgr. Egidio Mauri, of the Order of St. Dominic, Bishop of Rieti; on the *second* day by Mgr. Lenti, Archbishop of Sida; and on the *third* day by Cardinal d'Avanzo.

On June 3rd, which is the day of the anniversary, there will be Pontifical Mass, at which all the Bishops present in Rome will assist, and in the afternoon a solemn *Te Deum*.

Our excellent American contemporary, the *Catholic Review*, gives the following particulars of presents which are to be given to the Holy Father by some of his children in British North America on this interesting anniversary:—

One of the most interesting gifts to the Holy Father on the coming anniversary of his episcopate will be the presents of the Catholics of

Manitoba, which will be "racy of the soil." They consist of the rare black elk skins and a missionary's sled and outfit. What these are is thus described in detail in one of the Canadian newspapers :

"The sled rests upon a ground of white cotton, and is drawn by three dogs, whose harness is a miracle of patience, for nothing is wanting. On the sled are cooking utensils, an axe, and some kettles; on the sides rise, over a closed network of little bags or pockets, the raw hides used to cover the load, which consists of the missionary's bedding, the linens, &c., for the altar, and the food for the missionary and his dogs. These little bags or pockets, which are of a very pretty design, will, this time, be filled with gold pieces, the fruit of the Easter collection taken up in all the churches of the diocese of St. Boniface. Behind the sled, and holding the guiding rope, comes the missionary, with his snow shoes, his long whip in his hand, his loins girt with a belt of arrows, the *maskimout* stuck in his girdle, and his cowl drawn over his eyes. All this equipage is contained within a space nearly three feet long and six inches wide. Notwithstanding this, the smooth polished surface of the Great Slave Lake can be seen in the distance; and beyond this, at the other extremity of the sea of ice, rises a Papal flag, on which are two appropriate inscriptions. The furs, the harness of the dogs, and the gloves, and the shoes, are all yellow and white, the Pope's colours. The object of this miniature outfit is not merely to gratify an idle curiosity, but to give the Holy Father an idea of what manner of equipage our missionaries are obliged to travel with, and of the wilds of the North-west, and their long winters, during which they bear the light of the Gospel from one tribe to another, sleeping in the open air, travelling hundreds of miles without meeting a living soul, and exposed to the fearful storms that sometimes sweep over these icy solitudes."

The Right Rev. Dr. McKinnon, Bishop of Arichat in Nova Scotia, who is now *en route* for the Eternal City, is the bearer of a most feeling address to the Holy Father from the Indians of the diocese of Arichat. The address is signed by over one thousand Micmacs, and accompanied by an amount of Peter's Pence which is indeed creditable if the straitened circumstances of the donors be taken into account. It is written in the old Micmac language and breathes throughout the fervent but gentle spirit of a simple primitive faith, and an unostentatious, childlike docility to the visible Head of the Church. Of the many addresses of congratulation of which Pío Nono will have been made the recipient on the occasion of his golden anniversary, few will have a more touching pathos, or will be invested with more historic interest, than that sent by those denizens of the inhospitable forests of Nova Scotia. It can at least claim the distinction of being the filial offering of the aborigines—the children of the first Catholics on the continent of America.

The Micmac tribe were converted to Christianity, in 1604, by the French missionaries, who accompanied the early colonists sent by the King of France to settle ancient Acadia. Naturally conservative of the national habits and idiosyncracies, they have adhered with an almost miraculous fidelity to the old faith, and have preserved it unsullied and unimpaired amid the vicissitudes of well-nigh three hundred years. A faith like theirs is always strong in the very simplicity of its unsophisticated character, and happily has but little of fear from the false spirit of liberalism or the more

subtle rationalism of our nineteenth century. The genuine faith of the poor Micmac is felicitously formulated in this address to the Holy Father.

DOMINICAN MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The *Catholic Review* gives the following account of the mission work of Dominican Fathers in the United States during the past Lent.

The Dominican Fathers have been constantly at work all Lent in the field of missionary labour. On the first Sunday of Lent, Fathers Daly, McKenna, and Lilly opened a two weeks' mission in the church of Father Gray, in Salem, Massachusetts.

Notwithstanding all that was done in days of yore by the good Puritan fathers to banish the "devil and his agents" Salem is far from being the most moral of cities, and perhaps in no other city in the Union was a society having for its object the prevention of blasphemy and indecent language more necessary than here. At the end of the first week a meeting of the men was called, without any special object for it being mentioned. At the time appointed, every seat in the church was filled exclusively with men. One of the missionaries then addressed the meeting at some length on the terrible evils of society. During the discourse the reverend Father dwelt on the outrage the sinner offers to God by blasphemy, and the terrible evil done the neighbour by immodest language, which blackens the souls of those who use it and of those who willingly hear it spoken.

Then he informed his audience that in the thirteenth century Pope Gregory X. commanded the Dominicans to preach against the terrible sin of blasphemy, and to use all their endeavours to eliminate this evil from society. The Dominicans obeyed, and the better to secure the success of their undertaking, established a society whose members pledged themselves not only to refrain from all immoral language themselves, but to use all their endeavours to prevent such language in others.

Then the Father informed his audience that this society exists to-day, approved by the Church, enriched with innumerable indulgences, sharing in all the masses, missionary labours, offices, and austerities of the order of St. Dominic, and that it was to establish a branch of this society here that he called them together. He then read for them, out of the "Dominican Manual," the rules and constitutions of the society, and asked them to give their names to be solemnly received on the next Sunday. Three hundred men gave their names immediately, and on the following Sunday about 450 were solemnly received into the society. On the same evening the Father established a branch of the society in St. John's Church, Peabody, where 130 enrolled themselves. The mission was splendidly attended. The number of communions was 3,500.

On the second Sunday of Lent, Fathers Byrne, Revellé, and Hoban opened a mission at St. Joseph's Church, Newark, New Jersey, of which Father Toomey is pastor—the first week for women, and the second week for men. Father Toomey is most delighted at the grand results of the mission, and publicly expressed gratitude to the reverend Fathers on account of their successful labours among his people. The number of communions was 3,500.

On the fourth Sunday of Lent, Fathers Daly, McKenna, and Lynch commenced a mission in St. Peter's Church, Washington, of which the

renowned preacher, Father Boyle, is the pastor. It was well attended; and the pastor, with his people, were charmed and edified with the eloquence and zeal of the reverend Fathers. There were 3,000 communions.

A bright feature of this mission was the establishment of a Holy Rosary Society, which embraced a membership of 600, and another called the Society of the Holy Name, or Anti-Swearing Society, in which 300 members were enrolled. A three days' mission was given to the children of St. Peter's congregation by the missionaries. 3,000 of the congregation, out of a membership of 4,000 in the parish, received holy communion. There were also a number of converts to the faith. It is consoling to the Catholic heart to witness the substantial evidences of the good work of these able Dominican missionaries. The early spirit that controlled multitudes, and converted nations to the faith of Christ, is still operating everywhere in the Church and producing rich fruit. May the many who have been influenced by the lessons inculcated remain steadfast in the faith—the grand old Catholic faith.

On the same Sunday, Fathers Turner, Lilly, Byrne, Reveillé, Hoban, and Quinn opened a mission of two weeks in the church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York City. The attendance was immense, and the basement of the church, as well as the church proper, was brought into requisition every evening at 7.30, so that the people might have the opportunity of hearing the Word of God. The number of communions was 8,000.

In the meantime Fr. Byrne was delegated to Princeton, New Jersey, where he preached and heard confessions for four or five days. On Sunday evening Fr. Byrne was greeted by a splendid audience, among whom were several young men of the Princeton college, to hear his lecture on "the Catholic Church in the United States during the last hundred years."

THE CONFERENCES OF NOTRE DAME.—The Lenten Conferences of Father Monsabré, O.P., at Notre Dame, Paris, have been attended this year, as usual, by immense congregations. The subject treated by the eloquent Dominican was the Fall and the Preparation of the World for the Incarnation. The last conference was on the Paradise of the Incarnation, and in it F. Monsabré treated on the Blessed Virgin, whom God prepared to receive our Lord at His coming into the world, as He had prepared the Garden of Eden—the earthly Paradise—to be the dwelling of Adam.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

Means to accomplish an important undertaking.

A mother asks prayers for her son's vocation to the priesthood.

A religious community asks for means to complete their church and choir.

Concord in a family.

Detachment of heart.

Grace to overcome a besetting fault.

That a person may be restored to health if it be for the good of his soul.

The conversion of some Protestant relations.

That a happy marriage may be brought about.

The conversion of some Protestants.

Means to pay some debts.

A priest in Ireland asks prayers that our Lady may help him in his great difficulties with regard to the Catholic education of the children in his parish.

The intentions of a religious.

The perseverance of some persons in the religious state.

The repose of the souls of some parents and friends.

Some special intentions.

A member asks prayers for the perseverance of her father.

The conversion of a man who neglects his religion, and is doing great harm by his bad example, and the difficulties into which he is plunging his family.

That the will of God may be made known in a very important matter.

Means to meet heavy engagements, and relief for a person in bad health.

A temporal intention through the intercession of St. Joseph.

A special spiritual intention.

The success of some missions.

The recovery of a sick priest.

The conversion of two brothers and three sisters.

Two marriages.

Relief from suffering, if it be God's will.

That a young girl may have strength to bear a painful humiliation.

That a young man may retrace a false step.

That a person may be brought safely through a trial.

That a person may go to the Sacrament and overcome the temptation to drink.

An increase of faith.

Patience and resignation to God's faith.

Thanks are returned for recovery from a long and dangerous illness.

Thanks are returned for relief granted to a sick person through the use of the Lourdes water, while making a novena in our Lady's honour.

N.B. Intentions for prayer are not inserted unless authenticated by the address and name of the sender.

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LESSONS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

PSALM XCII., DOMINUS REGNAVIT.

THIS psalm is one that is very frequently used by the Church in the Divine Office. It is the first psalm at Lauds on all Sundays and festivals, and also in the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. It was, no doubt, chosen for this position on account of its referring, as we shall see, to the resurrection of our Lord, and the office of Lauds commemorates the resurrection, because our Lord rose from the dead at daybreak, at which hour Lauds was anciently sung.

It is a psalm of praise. In its literal meaning it gives glory to God for the work of Creation, but in its mystical sense it praises Him also for the works of Redemption and Sanctification. Thus it glorifies each of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity, for the work of Creation is especially ascribed to God the Father, that of Redemption to God the Son, and that of Sanctification to God the Holy Ghost. We shall endeavour to explain the psalm in this threefold sense.

1. The Lord hath reigned, he is clothed with beauty: the Lord is clothed with strength, and hath girded himself.

If we apply this verse to the work of Creation, it may be said that God began to reign when He made the world, in order that it might be subject to Him and glorify His name. For it was then that there were first any beings to be subject to His rule. At the Creation, too, God clothed Himself with beauty; for He made the world to be so full of splendour and beauty in order that it might make him known and display His perfections. This is the teaching of St. Paul, who says (Rom. i. 20) that God's "invisible things are seen from the creation of the world, being understood from the things that are made: His eternal power also and divinity." By the words of the psalm, "and hath girded himself," is

meant that God prepared to show forth His power, and to govern the world which He had made.

Now let us consider these same words as glorifying our Lord for the work of Redemption.

"The Lord hath reigned." Jesus Christ began to reign over this world from the first moment of His incarnation; and, therefore, when the three kings came from the East to seek Him, they asked, "Where is He who is *born* King of the Jews?" Nevertheless, His power and authority remained hidden during His life upon earth until the moment of His glorious resurrection; then He laid aside all weakness and abasement, and showed Himself in majesty and power, and commenced His glorious reign over the souls whom He had redeemed, snatching them from the power of death and hell. Therefore He himself said, after His resurrection, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." (Matt. xxviii. 18.) Hence all commentators refer this verse to the resurrection.

"He is clothed with beauty." During His Passion, our Lord's sacred Body was so transfigured with abasements that, as the Prophet cries out in wonder, "There is no beauty in Him or comeliness . . . His look was as it were hidden and despised." (Isaias liii. 2, 3.) But when He rose from the dead, His body was transformed with that divine splendour which was due to it on account of its union with the Divinity, and received the four qualities of glorified bodies, Brightness, Subtlety, Impassibility, Immortality. Therefore the Psalmist says that "He is clothed with beauty," as becomes His royal dignity.

"The Lord is clothed with strength." Our Lord showed His power by the miracles which He worked during the time of His hidden life; nevertheless, He only showed it in part, because these wonderful works were only occasional; generally His power remained hidden. But the resurrection was the greatest of His miracles; in it He showed His irresistible strength by vanquishing the malice of men, the fallen angels, and death itself, and all these became subject to Him. Moreover, He conquered, not for Himself alone, but for all those whom He redeemed, who now can easily conquer the devil, and hell, and sin, through His victory, notwithstanding their own weakness. Thus the resurrection is the beginning of a series of miracles that have been wrought ever since in innumerable souls and all over the world; and hence it may be truly said that, from the moment He rose from the

dead, "The Lord hath reigned, he is clothed with beauty; he is clothed with strength, and hath girded himself."

And now we have to explain how this verse is applied to the work of Sanctification through the Third Person of the Holy Trinity.

"The Lord hath reigned." We are now living under the government of the Holy Ghost in the Church. When our Lord announced to His disciples that He was about to leave this world, in order to be enthroned at the right hand of His Father, He also told them that it was needful for their sakes that He should go, because unless He went the Paraclete would not come, but that if He went He would send him to them. And He explained to them that the Paraclete was the Spirit of Truth, who proceedeth from the Father, who was to descend upon them and abide with them for ever, and lead them into all truth. Therefore, after our Lord had ascended into heaven, the Holy Ghost came down upon the earth to take His place. As our Lord had dwelt with the Apostles whom He had chosen, instructed and counselled them, reprov'd them, preserved them from evil, and was their Master, their Guide, and their King, just so the Holy Ghost came to dwell in the Church, to give it spiritual life, to preserve it from destruction, to instruct it, to guide it, and to govern it. Thus the Holy Ghost is truly the King of the Church of God; His reign began on the day of Pentecost, when He descended in visible form, and took possession of the souls that were to be the foundation of His kingdom.

"He is clothed with beauty." The Holy Ghost reigning in the Church is clothed with beauty by reason of the wonderful fruits which he causes to be produced in the Church. They are twelve in number, and are thus named by St. Paul (Gal. v.) :—"Charity, Joy, Peace, Patience, Benignity, Goodness, Longanimity, Mildness, Faith, Modesty, Continence, Chastity." These beautiful works are the special effects of the presence of the Holy Ghost in the souls that belong to His kingdom. They manifest His presence as the fruit shows the existence of the tree that bore it, for they cannot exist without Him. They are, as it were, the outward vestment with which He clothes Himself and makes Himself known to the world, and there is no one who does not acknowledge the beauty with which He is clothed, and is not sweetly attracted by it.

"The Lord is clothed with strength, and hath girded

himself." The Holy Ghost came down to dwell in the Church as its King in order to do a work of power. It is His office to subdue the stubborn and rebellious souls of men, and bring them to subject themselves to the yoke of Christ. For this reason, when He descended on the day of Pentecost, He clothed Himself with external symbols, which were meant to show His power—the mighty wind and the tongues of fire—fit emblems of His irresistible strength and of the mighty work which He came to fulfil.

2. For he hath established the world : which shall not be moved.

In Creation God established this visible world in which we live. He established it—that is, he gave it a settled and permanent form—and He gave it fixed laws, according to which it was to be governed, of which He keeps the administration in His own divine hands. This is what is called the natural order of God's providence.

If we understand this verse as referring to the work of Redemption, we must explain the word "world" to mean the Church, for the Church is God's supernatural world. Now our Lord has firmly established His Church, because He has founded it upon Himself. The Church is that house built upon a rock of which our Lord speaks in the Gospel, and the rock upon which it is founded is Himself; as St. Paul says (1 Cor. x.), "the rock was Christ."

And if we take the psalm as referring to the work of the Holy Ghost, the word "world" must again be understood as meaning the Church to which the Holy Spirit is sent. "The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole world" (Wisdom i. 7), that is, the whole Church, and from His presence within it all its firmness is derived. Our Lord promised stability to the Church through the authority of the See of Peter—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" but it is the indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost that gives firmness to the Roman See: the successor of St. Peter rules the Church wisely because he is guided by the Holy Ghost, and he instructs it infallibly because he is the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost, who speaks through him.

3. Thy throne is prepared from of old : thou art from everlasting.

This verse applies with equal grandeur and force to all the three great works of God to which we have said the psalm refers—Creation, Redemption, Sanctification.

The visible Creation is the throne of the Most High. In it God is, as it were, enthroned in royal majesty, and displays His glorious attributes to men—His power, His goodness, His wisdom, and the rest. This throne was prepared for Him “from of old,” that is, from all eternity. For although Creation itself is not eternal, yet it was from all eternity in the mind of God, who knew what He was to do in time, and determined thus to manifest His glory to creatures.

When our Lord ascended into heaven, He sat down at the right hand of His Eternal Father. This was the throne, not only of His divinity, but also of His glorified human nature. It was prepared for Him in eternity, for His incarnation and the exaltation of His humanity had been predestined for ever in the knowledge of God.

And the throne of the Holy Ghost, which is the Church, also existed from all eternity in the mind of God. We may also explain the throne of the Holy Ghost to be each soul in which He dwells. Each time the Sacrament of Baptism is administered, the Holy Ghost descends upon the soul that is then engrafted into the mystical Body of Christ, as really as He descended upon our Lady and the Apostles in the day of Pentecost, although without any visible tokens of His presence. From that soul, as from a throne on which he reigns, He distributes His graces, the infused virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the seven gifts of Wisdom, Understanding, Knowledge, Counsel, Fortitude, Piety, and Fear; and He remains there enthroned unless that soul wilfully casts Him forth. Happy is the soul that is thus privileged to be the seat of the Holy Spirit of God; happier still if it knows the greatness of the gift it has received, and strives to render itself worthy of the presence of His immense majesty by its humility and meekness. For, as God says by the Prophet, “Heaven is my throne, and the earth my footstool: what is this house you will build me, and what is this place of my rest? My hand made all these things, and all these things were made, saith the Lord. But to whom shall I have respect but to him that is poor, and little, and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my words?” (Isaias lxvi. 1, 2.)

(To be continued.)

THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF PIUS IX.

I.

ALL hail, O Pius, Pontiff King !
To thee we bend the knee,
While nations all their homage bring
To hymn thy Jubilee.
Christ's promise made shall never fail,
Though brethren false against thee rail,
And hellish foes thy Throne assail,
Triumphant shalt thou be.

II.

Since thou didst learn a Pastor's care
Full fifty years have flown ;
And decades three since Peter's chair
Became thy royal throne.
What wonder then that songs of mirth
Uprise from loyal sons of earth,
And tongues and tribes thy sterling worth
In grateful accents own !

III.

Thou art the glory of our age,
Defender of God's right !
And history, in glowing page,
Shall tell thy deeds of might :
How to the world thou didst decree
God's Virgin Mother ever free
From Adam's stain—a prodigy,
And gem untarnished, bright.

IV.

All future ages shall relate
Thy courage—Peter's dower ;
And faithful children celebrate
That e'er momentous hour,
When thou but gavest a command,
And Bishops came o'er sea and land,
Encircling thee—a goodly band,
All subject to thy power.

V.

Accepting then one dogma more,
Not yet in Faith's domain,
Those Bishops freely witness bore
To thy exalted reign.
For thou, O Pius, didst proclaim
Infallible that power which came
From Christ through Peter, e'er the same,
In one unbroken chain.

VI.

One precious jewel still is thine,
Which will thy crown adorn ;
And there in purest lustre shine
Through cycles still unborn.
Three centuries had Britain's isle
Rejected Rome's benignant smile :
By lustful monarch's fatal guile
From Union's centre torn.

VII.

When thou, O Pontiff, didst restore,
In reconciliation's sign,
Our race of Prelates, as of yore,
When England's shores were thine.

Behold the rising of that sun
Which marks an era new begun !
For British hearts, by kindness won,
Confess thy claims divine.

VIII.

We hail this Jubilee so rare,
This gladsome morning greet,
While nations rage and foam, we dare
At Peter's shrine now meet.
Oh, may'st thou, Pius, live to see
Another joyous Jubilee :
Thy foes dispersed, thy Church set free,
All Christians at thy feet !

F. S. S.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

X.

FROM that day forth the scene of our Lady's apparitions has been visited by thousands, who were drawn to it from every part of Christendom ; and thus a spot which was but a few years ago so wild and unfrequented is now known and spoken of throughout the world. The desert has burst into flower, the solitude is thronged, and the voices of countless multitudes awaken the echoes with hymns of praise and supplication.

The chief interest attached to Lourdes is, of course, of a purely spiritual character ; nevertheless, it possesses other attractions of no mean order, and its natural beauty harmonises well with the supernatural privileges which it has received. Many of the great sanctuaries of Christendom are surrounded by fair scenery, but scarce one, we think, occupies a fairer site than that of Lourdes.

The little town is strikingly picturesque. It is situated at the foot of the Pyrenees, and on one of their lowest spurs. Round it rush the foaming waters of the Gave de Pau, and

above stand the battlemented walls and towers of the old castle, placed on an isolated rock which rises abruptly from the river. The snowy peaks of the Pyrenees, rising in the distance, tier above tier, towards the clouds, make a noble background to the beautiful scene.

The Grotto which was the scene of our Lady's apparitions is at the distance of about half a mile from the town. It is a cleft in the rock of Massabielle, and is but a few feet above the level of the Gave, and is quite close to its banks. Above the Grotto the rock rises almost perpendicularly to a considerable height.

The great numbers of pilgrims who began to flock to Lourdes necessitated many alterations near the Grotto. But these changes have been made with such care that the Grotto itself has suffered no change, and art has touched the surroundings with a hand so skilful and delicate that, whilst everything possible has been done to facilitate the approach of the pilgrims, not a charm has been disturbed, and everything of interest remains. No doubt the pious pilgrim would prefer to see the whole spot remain exactly as it was when our Lady appeared to Bernadette. But this, of course, was not possible. The advantage of all had to be considered, and no considerable number of persons could have approached the Grotto without great alterations being made. Besides, our Lady had expressed a desire that a church should be built on that spot, and to do this it was necessary to form roads for the workmen and materials, as well as for those whose devotion should draw them to the new sanctuary.

The work of forming convenient approaches to the Grotto and church has been very difficult and laborious. The stream that obstructed the path from Lourdes to Massabielle had to be turned aside into a new course. A road has been made from the town, which, after a little distance, branches into two: the upper road, leading to the church, is cut out of the solid rock; the lower path is conducted along a handsome quay planted with trees, which also serves to keep the impetuous waters of the Gave in a regular course; in front of the Grotto it widens into a spacious esplanade. A road is cut in the rock to form an approach from the Grotto to the principal front of the church, while, a little behind the Grotto, a gently-sloping path, which winds up a steep acclivity amidst groups of evergreen shrubs and flowering plants, also gives ready access to the church.

The Grotto itself is enclosed by an iron railing ; within it many wax lights are constantly burning, and numerous crutches hang there that have been left by those who only reached the Grotto by their help, but went away with unaided steps. The water of the miraculous spring still flows abundantly from one extremity of the cave ; it is now conducted by a pipe to a plain marble fountain just outside the Grotto, whence it flows in three jets. Close by a small building has been erected where those who wish may bathe in the water of the fountain.

When the pilgrim for the first time reaches the Grotto, his eyes instinctively seek the niche that was hallowed by the vision of the Virgin Mother of his Saviour. He sees it over the cave, a little to the right. It remains just as when the vision was first seen there, with the wild rose growing around it ; but in it there is a beautiful statue, of the purest Italian marble, representing our Blessed Lady at the moment when, raising her eyes towards heaven, and folding her hands on her breast, she said, "I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION." It is very beautiful and very devotional ; it would be matter for deep regret if it were removed, for something would then seem wanting to the place : yet we can well understand Bernadette's look of sadness when she first saw it in the niche. How could that cold marble give pleasure to her who had so often had the happiness of seeing there the Blessed Virgin herself in all her heavenly splendour ?

High above the rock of Massabielle, and immediately over the Grotto, rises the beautiful Gothic church, built in obedience to our Lady's wish, expressed to Bernadette, and repeated by her to the parish priest of Lourdes. This beautiful sanctuary might well be named the Church of All Nations, for it was built with the offerings that poured in from all parts of the world. It was finished in an incredibly short space of time, and opened for public service, to the intense joy of all, and to the great consolation of the pilgrims, who had continued to visit the Grotto in large and ever increasing numbers.

The church, built in the beautiful style of the 13th century, is a double one. The upper church is lofty and brilliant ; beneath it is the crypt, which forms a second church, and is low and comparatively gloomy. This lower church is approached through two long corridors, on issuing from which the pilgrim finds himself in a large chapel of simple

and massive architecture. The first effect is a somewhat confused one, owing to the forest of columns which support the intricate groining of the vaulted roof, but the eye soon grows accustomed to the dim light, and perceives the five chapels which surround the crypt. The centre of these is dedicated to our Lady, and is the high altar of the lower church; the altar of St. Joseph on the right is that which is immediately above the grotto.

Through a magnificent porch under the lofty tower which adorns the front of the sanctuary, the pilgrim enters the upper church. It is a very spacious and elegant building, very lofty, and beautifully proportioned. It is not much less than two hundred feet in length, and consists of a single nave without aisles, but it has a series of chapels on each side and round the apse, fifteen in all. The high altar is of Carrara marble, beautifully sculptured, and behind it is a statue of our Lady of Lourdes, surmounted by a lofty gilt canopy. Numbers of lamps hang from the roof before this altar; they are all of them handsome, and some are of matchless beauty. Amongst them the lamp sent by the Catholics of Ireland holds a distinguished place.

It would take too long to describe in detail the fifteen chapels which surround the church. Each has some special interest attached to it, not only from the beauty of its altars, stained glass, and other adornments, but also from the special circumstances connected with it. We may mention that one of the five chapels, which form as it were a crown round the high altar, is dedicated to our Lady of the Rosary, and is adorned with a beautiful sculptured group, representing St. Dominic receiving the Rosary from the hands of the Blessed Virgin.

The upper church is adorned with innumerable offerings of various kinds, that have been sent by countries, dioceses, towns, and private individuals, either as marks of devotion or in thanksgiving for graces received. But the church receives its distinguishing character from the banners that hang on its walls and from its roof. None of them are unworthy of their position, and many are resplendent with embroidery of the greatest richness and beauty; they are so numerous that they occupy every available spot, and one wonders whether space could be found for one more. The effect they produce, seen in combination with the lamps that hang before the high altar, and in the rich light that pours

in [through the stained glass windows, is one of matchless splendour. These banners are memorials of the pilgrimages that have visited Lourdes. Like the pilgrimages themselves, they come from all parts, and the visitor from our own shores notices with interest and consolation the banners of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Canada.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE CITIES : AN ALLEGORY.

EXPLANATION OF THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Q. What is meant by the oil with which the King's Messenger anointed Timor's wounded heel?

A. The Sacrament of Confirmation, which, over and above the special and singular grace of strength, enables the soul to fulfil all the duties of a good soldier of Christ, and to endure all the attacks of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Q. What does the banquet of bread and wine represent?

A. The Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and its effects upon the souls of worthy communicants are symbolised by the change of Timor into Amor, or Fear into Love; while the evil effects of a bad communion are represented by the loss of strength experienced by Odium, and his sad death at the hands of Infidelitas. The meaning of *Infidelitas* is infidelity, or want of faith, while *Superbia* means pride.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE next morning was so dark that it was not until quite late in the forenoon that I could clearly discern my way.

The country through which the road to the City of the Great King now ran was almost entirely wanting in beauty. Long miles of flat, uninteresting fields, unbroken by the smallest hillock, lay at each side. The sky above was of a dull leaden hue; not a breath of wind stirred the leaves upon the trees: all was gloomy and sad.

It was almost noon before I saw any travellers upon the road, and, as on the two preceding days, they were only two

in number. I drew near and observed them carefully. They must have been several days on their way, for their garments were soiled and travel-stained, and their gait was slow, as if they were tired with great exertion. They were much older than any I had yet seen. One of them was Tristitia, and the name of his companion, who was much younger, and apparently less fatigued, was Gaudium. Tristitia was tall and of a naturally robust frame, but he seemed very languid, and stooped, and he dragged his limbs heavily along. His face was handsome, but it wore a dejected appearance; his lips were pale; his eyes, which wandered about from one object to another, never resting long upon any, were dimmed by tears, which from time to time coursed down his thin and colourless cheeks. Gaudium, his companion, was of a much more pleasant appearance. His handsome face was lit up by an engaging smile, and a complacent look dwelt upon his countenance. The cross upon his brow was brighter and larger than those I had seen on the foreheads of the other travellers, but that which Tristitia carried was so dim that it could scarcely be seen.

I walked along with them, and soon learnt their whole history. Gaudium was relating to his companion how he had survived all the dangers which had befallen him since he first left the fountain. He freely confessed that he had suffered much in almost every trial he had passed through. "Still," he said, "I do not feel at all downcast, for when I think of all the love and kindness the Great King has shown me, I cannot but forget all my little pains and rejoice in my heart. And now I feel sure that it cannot be long before I shall reach the City and enter into the King's service, and this will more than repay me for all I have undergone."

To this Tristitia answered, "Ah, yes! you are healthy and full of hope. As for me, when I think of what I have been forced to bear, I cannot help fearing that my journey will end in disappointment; for, although I have managed to drag myself along thus far, yet I feel so weak, and my confidence is so shaken, that I fear all my sufferings will have been in vain. My feet are so sore with walking so many miles, and my hands and arms so tired with ringing this useless little bell, that I am sure I cannot persevere much longer, unless the City comes in sight."

Gaudium in vain attempted to encourage his companion by telling him of his own hopes, and dwelling upon the certainty

of happily reaching the end of their journey. It was pleasant to see how bright and beautiful his face became as he related, in warm and glowing words, how, by means of his little bell, and through the help given him at every critical point of his journey, he had been enabled to brave all the dangers he had met with on the way. And I noted with pleasure how skillfully he avoided all allusions which could in any way tend to dishearten Tristitia; and how, on the other hand, he dwelt upon the most trifling circumstance which he thought likely to raise his failing courage. Yet all was wasted upon him, for the more Gaudium praised the forethought displayed by the Great King in sending his messengers to guide and direct their steps, the more Tristitia grieved when he thought that he too could have overcome all obstacles as easily, and with as little hurt to himself, as Gaudium had done, had he only been as brave as his companion; and he grew more and more depressed as he thought of all his mistakes and lost opportunities.

Thus the greater part of the day passed without an adventure of any kind to relieve its monotony. Both the travellers were in momentary expectation that something would happen; but while Gaudium expected that this day would crown all his hopes, Tristitia only looked forward to some danger which would prove his ruin.

Early in the afternoon darkness began to set in, and a thick shower of snow fell, which covered the face of the earth like a white funeral pall. Seeing this, Tristitia became more downcast than before. "Some trials I can bear," he said, "but cold I shall never be able to stand." But as he was thus complaining, they saw some one approach them through the storm. It proved to be one of the King's messengers, who, when he came near, addressed them thus: "My dear friends and brave travellers, you are now approaching the most dreary trial through which travellers on this road have to pass. You have, I perceive, overcome all the dangers which usually molest those who journey on this road, and though I see you have both suffered, yet your progress thus far is a cheering sign, and if you only continue through this last trial, I can assure you that you will arrive at the City of the Great King. I have been sent to provide you with the means of bearing the cold and fatigue of the coming storm, for if you should be without succour the chances are that you not be able to endure the bitter cold."

At this, Gaudium begged that he might receive the means by which he could pass through the storm unhurt. But Tristitia drew back: he was so wrapped up in his grief for all he had suffered in the past that all the warnings and persuasions of the King's messenger, though they were warmly seconded by Gaudium, could not induce him to accept it; however, he promised he would not discontinue the journey, and would even seek the help of the King's messenger if he found that he needed it. "This has been a long journey," he said, "and still I do not seem any nearer the end than I was when I first started. When I get nearer the City of the Great King, and feel that I am about to enter my last trial, I will without fail accept all the help you can give me; until then I do not think I need any." Seeing that he would not believe that he was on the eve of his last trial, and within a few hours' journey of the City of the Great King, the messenger turned to Gaudium, who stood anxiously awaiting his help. Then, bringing forth a small silver box, he opened it, and extracted a thick oily substance, which he spread upon Gaudium's hands and feet, saying, as he did so, "This will prevent your limbs from freezing, and at the same time it will give you strength to brave the storm." Then, after a solemn warning to Tristitia that unless he now accepted the gift it would not be offered him again, he bade them both farewell.

Very soon after he had left the two companions the snow again began to fall, and a furious wind arose, which forced it into their eyes, almost blinding them. They became separated, but Gaudium rang his little bell, and quickly found his companion again; so to prevent another such mishap they took hold of each other's hands, and walked along side by side. A cold, deadly chill fell upon Tristitia, and it was with great difficulty that he could make any progress. "Courage, my friend," Gaudium whispered in his ear; "this is our last trial, and then we shall rest from our labours, happy for ever in the City of the Great King." But Tristitia would not be comforted, for he saw, when too late, his fatal mistake in not accepting the gift of the King's messenger, and now perceived the advantage it had given Gaudium over him. "No," he said, "I must stop here; my limbs are nearly frozen. Let us see if we cannot find some place where we can take shelter from the fury of the storm." Gaudium answered, in as cheery a tone as he could assume, "Do not be downhearted, my friend: this is the last proof of our love and devotedness to

the Great King, and if we pass safely through this night we shall never after recur to our present pains except with pleasure."

Meanwhile the cold was so intense, and the snow beat so fiercely in their faces, that their pace gradually became slower and slower. In many places the snow had drifted across the road, and it appeared almost impossible to go any farther. Suddenly a bright gleam of light shone across their path, as if from some house near the road. They both paused. "I am afraid it is only a deceit," said Gaudium, "to lure us from the road." But Tristitia, whose patience was well-nigh exhausted, was sure that it must be some refuge, placed there, by order of the Great King, to receive storm-bound travellers requiring shelter for the night. Yet Gaudium still doubted, and while he released his hold upon his companion's hand to ring his little bell, Tristitia took advantage of it to turn from the road in the direction of the light. When Gaudium rang his little bell, it faded from his sight, and he knew that it was only a deceit. Poor Tristitia also soon found out his mistake, and when attempting to regain the road, fell into a deep pit covered by the snow, in which he soon lost all consciousness, and there, after some hours, he died. A little more courage, a little more trust in the promises of the Great King, greater fidelity to the instructions given him by the King's messengers, and he would have reached the end of the journey and obtained a reward for all his trials and losses; but he failed, nearly at the last moment, and lost all.

Gaudium waited to see if Tristitia would return, but finding that he did not, and that he himself stood in danger of being frozen to the ground, he proceeded on his way. The snow beat faster and faster into his eyes, the wild winds shrieked mournfully, the cold became more intense, and I began to fear that he too would be forced to succumb. But the pain he felt, and the weariness which slowly crept over his limbs, only incited him to greater exertions, for he felt that this was his last trial, and that if he could only remain upon the road, and persevere through the storm, he would surely arrive at the City of the Great King. Several times I fully expected that he would be buried in the snowdrifts, and at last he sank so deep that it appeared impossible he could extricate himself; but he rang his little bell, and just at that moment a sudden gust of wind cleared the sky, and lo! a wondrous sight met his upturned eyes. For a brief moment

only he saw a vision of the City of the Great King, but before he could see all its beauties it faded away and the storm raged more mercilessly than before.

This lovely vision gave him new strength; he made a great effort, and succeeded in reaching a place where he could plant his feet in safety, and in a few minutes more he was again on his way. It was truly wonderful how he contrived to keep on the road in spite of so many difficulties, but whenever he was in any doubt or difficulty, his first thought was to ring his little bell, and this never failed to bring him help. Several times he fell quite exhausted, and then a brief vision of the glory of the City of the Great King was granted him, and each time it revived and reanimated him, so that he was able to begin his journey again.

At last the day dawned. The winds sank, and the snow ceased to fall; all danger from the storm was over. He shook the snow from his clothes, rang his little bell, sought out a dry place beneath a rock, and soon fell fast asleep.

When he awoke all traces of the storm had passed away. The grass was of a brilliant green, and thickly spotted with flowers of lovely hue. The rays of the sun fell softly upon the grateful earth, and the clear, cloudless sky seemed alive with the songs of thousands of sweet-throated birds. Gaudium arose, and, oh, what joy! He saw the City of the Great King at last! It was not a vision this time, but the reality that was before him. In a few minutes all his troubles will be things of the past, and he will be safe within those walls to which he had so long been travelling.

How shall I describe the wondrous city I saw before me? To what on earth can it be compared? Yet perhaps I may be able to give some faint idea of its beauty. Built of the clearest crystal, cut into facets, it sparkled like millions of diamonds, and could be likened to nothing but a city built of light. A high wall ran all round it, and innumerable towers and spires, all of pure gold, shot up like flames of living fire into the sky. But all its wonders paled away before the glory of an immense palace, placed in its centre, which was entirely built of blocks of pure gold, so brightly burnished that the eye could not rest upon it more than a few moments at a time; indeed, the whole light of the city seemed to stream forth from the walls of this palace. In all the streets and squares, trees, laden with silver fruit, were planted at each side, and the emerald green of their leaves, the light reflected

from the palace upon the crystal houses of the city, and the golden spires and turrets, made up a scene of unimaginable splendour such as I shall never forget.

Just at the moment when Gaudium first saw this fairy-like scene, a bell in one of the towers gave a signal, when, as if by magic, thousands of white-robed youths appeared on the roofs of all the towers, and sang, in one united chorus, a morning hymn in honour of the Great King. It was a strain of unutterable sweetness, which rose and fell like sweet memories in the soul, or like the varied but harmonious voice of nature praising its Maker. Gaudium listened entranced until the wonderful sounds died away, and then, full of ardour to obtain his long-desired reward, advanced to the city gates. A large crowd was waiting outside, and among its numbers I saw several familiar faces. Desiderium was there, his face beaming with rapturous expectation; Spes also waited among the throng, his eyes eagerly fixed upon the closed gates; and near him was Amor, radiant with joy, and many others whose faces I knew not. They all saluted Gaudium, and warmly congratulated him upon his success, and whiled away the time until the gates should open by narrating their adventures upon the way. Each had a different tale to tell; but one and all now made light of all the trials they had passed through, and forgot the sadness of the past in the thought of the happiness which awaited them in the City of the Great King.

For a while all was still inside the walls, then another hymn was heard; that ceased, and a trumpet sounded through the air; the gates then burst open, and a crowd of citizens came forth to welcome the travellers to their new home, and to conduct them into the King's presence. And amid songs of joy the gladsome company passed into the city, the gates closed behind them, and I alone was left outside.

Then all faded from my sight, and I awoke. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, and all was dark, except the twinkling of the stars and the distant lights of my native city. And I made a resolution that although, like many of the travellers I had seen upon the road, I had unhappily failed in steadily pursuing my heavenward course, yet I would now take courage and by the grace of God arrive at the gates of my eternal home.

(To be continued.)

APOSTLES OF THE ROSARY.

III.—FR. LEWIS CANCER. (*Continued from page 268.*)

WITH a grateful heart Fr. Lewis continued his journey to the Spanish Court. On his arrival he found there his brother in religion and former companion in the work of preaching the faith in the Land of War, Fr. Bartholomew de las Casas, now Bishop of Chiapa. The good prelate, who was never better pleased than when he could favour the interests of the Indians, to whom he had devoted his life, did his best to forward the business on which Fr. Lewis had come. He succeeded so well that when Fr. Lewis obtained his audience of Charles V., the Emperor told him that he might ask whatever favours he pleased. The Father thanked him, and said that all he wished for was that an order should be given to the Viceroy of Mexico to send him and three other religious in a ship to Florida.

The Emperor gave orders that this should be done, and a letter was given to Fr. Lewis for the Viceroy, ordering him, in the most positive terms, to give the Father all that should be necessary for his journey to Florida. Fr. Lewis, who had now obtained all that he wanted in Spain, promptly returned to America. On parting, the Bishop of Chiapa advised him in the strongest terms not to land in those parts of Florida which had been already visited by the Spaniards, and where the Indians would, therefore, be unfavourably disposed towards the missionaries. This was prudent advice, and Fr. Lewis promised to follow it. And so the two friends parted, never again to meet in this world.

As soon as he reached Mexico, Fr. Lewis delivered the royal order to the Viceroy, who at once placed a ship at his disposal, and provisioned it for the voyage. Fr. Lewis chose as his companions three priests, Fr. Gregory de Beteta, Fr. John Garcia, and Fr. Diego de Tolosa, and a tertiary lay-brother named Fuentes. The party started from the port of San Juan de Ulua full of zealous desires for the conversion of souls to God, and accompanied by the prayers and good wishes of their brethren in religion. It was in the year 1549.

Mindful of the parting advice of Las Casas, Fr. Lewis repeatedly begged the master of the ship to land them on some

part of the coast of Florida which had not yet been visited by the Spaniards, as this was absolutely necessary for the success of his undertaking. The master promised that this should be done. When they drew near to the coast of Florida, Fr. Lewis repeated his request, and with all the greater earnestness as he suspected that the place that they were approaching was one of those where the Spanish expeditions had landed, as its appearance corresponded with the descriptions that had been given to him of the spot. But the master of the vessel refused to go elsewhere. He declared that this spot had never been visited by any Spanish ship, and that he could take them nowhere else. As a matter of fact, none of the Spanish expeditions had landed on the spot whither he had brought the Fathers; but they had done so not very far off, and their visits were but too well remembered by all the Indians of the neighbourhood, who retained no agreeable remembrance of them.

The Fathers debated what was best for them to do. They put no trust in the assurances of the ship-master, and they knew that, if their suspicions were correct, they would run the greatest possible risk of their lives in landing amongst hostile Indians. But, on the other hand, they would not consent to give up their plan of preaching the faith in Florida, and they thought that if only few of them landed, and the Indians saw that they were unprovided with armour and weapons, they might notice the difference between them and the Spanish soldiery. Fr. Lewis therefore decided that he should land, accompanied by Fr. Diego de Tolosa and the lay-brother, Fuentes, and that the other two religious should remain on board the ship and see what happened to those who had ventured on shore. These three, therefore, left the ship, and landed.

Meanwhile the Indians had been watching the movements of the ship, and had assembled in large numbers to defend themselves from attack. However, they did not show themselves, but remained hidden among the trees and underwood that grew at no great distance from the shore, armed with bows and arrows, and keeping perfectly silent, awaiting the landing of the Spaniards.

They were no doubt astonished at seeing no more than three men land, and these entirely unarmed. They waited, however, until the religious had advanced a little inland; then they came out of their hiding-places in great numbers,

closed around the friars, and led them over a rising ground, so that those in the ship could not see what became of them.

As soon as they were out of sight of the ship the Indians began to ill-treat the three religious, striking them with wooden clubs. One of them struck a great blow at the head of Fr. Lewis Cancèr, who cried out, "*Adjuva me, Domine Deus meus!*" (Help me, O Lord my God!) He uttered these words in so loud a voice that he was heard at a distance by a man who was watching what took place, and who, as we shall see, soon after narrated to those in the ship all that had taken place. The other two religious were put to death in the same way, while the Indians who were not engaged in the butchery danced and sang around.

Meanwhile the two Fathers who had remained in the ship were debating what they should do. They had great fears as to the fate of their two companions, whom they had seen led away by the Indians, and they did not like to leave them to their fate; at the same time, they did not like to land, for fear lest, meeting with the same fate as the others, the whole object of the expedition should be lost. At last they resolved to go on shore.

No sooner had they landed than the Indians surrounded them and led them some distance from the sea. However, they suffered no harm further than that the Indians wished to deprive them of their clothes. But the Fathers managed to convince them, by means of signs, that their habits were made of materials too common to be worth taking, and so their captors led them back to their boat, and allowed them to return to the ship, while they gave thanks to God for their escape from so great a danger. But they neither heard nor saw anything of Fr. Lewis and those who had landed with him; and so the ship still remained in case any news should be heard of them.

After a while a canoe was seen to put off from the shore, and in it a naked man, who rowed towards the ship with all his might. They supposed him to be an Indian, but when he came near the vessel he cried out in Spanish, "I am a Christian!"

He came on board, and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his agitation he related his history. He was a Spaniard named Juan Munoz, had escaped from a ship that had been wrecked on that coast fourteen years

before, and had ever since lived amongst the Indians, whose language he had learnt. He had heard of the appearance of the ship which brought the Fathers, and had come to see it, with the hope that he might be able to return in it to his own country. He had seen Fr. Lewis and his companions land, and had witnessed the circumstances of their martyrdom, which would otherwise never have been known. After the Indians had killed Fr. Lewis and his companions they had asked Munoz about them, and he had explained to them that the Fathers were not like the other Spaniards whom they had seen, and had only come to teach them the law of God. It was, no doubt, this explanation that saved the lives of the two Fathers who had afterwards landed.

CANTICLE TO THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

O Holy Ghost, my King, I worship Thee ;
Creator of the world, I kneel to Thee ;
O Light of uncreated Majesty,
O Love of God in threefold unity,
O kiss of the most holy Trinity,
O spouse of lily souls, I lean on Thee !
O gracious Paraclete, I worship Thee !

II.

O Holy Ghost, thou most sweet Charity—
Thou sevenfold Ray of God's great Majesty ;
Thou sevenfold Beauty of the Unity ;
Thou sevenfold glory of the Trinity ;
Thou sevenfold Gift from God's Eternity ;
Breath of the uncreated One in Three,
O Holy Ghost, I praise and worship Thee !

III.

O Holy Ghost, who givest life to me ;
O Holy Ghost, who givest strength to me ;
O Holy Ghost, who givest gifts to me ;
Who willest all Thy gifts to give to me ;
Who willest I should correspond with Thee ;
O Holy Ghost, vouchsafe to live in me,
That this my heart may be a home for Thee.

IV.

Spirit of Wisdom, let me learn from Thee
The falsehoods of the world to leave for Thee ;
Spirit of Understanding, I would be
Enlightened with the fire that burns in Thee ;
Spirit of Counsel, do thou set me free
From tangled judgments that are not of Thee,
And guide me in the way of liberty.

V.

Spirit of Fortitude, oh, come to me,
In all my trials do Thou strengthen me ;
Spirit of Heavenly Knowledge, give to me
The grace divine to use this world for Thee.
And thou, O Spirit Meek of Piety,
Make this my heart a home of peace to be,
A spring of overflowing charity.

VI.

Spirit of Holy Fear ! oh, I would be
Plunged in Thy very depths, all steeped in Thee ;
That sin may never more find place in me ;
That imperfection may grow less in me ;
That thought of self may pass away from me ;
That I may live in Thee and Thou in me.

VII.

Great Ruler of the Church, I worship Thee !
The giver of her gifts art Thou to me ;
Her sacramental graces flow from Thee ;
All power in earth and Heaven she draws from Thee ;
Thou art her Breath, her Soul ! she lives by Thee—
O Holy Ghost ! O gift of God to me—
O Holy Ghost ! with joy I worship Thee.

SR. TERESIA DE SP. SANCTO, O.S.D.

MIRABILIA DEI.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY AT MAZÈRES.

A DOMINICAN Father of the Convent of Mazères, in the south of France, writes as follows to the *Couronne de Marie* :—

“ We are engaged in building at Mazères a new church in honour of our Lady of the Rosary, the first stone of which (taken from the Grotto of Lourdes) was laid on the 15th of last August. When the works began, the Prior of the convent said a mass in honour of the Patroness of the church, to obtain her protection for the workmen; the latter have also been recommended to the prayers of the Confraternity of the Rosary each first Sunday of the month.

“ No disaster had yet happened, when, on the 1st of December, 1876, about 1 P.M., four masons passed across a scaffold which had not been put up in accordance with the instructions given by the foreman of the works. All at once the planks gave way, and the four men fell from a height of *forty feet*. Three of them saved themselves on another scaffold, about six or seven feet below; they were not in the least hurt, and were able to resume their work at once. But the fourth workman did not find this plank of safety beneath him; he fell to the ground, which was covered with large blocks of stone intended for the work. A fall from such a height, and on to such a substance, was certainly very dangerous; and, as a matter of fact, when the man reached the stones his wooden shoes were shattered into a thousand pieces, and he himself appeared to be quite lifeless. The

Prior, who was present, gave him absolution; and he was immediately carried into the nearest house. A surgeon, who was sent for, came at once. He pronounced the case to be a very serious one; it is true that no external injury could be perceived, but it was probable that he had received great internal injury. He therefore recommended that preparations should be made for carrying the man home. The Prior saw that these preparations were made, and then returned to see the poor man. You may judge of his surprise when he was told that he had suddenly come to his senses, had felt no pain, and had already gone home on foot! But before going home he went, partly through curiosity, and partly out of thankfulness to God, to look at the place where he had fallen. It appears that, at the moment when he felt himself falling, he had mentally commended himself to our Lady of the Rosary, in whose name he was working. He had no need to keep his bed after the accident; he had suffered no injury beyond a few bruises on the arms, which soon disappeared, and did not hinder him from working.

“Another remarkable thing happened on the same occasion. A labourer, who was carrying a heavy load of bricks at a great height, heard the scaffolding give way and the masons fall. He was so agitated that he let fall his load of bricks, which fell to the ground with great noise. A number of persons were standing about below, who might have been seriously injured by the fall of those bricks, but no one received the slightest injury.

“May our Lady of the Rosary be praised for her favours!”

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF THE HOLY FATHER.—When these lines meet our readers' eyes, the solemnities of the Holy Father's Jubilee will be actually in progress, for the Triduo in preparation for it begins on May 31st, and the anniversary itself of his Episcopal consecration is on June 3rd. It is on this last-mentioned day that the Plenary Indulgence may be gained, the particulars of which we gave in our number for April.

But pilgrimages of congratulation have already begun to

arrive at Rome from all parts of the world. On May 10th the Holy Father received the English Deputation, of which two Dominican Fathers formed part; on the 12th that from Scotland; and on the 15th that from Holland.

To the English Pilgrims the Holy Father spoke in the following beautiful and consoling words:—

“It is most consoling, dear sons, to see here before me such a numerous company of the pious children of England, all animated with the same faith, and united by the bond of the same charity.

“Indeed I have reason to rejoice—to thank God for the progress which the faith of Jesus Christ has made in your land. Now that the old prejudices which blinded so many minds are lessened and have been cleared away, conversions are multiplied; and this is an evident sign of the progress of the true Church in your country.

“It could not be otherwise, for in heaven you have such numbers of saints who pray for you! You have the saints who first saw the light, and drew the first breath of life, in your country, in your islands. You have my predecessor, St. Gregory, who surely is now praying for those who are doubting, as well as for those who possess that liberty of spirit which alone can give the Catholic faith. You have the Most Holy Virgin, who crushes beneath her feet the head of the infernal serpent which vomits forth the poison of all errors.

“This notable increase of the Catholic faith in England could be foreseen from the very beginning of my pontificate.

“At that time a bishop told me with joy that he had had an interview with a cabinet minister who had earnestly begged him to do his utmost to promote the morality of the people. And who would not see a presage of the extension of the Catholic faith in Great Britain, when a cabinet minister asks a Catholic bishop to work together with his friends in spreading morality amongst the English people? And that was so.

“After the grace of God, the intercession of His saints, and the zeal of His ministers, this progress of the faith is due to the toleration and fair dealing of the English Government. For the Catholic Church is not only tolerated in England, but is entirely free in its worship and works. I do not speak of the colonies, where the Church is not only free, but is almost protected by the Government.

"May God be praised for ever for these mercies! And, as for me, beloved sons, before giving you my apostolic benediction, I exhort you to multiply your prayers for your country, in order that your land, which is already so blessed, may deserve that the mercies of God should come down upon it, and that, through prayer, the moment decreed by Divine Providence may be hastened.

"Therefore I bless you with all my heart on this day, which is a day so fitted for blessing, since the Church celebrates on it the Ascension of the Son of God into heaven, who, before leaving this world, 'lifted up his hands, and blessed them'; lifting up His hands, full of love, as they always were, He blessed the apostles, the disciples, and all the young Church, and this blessing was so marvellously fruitful that the number of those who believed began at once to increase.

"Yes, I pray God now to lift up the arms of his old and unworthy vicar, to give you a blessing which may bring forth abundant fruits of life, which may carry peace into families, which may confirm union and concord between the regular and the secular clergy, and may give to all a greater strength to maintain the rights of the Church until the last moment of their lives.

"May God bless you now in time, that you may be worthy to bless Him eternally in heaven. *Benedictio Dei,*" &c.

An Italian Catholic Society of Verona, under the patronage of St. Joseph, proposes, to all Catholics who have the means of doing it, a special act of charity to be performed on the 3rd of June, in commemoration of the Holy Father's Jubilee. It is to give food for that day to three poor people in honour of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. According to this society, not only will this act of charity give joy to the heart of the Pope, but those who perform it will also gain—1st, an indulgence of seven years and seven Lents for the act of charity itself; 2nd, a Plenary Indulgence, if they have been to communion for the intentions of the Pope; 3rd, an indulgence of 100 days for every member of the household, servants or others, who take part in it, even if only by their presence.

THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.—The Holy Father has been pleased to appoint his Eminence the Cardinal Bartolini Cardinal Protector of the Order of St. Dominic, in place of Cardinal Patrizi, lately deceased.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

The Catholic interests of the countries now engaged in war, and the restoration of peace.

Means to accomplish an important undertaking.

A mother asks prayers for her son's vocation to the priesthood.

Concord in a family.

Detachment of heart.

The safe return of a father to his family.

The intentions of a religious.

Some persons out of the Church.

The recovery of a young man.

The repose of the souls of some parents and friends.

The recovery of a friend.

The recovery of a person afflicted with spinal disease.

A lady given to intemperance.

Two persons in great temporal trouble, and that one of them may obtain a situation immediately.

A member asks for prayers to get out of difficulties, and several other intentions.

A young man who neglects his religion.

That some relations may be preserved from intemperance.

A student's intention.

That a happy marriage may be brought about.

The conversion of some Protestants.

Thanks are returned for a great and unexpected benefit obtained through our Lady of the Rosary.

Thanks are returned for the conversion of a mother and sister to the faith.

Thanks are returned by a lady for great blessings granted to her family.

Thanks are also returned for a spiritual favour.

N.B. Intentions for prayer are not inserted unless authenticated by the address and name of the sender.

The perseverance of a father.

Means to pay heavy engagements, and relief for one in suffering, if it be God's will.

The restoration of some persons to health.

A religious community earnestly begs prayers for help in a great trial.

A religious asks for the spirit of mortification.

Restoration of a mother to health, if it be God's will.

That a person may follow her vocation.

That a young man may receive light from the Holy Spirit in a matter concerning his studies.

That a father may return to his religious duties.

One who is falling into consumption.

The safe return of a brother.

The recovery of a gentleman.

The conversion of a mother with a large family who is becoming a drunkard.

The recovery of a brother.

A widow asks for grace to bear heavy crosses.

The conversion of a Protestant who attends Catholic services.

The recovery of a husband.

That a French lady living in a Protestant school may persevere in her religious duties.

That a terrible calamity may be averted.

Better health for a person much afflicted.

Many other intentions.

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[A.D. 1877.

LESSONS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

PSALM XCII., DOMINUS REGNAVIT (*continued*).

4. The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice.
5. The floods have lifted their waves : with the voice of many waters.
6. Wonderful are the surges of the sea : the Lord is wonderful on high.

“ If these verses are referred to the Creation,” says Bellarmine, “ they explain the manner in which God made the earth habitable, so as to be the fixed abode of men. In the beginning of Creation the waters covered the whole earth, and in consequence of a great flood were raised above it ; but God, being more elevated and powerful than the waters, rebuked them and restrained them, shutting them up in the caverns of the earth, commanding them never more to return to cover the earth. This is expressed more clearly in Psalm CIII., where it is said, ‘ Who hast founded the earth upon its own basis ; it shall not be moved for ever. The deep like a garment is its clothing ; above the mountains shall the waters stand ’—that is, in the beginning the earth was so formed that an abyss of water was spread over it entirely, covering even the tops of the mountains ; but ‘ at Thy rebuke they shall flee, at the voice of Thy thunder they shall be afraid,’ which means, but Thou, O Almighty, rebuked the waters, and so confounded them by Thy thunder that they fled, and hid themselves in the depths of the earth, and then ‘ Thou didst set a bound which they shall not pass, neither shall they return to cover the earth.’ ”

We may now consider these same verses as referring to the Redemption.

The first verse of the Psalm, as applied to the work of Redemption, told us of the establishment of our Lord’s reign by His Incarnation, and the second verse told us that He reigns in His Church, which is His kingdom upon earth. The verses we are now considering tell us of the opposition

of the world to Christ's Church. The Psalmist compares the world, which is the enemy of God, to the waves of the sea—"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice"—and the figure is an apt one, very frequently used in Holy Scripture. For the never-ending motion of the sea is an excellent figure of the restless inconstancy of the world; the noise and confusion of its waves well represent the disorder of the world, while the dangers of the sea tell us of the perils to which they are exposed who trust themselves to the world.

These verses, then, glorify God for the wonders which He displayed in the persecutions to which the Church has ever been subject. For although, as the Psalmist says, the cruelty and persistence of the persecutors were marvellous—"wonderful are the surges of the sea"—yet were the works of God more marvellous still—"the Lord is wonderful on high"—for He guided His Church safely through all the storms through which it passed, multiplying its children though they were everywhere slain and trampled under foot, and increasing its power though it was everywhere laid waste. And, indeed, it is one of the chief arguments of the presence of God with the Church that it has passed through so many periods of bitter persecution, and still remains the guide and teacher of men. It will be remarked that the Psalmist repeats several times the words, "The floods have lifted up." Commentators have seen in this an allusion to the repeated epochs of persecution which the Church has had to endure. The Carmelite Ayguan explains verse 4 to refer to the persecution of our Lord and the Church by the Jews. And he remarks that the Psalmist says that "the floods have lifted up their voice," because the enmity of the Jews was chiefly shown by their continual outcry against the truth, rather than by the cruel deeds they were able to effect against our Lord and His disciples. Thus they calumniated them, and accused them to the Roman authorities, they forbade the Apostles to preach, and excited the people against them, but they were not able to do much more than this, not indeed from want of will, but because they had not the power. And the same commentator explains verse 5 to refer to the persecutions which the Church suffered from the Gentiles. For in this verse the Psalmist says that "the floods have lifted up their waves"—which not only terrify by their sound, but do mischief by their great strength. And in fact the perse-

cution of the Church by pagans was much more bitter than that by the Jews. The whole strength of the heathen world was put forth against the Church. Emperor after emperor measured his strength against the Kingdom of our Lord, and for three hundred years His followers were treated as outcasts from society and as enemies of the human race.

The Cardinal Hugh of St. Cher notices that the Psalmist speaks three times of "the floods," and then of "the voice of many waters." He explains this fourfold allusion to refer to the four kinds of persecution to which the Church has been or will be subjected. The *first* he calls that of the Martyrs, and it is the sufferings of the Church from heathen tyrants. The *second* is that of the Confessors; it is the persecutions of the Church by heretics and schismatics. Under this head will come all that the Catholics of England and Ireland have had to bear during the three long centuries of persecution that began under Henry VIII. The *third* he calls that of Modern Times, in which the Church suffers from false friends and unnatural children. Under this head is included all the evil done to the cause of the Church by bad Catholics. The *fourth* is that of the Last Time, when Antichrist will rage against the Church.

We have now to explain these same verses in their reference to the work of Sanctification.

Commentators say that (in this sense) by "the floods," of which the Psalmist speaks, are meant the Apostles. For as floods are but masses of water, so the Apostles were nothing more than vessels filled with the grace of the Holy Spirit. Now water is used continually in Holy Scripture as a figure of divine grace. Thus it is said, "I, Wisdom, have poured out rivers." (Eccles. xxiv. 40.) The Prophet, inviting men to come and refresh themselves with God's gifts, cries out, "All ye who thirst, come to the waters!" And the Psalmist, speaking of the influence of divine grace, says, "The stream of the river maketh joyful the city of God." (Psalm xlv.) And so the same words which we just now interpreted to mean the world with its enmity against the Church are now taken to mean the grace of the Holy Ghost, for holy Scripture is full of these varieties of signification.

"The floods," therefore, signify the Apostles, who, after the Holy Ghost had descended upon them, were filled with His gifts, and went forth lifting up their voices to proclaim the truths of the holy Faith, and refusing to be silenced,

either by the commands of the Jewish priests or by the oppression of the Roman authorities.

The Psalmist adds that "the floods lifted up their waves with the voice of many waters." The floods show their strength by their waves, and the Apostles displayed their power by their preaching. What St. Paul calls "the foolishness of preaching," because it is an instrument of so little power in itself, was the means by which they brought men's souls into subjection to the yoke of Christ. And their preaching was "with the voice of many waters," because their words were taken up by innumerable preachers ordained and commissioned by them, who spread themselves over the face of the earth, everywhere publishing the same truths.

Truly "wonderful are these surges of the sea," wonderful is the power of the Holy Spirit, who spreads abroad His truth and His grace throughout the world by means of the weak instruments whom He chose for His work.

7. Thy testimonies are become exceedingly credible : holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, unto length of days.

Bellarmino shall furnish us with the application of this verse to the work of Creation. "If this verse be referred to Creation," he says, "it must be taken as a reply to an objection that may be raised, for one may say, how do we know that what is said about the foundation of the earth, the abyss of waters, and their being restrained, ever really happened? For all this took place before man had been created, and there was therefore no one to behold it. The prophet replies that he has received it from the testimony of God himself, who revealed it to His servant Moses, and that such testimony is worthy of all belief, because Moses proved that he was a faithful servant of God, and a true prophet, by many signs and wonders."

In applying this verse to the work of Redemption, we must remember that the preceding verses were understood to refer (in this sense) to the persecutions suffered by the Church, against which the tempestuous sea of the world raged and foamed. When, therefore, the Psalmist now says, "Thy testimonies, O Lord, are become exceedingly credible," he must be taken (according to Blessed Albert) as speaking of the prophecies in which our Lord foretold the persecutions through which His disciples would have to pass, and also (add St. Bruno of Asti and Cardinal Hugh) to our Lord"

promises to protect them in the midst of their sufferings. These prophecies and promises have been fulfilled to the very letter; the servants of Christ have had much to suffer, and also they have never failed to receive His divine help and consolation. And thus our Lord's testimonies have indeed "become exceedingly credible," since they have all been so exactly fulfilled.

The Psalmist adds: "Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, unto length of days." This house of God is the Body of our Lord, say Honorius and Cardinal Hugh, because the Divinity dwelt within it. But we may also understand it as the mystical Body of Christ, which is the Church which He redeemed by His blood, in order that it might be without spot, and the home of all sanctity.

In conclusion we have only to apply this last verse of the Psalm to the work of Sanctification by the Holy Ghost. Speaking in this sense of the preceding verses, we showed that the "floods" represented the Apostles and their preaching; the present verse speaks of the way in which that preaching was confirmed. "Thy testimonies, O Lord, are become exceedingly credible," says the Psalmist. What are these testimonies? They are the truths revealed by God, and made known to men by the preaching of the Apostles. Now these truths are not "exceedingly credible" to us, that is, they are not easy to be believed. On the contrary, they are mysteries that are far above man's reason, and the preaching of them needs to be confirmed before men can receive them as true. This confirmation was given by God in the miracles that were wrought by the Apostles as signs of the truth of their preaching. Hence St. Mark concludes his Gospel with these words:—"But they (the Apostles), going forth, preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the words with signs that followed." When therefore the Psalmist says, "Thy testimonies are become exceedingly credible," he is alluding to this power of working miracles which was one of the graces given to the Apostles by the Holy Ghost.

"Holiness becometh Thy house, O Lord, unto length of days." Blessed Albert says that this *house of God* is man, who is chosen to be the temple in which the Holy Spirit dwells; and Cardinal Hugh adds that the holiness which is proper to man is purity as to the body, and charity (the love of God) as to the soul.

THE THIRD GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

THE appointed days are o'er which He,
The Eternal Sire,
Hath fixed : the infant Church must be
Baptised by fire.

Mary the Paraclete awaits
With meek desire.

Round the dear Mother of our God
The Apostles press,
Learning the contemplative ways
Of Holiness—
And from her very lips the prayer
Of lowliness.

A mighty wind from Heaven ! the air
Is tempest tost ;
As lightning falls, so fall the flames
Of Pentecost !
In parted fiery tongues descends
The Holy Ghost.

Oh, Love unloved,
Oh, Love unknown,
Oh, Love who art
Sweet life alone.
Consuming fire
In every breath,
By which we live
A living death.
Oh, Love unknown,
Oh, spirit blest,
We die for joy
To be Thy rest.
Oh, glorious grief,
Oh, blissful pain,

Oh, gracious tears,
Oh, golden chain.
Love of the Sire,
And of the Son,
In each, with each,
Co-equal One.
We long, we yearn,
Thy home to be,
Eternal love,
Eternally.

S. TERESIA DE S. SANCTO,
Ter. O.S.D.

HISTORY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

XI.

VERY few of those who visit Lourdes leave it without driving some spiritual benefit from their pilgrimage. During the few days of their stay they witness the simple confidence and fervent piety of those around them; they themselves have prayed, have received the Bread of Life, and have felt the soothing influence of a place where God reigns supreme. In our churches we can hear while we pray the noise and bustle of the ever-restless world murmuring at the very doors; at Massabielle everything speaks to the soul of God. The history of the apparitions of our Lady are every moment recalled to the mind with a vivid reality, and we perceive how each word and act of our Blessed Lady during these Visions has a significance that it imports us to study.

It would take up too much space here to point out the lessons to be learnt from each incident of the sixteen days' apparitions; but we may be allowed, as we close this short history, which it has given us so much pleasure to write, to indicate some of the pious thoughts that may be gathered from certain actions of the Immaculate Virgin and of Bernadette.

The way in which the child made the sign of the cross on the day of the second Vision, and ever after, was remarked by those present. She was asked why she made it in that

manner; she answered that the Lady had taught her to do so. Many who saw her signing herself with the cross were converted, amongst others M. Estrade, who, speaking on the subject, says:—"Occasionally the child made the sign of the cross in a manner so devout, noble, and commanding that for the first time I understood its meaning, and I could not help thinking that, if the saints in Heaven make the sign of the cross, it must be in the way Bernadette makes it. The action with her seemed to embrace the universe." How often with the generality of Catholics is it made in so hurried a manner that it becomes a source of disedification to man, and an offence to God. And yet in reality it is a profession of our faith and a commemoration of the death of our Redeemer.

The first day that our Lady deigned to appear to Bernadette, she held in her hand a Rosary, and, passing the beads through her fingers, she invited by her gestures the child to say her Rosary, which she did, and was rewarded, as she tells us, "by a sweetly approving smile." Every day after that the child commenced her visit to the Grotto by devoutly saying the Rosary. What an encouragement is this to all to have recourse to that beautiful devotion which consists in meditating on, and offering to God the Father by the immaculate hands of Mary, the Life, Passion, and Death of our Divine Redeemer.

On one day of the Vision, Bernadette saw the Lady gazing intently towards, or rather beyond, the horizon with a sorrowful, far-off look, as if she was contemplating scenes far away. At length she turned her eyes towards the child, who saw in them an expression of such deep yearning grief that her heart was stirred, and bursting into tears, she cried out, "Oh, dear Lady, what is it? What can I do?" Slowly the answer came: "Pray, pray for sinners." Then she heard the Lady say thrice the word "Penance," and in obedience to the directions given her, she bent down to the ground, and then on her knees mounted the abrupt ascent to the Grotto, repeating aloud and distinctly, "Penance, penance, penance." Surely not alone to Bernadette or the persons around her was this appeal—which reads like a warning—made.

The extraordinary transfiguration of the child's countenance when in the presence of the heavenly Vision, and while communing with the Blessed Virgin, suggests ideas of the beautiful but not visible transfiguration of a soul that is pure and in a state of grace, who beholds her God not merely at

a distance, but in her very centre, and is so united with Him in Holy Communion that she can in truth say, "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Many other useful reflections will no doubt suggest themselves to the meditative mind of the reader as he peruses the account of our Lady's apparitions at Lourdes. At least, we think, the narrative, however imperfectly told, will leave on his mind a feeling that he has been in the presence of God, not unlike that which is made on the happy pilgrim who visits the Grotto of Lourdes itself, and who goes away saying like Jacob after his vision, "Truly God is in this place."

God has in truth set His mark upon Lourdes, and has chosen it for one of His privileged sanctuaries. Thus He chose Mount Sion under the old law—"the hill of Sion which he loved." And thus He has chosen Loretto in Italy, Montserrat in Spain, Einsiedlen in Switzerland, and innumerable other spots of less renown, and has placed them under the protection of His Mother, that she may there dispense from Him special and extraordinary blessings to those who go to seek them, not indeed to *all* who seek them, for He remains the Sovereign Lord of His gifts, and gives them freely to whom He wills—but to innumerable souls, who there find health of body and peace of soul. To deny this choice which God makes of certain favoured spots would be to go contrary to the testimony of all ages and of all countries, for there is no country that has not been blessed with these sanctuaries, and there is no age that has not witnessed their rise. The Church does not indeed compel us to acknowledge them to be the scene of the miraculous events which are recorded of them, but she does approve of them and encourage her children to visit them, and this she could not do if their history was but imposture and lying.

The Sanctuary of our Lady at Lourdes dates from only a very few years back, but it has already received abundant recognition from the Church. Indulgences and gifts have been sent to it by the Supreme Pontiff himself; bishops from every part of the world have visited it on their way to Rome or returning from it; pilgrims flock to it from all parts in ever-increasing numbers. Yes, Lourdes has taken its place among the great Sanctuaries of Christendom; it has become a centre of piety, the scene of innumerable miracles, and a source of faith to an unbelieving generation.

E. E.

ST. VINCENT'S DAY IN VALETTA.

THE natives of Malta, owing to the peculiar nature of their connection with England, are necessarily brought into frequent contact with Protestantism. They have, nevertheless, contrived to preserve their faith fresh and unimpaired; perhaps, indeed, there is no spot in Christendom which enjoys the reputation of being so intensely Catholic as the little island of Malta. Though subject to a Protestant government, it is in some respects privileged beyond other Catholic countries of the present day. For instance, there are no state restrictions upon the public manifestations of its religion, and the Maltese certainly make the most of their opportunities, for each great festival, or favourite saint's day, as it comes round, is welcomed with the most heartfelt demonstrations of joy.

Among the feasts of the saints, that of St. Paul holds the first rank. We are alluding to the 10th of March, the day on which the Maltese commemorate the event of the great Apostle landing in the island. It is observed in Valetta not only as a day of religious obligation, but also in some sort as a national holiday. The religious element finds its expression in solemn services culminating in a grand procession, when a relic and statue of St. Paul are borne through the principal streets of Valetta, followed by several of the religious orders and their confraternities. Fireworks, illuminations, and innocent recreation constitute the holiday-making part of the rejoicings.

The feast of St. Publius comes a little later in the spring. It is a repetition of that of St. Paul, in some respects on a minor scale, but in others it vies with its predecessor in heartiness and magnificence.

But we do not intend to give a detailed description of either of these two great Maltese festivals; we merely refer to them "en passant," as we propose to dwell more at length upon that of St. Vincent Ferrer, feeling sure that it is one which will have a special interest for the readers of the ROSARY MAGAZINE.

The Dominican Fathers form no inconsiderable body in Malta; in fact, a great part of Valetta is under their parochial jurisdiction, and if they have done nothing else for their parishioners (which we are far from admitting), they have

certainly succeeded in imparting to them a very marked devotion to St. Vincent, there being no name more common than that of Vincenzo or Vincenza.

St. Vincent's Day was kept this year on the 29th of April. It was ushered in by a novena, on each morning of which there was a short service, and a sermon was preached in Maltese by one of the Dominican Fathers.

The church of San Domenico is a large handsome building, and has several altars besides the High Altar and the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

On your left hand, as you enter the church, is a large painted image of St. Dominic, protected by glass; on your right hand is a companion image of St. Vincent. During the novena the latter was removed from its ordinary resting-place and raised on a pedestal in a conspicuous part of the church; when the great day arrived, it was surrounded with flowers and lighted tapers. Decorations were lavished on every part of the church with an unsparing hand. The High Altar was resplendent with burnished silver, and when the beams of the sun caused it to reflect the rich colouring of the crimson hangings on the walls of the church, the effect was gorgeous in the extreme. St. Vincent's Altar likewise came in for its full share of splendour.

The Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is reserved almost exclusively for the administration of the Holy Communion, and, consequently, is generally thronged. But on this morning the number of communicants was so great as to render the approach to the altar very difficult, and to many, for a time, impossible.

High Mass was celebrated at about ten o'clock; the music was orchestral, and extremely fine. The sermon was reserved for the afternoon, and was, as a matter of course, preached by one of the Fathers. Not understanding Maltese, we were unable to judge of its merits, but from the many laudatory epithets which the preacher made use of in Italian, always coupling them with the name of Vincenzo, we concluded that he was indulging in a magnificent panegyric upon the virtues of the saint, and the up-turned faces of many of his auditors were expressive of the highest interest and satisfaction.

Shortly after five p.m. the image of St. Vincent was taken down from its pedestal, and the procession formed. We will endeavour, as far as our memory serves us, to give a brief description of it. It was composed solely of Dominican

Fathers and the Confraternity of the Rosary. One of the latter led the van, carrying a large white silk flag; another bore a crucifix, round which were carried large silver lanterns; then came two little acolytes, who were succeeded by a long file of the confraternity, holding large tapers *not* lighted. Now, towering above them all, appeared the image of St. Vincenzo. It was borne by eight men, who almost staggered under the weight of their revered burden, the proportions of which rather exceeded those of life. Close upon the effigy of their Holy Patron followed the Fathers in the simple habit of the order, with the exception of the last three, who were richly vested in the sacerdotal garments. One of them carried a relic of the saint, and the bystanders reverently raised their hats as it passed. It was pleasing to see the pious feeling manifested by many, and the good order that was generally observed. Honesty, however, compels us to admit that if, among the spectators, there were any present who had witnessed the gay and magnificent processions on the Continent, the one then passing before their eyes must have presented rather a gloomy contrast, as it slowly wound its way round the streets adjacent to the church of San Domenico, keeping time to the measured and somewhat lugubrious chanting of the Fathers.

The confraternity adhered strictly to the Dominican colours. Their dress consisted of a long white tunic with a black cape, surmounted by a white collar. Round their heads they wore a white handkerchief arranged somewhat in the fashion of a turban. The snowy whiteness of the head-dress brought out into full relief the swarthy complexions of the wearers, and imparted a decidedly Oriental character to the "tout ensemble." We confess we received a momentary shock; but if, for one brief instant, our thoughts had flown to the crescent, a glance at the large black Rosaries hanging from the girdles of the objects of our unworthy suspicions was sufficient to recall them to the Cross, and convince us that beneath the folds of those somewhat fantastic garments were beating "loyal hearts and true," wholly devoted to Him whose symbol was raised aloft before them.

When we re-entered the church there was nothing left us to desire. The procession (with tapers now lighted) had arranged itself round the High Altar, and the whole of the sacred edifice was ablaze with light, and re-echoing to the sweetest music.

The "Tantum Ergo" was beautifully sung and the Benediction was given from the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. The congregation lingered awhile, then gradually left the church, and St. Vincent's festival was over.

MIRABILIA DEI.

CURES AT ST. WINEFRID'S WELL

IN our May number we published a remarkable case of a miraculous cure which took place, a short time back, at St. Winefrid's Well in North Wales. We have since received a letter from a correspondent giving us a list of wonderful cures of recent occurrence at the same place, all of which can be authenticated by persons who witnessed them. The following passage of the letter, giving the cures, will not be read without interest.

"A lady was cured in 1875 of an internal tumour. She is a personal friend of mine, and remains well.

"A lady who was unable to dress herself, or even to use her arms, was perfectly cured at her first bath. This cure was witnessed by the keepers of the well.

"An old man was brought by his friends to Holywell, and was obliged to be carried up to his room in his lodgings. He crawled into the bath on his hands and knees, but he returned to his room walking with the aid of sticks. The second day he was able to throw them away, walked upstairs, and has remained perfectly well ever since. His name was M——, and he lodged with a Mrs. ——, near the well, by whom and by the well-keepers this is attested.

"A gentleman past middle age came to Holywell for his health, in an extremely nervous and weak state, having been suffering with serious head affections for two years before, and forbidden by his medical attendant to even attempt bathing, as it would be likely, or certain, to bring on apoplexy and sudden death. His faith induced him to bathe in St. Winefrid's well; he did it with the intention of gaining the conversion of two friends. The third bath cured himself, and he has remained strong and well, and able for any

exertion of mind or body, ever since, more than a year ago. This is attested by the person with whom he was lodging.

"A lady, Mrs. W—, of —. This lady had fits, several a day, and it required four persons to put her into the bath the first time. She came out of the first bath perfectly cured and strong, and has remained well. I saw her and talked to her some weeks after her cure.

"A girl who had not walked for more than two years was perfectly cured in one bath. This is attested by the people with whom she lodged, and by the keepers of the well.

"The above are authenticated instances of the wonderful cures effected by the powerful intercession of St. Winefrid at her wonderful well. I send them to you in a rough state, as taken down from those who witnessed them last year. I have no permission to give names, but only do so to you privately, that you may, if you wish, identify the cases. There are so many every year that the exception of a cure not being obtained is more remarkable than the cures effected."

SERVANTS OF MARY.

A BISHOP.

ON Holy Saturday last there died an excellent prelate of the Church, Monsignor Pallu du Parc, Bishop of Blois. This good Bishop was so devout to our Lady of the Rosary that, as the *Couronne de Marie* observes, he might be called the Bishop of the Rosary. It was his great pleasure to extend the devotion of the Rosary, and to collect all the facts he could meet with which redounded to its glory. It was he who obtained from the Holy Father the weekly Plenary Indulgence for reciting the Rosary during the General Council of the Vatican.*

* As the General Council is not concluded, but only suspended on account of the circumstances of the times, this indulgence can still be gained. It is granted to *all the faithful* who, during the Council, shall say every day a third part of the Rosary—that is, five mysteries. The conditions are the usual ones of confession, communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions; and it may be gained once a week.

The Vicars General thus conclude their letter announcing to the faithful of the diocese of Blois the death of their chief pastor :

“In conclusion, let us mention the particular devotion of the deceased prelate to the Blessed Virgin, and especially to the Holy Rosary. How great was his love for this devotion ! How frequently he used to visit the religious communities of his episcopal city, and of late years the Seminary also, in order to explain the mysteries of the Rosary, which he was accustomed to do in a manner most instructive and devout ! And, during the last months of his life, his only occupation was the recitation of the prayers that comprise this devotion. Therefore we are confident that the Holy Mother of Jesus will have received him with maternal affection when he presented himself before her laden with the indulgences which he had obtained for himself and for the souls in purgatory ; for he had made them over with generous self-sacrifice to their benefit.”

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.*

THIS book of legends of the Blessed Sacrament contains a number of incidents relating to the Holy Eucharist, gathered from the lives of the Saints and the history of the Church. It is written in a simple and excellent style, and it is evident that the work has been a labour of love to the authoress. It is very beautifully printed and bound, and its numerous woodcuts will make it a very attractive book for children, while its contents are such as will tend to nourish the piety of all. The legends are selected from every age of the Church's history, from the martyred Pontiffs of the Catacombs, through the Middle Ages, down to the Ven. Anna Maria Taigi, who belongs to our time.

We have noticed some few inaccuracies, which are, however, too slight to interfere with the pious interest of the book. Thus St. Thomas Aquinas is spoken of as Superior-General of

* “Legends of the Blessed Sacrament. By Emily Mary Shapcoote. London : Burns and Oates.”

his Order, which he never was; the Franciscan Martyrs of Gorcum are called Capuchins instead of Observantines; Sister! Anne Catharine Emmerich is called Blessed, though she has not been beatified by the Church. These are, it must be owned, but very slight blemishes, particularly in a work which embraces such a large variety of incidents.

The following legend will serve as an example of the contents of the work :—

LOVE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT REWARDED BY A MIRACULOUS
CONVERSION, A.D. 1590.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century there lived in Naples a nobleman, by name Horatio Grannopoli, who made it his constant care and duty to promote the honour and adoration of the most Holy Sacrament. A portion of his patrimony he devoted to the erection of beautiful altars and the adornment of the tabernacle. It was with pain that he observed how in many parish churches the King of Heaven was allowed to abide in dwellings all unbefitting the Divine majesty, and that he was so often carried to the sick without notable state. He did not hesitate to beg from door to door in order to collect a sufficient amount of capital, the interest of which should furnish all these poor churches with befitting ornaments and wax candles. Unmindful of his high birth, with but the honour and glory of God in view, he traversed the whole city. Great personages, bankers, captains, received his visit, and his first words invariably were, "Praised be the most Holy Sacrament!" Then he begged an alms for the altars of our ever-present Lord in His poor churches. In this manner he collected a considerable sum together.

One morning, as he was leaving the church of St. Joseph, he observed a well-dressed man of noble appearance, who was quite a stranger to him, step out from a neighbouring palace. At once he accosted him, and begged of him an alms in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, as he had begged others. But the nobleman, struck with astonishment, replied, with a mocking smile, "It is a mistake, my friend; I am an Englishman, and my name is Thomas Acton. The religion I observe is not the same as thine, and I shall take good heed that no alms of mine shall be used for the worship of a piece of bread." Full of tender compassion, Grannopoli bowed to the Englishman and departed. But the latter, calling him

back, begged that he would not feel pained by his reply, assuring him that he was struck by the splendour and beauty of the processions, but that it was beyond his power to believe in a God present in the Host. Then he presented him with a purse containing fifteen dollars, with the signification that this should not be spent in the glorification of the Blessed Sacrament, but should be employed in supplying his own necessities.

Grannopoli took the money with thanks, but remained in doubt whether or not he might apply this sum to his pious purpose. He consulted therefore the Cardinal Archbishop Cantelini, who gave him the necessary permission, saying at the same time, "Let us pray our Lord that this alms may obtain for him light and the gift of conversion."

A full year had passed by when the Englishman was taken ill of a fever and brought to death's door. One morning this news reached the ears of Grannopoli as he was accompanying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. At once he recalled to mind the generosity of the man, and how his gift had been employed in the glorification of the Blessed Sacrament. Full of confidence in the compassion of our Lord, he betook himself to the parish priest of St. Joseph's, in whose parish the sick Englishman lay, begging him for love of God to attempt the conversion of this poor heretic. The parish priest was willing, but first took counsel of the Archbishop, who not merely permitted, but commanded him to make use of every means to draw him into the Catholic Church. After many difficulties he succeeded in making his way to the bedside of the dying man; but success did not attend his steps. "I know well," said the sick man, "that you desire to have my body after my death, in order that you may bury it and be well paid for doing so. But you are mistaken; you will never gain me over. In the English Church I have lived, and in the English Church I will die." The good priest replied, "I have no interest but in the salvation of your soul. The Catholic faith alone is true and necessary for the saving of your soul; without it you are lost." Then he placed before him reasons for his consideration; but all in vain. The poor heretic gave little heed and no weight to all his reasoning, and the priest left him with little hope.

In the meantime the sick man became daily weaker, and his death nearer. One day he fell into a deadly faint, and for hours showed no signs of life. Full of grief, the good priest

had given him up for lost, when, contrary to all expectations, the dying man rallied and sent for him. As soon as he entered the room, "Sir priest," said he, "I am resolved to follow your advice. I desire to be a Catholic, and if I die, as I expect, I wish to be buried in your Church of St. Joseph." Surprised and overjoyed at this sudden change, the servant of God lost no time in teaching the sick man the most prominent mysteries of the faith and in receiving him into the Catholic Church. He confessed and received absolution. After which he begged the priest for the Holy Communion in these words: "Now I believe with my whole heart in the real presence of Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament, and I regret that I so long rejected this belief; nevertheless, I have this consolation, that I never caused at any time an injury to the most Holy Sacrament." With deep devotion and lively faith he then received the Holy Communion.

Thomas Acton lived some hours longer in the full use of his faculties. His longing desire for Holy Communion revealed to others that something extraordinary had taken place in him. The parish priest begged him therefore to disclose this last secret. The sick man replied, "At the moment when I sank into a faint, I saw through the window of my room an angel appear before me with what seemed to me to be a note of debt in his hand. A second angel followed him with a bouquet of most lovely flowers, which he gave into my hands with these words: 'If thou wouldst enjoy true happiness, thou must enter the Catholic Church.' Now I understood that the note of debt referred to the fifteen dollars which I one day gave as an alms, and without the least intention of doing honour to the Blessed Sacrament; I understood further that those pieces of money which I had given with a good heart were represented by those flowers, which flowers were a loving invitation to me to enter the blooming pastures of paradise. My resolve was taken; and I promised God without delay to become a Catholic."

So spake the dying Thomas Acton, his words being often broken by acts of contrition, desire for heaven, and love of God. In these pious dispositions he gave up the ghost.

THE DIVINE CALL.

Lord.

My son, wilt thou attend My call ?
Then know, if thou wouldst perfect be,
Thou must deny thyself, leave all,
Take up thy cross, and follow Me !

Disciple.

I hear Thy voice inviting me
To tread Thy paths of pain and woe,
Oh, gladly will I follow Thee,
My Lord, wherever Thou shalt go !

Lord.

Reflect, my son ! rough is the road,
And steep the path—bestrewn with thorns ;
Behold My cross's heavy load,
And see what crown My head adorns !

Disciple.

Though rough the road which Thou hast trod,
And crimsoned 'neath Thy bleeding feet,
Yet will I follow Thee, my God—
For love of Thee makes all things sweet !

Lord.

Canst thou ascend to Calvary,
Where I was mocked and crucified ?
My chalice canst thou share with Me,
And, outcast, die as I have died ?

Disciple.

Lord, I will drink the cup with Thee,
Unflinching till my latest breath,
With Thy sweet grace unceasingly,
To strengthen me in life and death.

Lord.

Enough, my son ! then meekly bear
Each cross in union with My will,
Thus in My suff'rings shalt thou share,
And thus My call shalt thou fulfil.

Disciple.

Thy will be done ! For Thy dear sake,
With love and joy, most gracious Lord,
My daily cross through life I'll take,
To gain at death my sure reward !

Oh, Christian, dost thou hear the call ?
" If any man will perfect be,
Let him deny himself, leave all,
Take up his cross, and follow me."

Obeys it then, nor yet too late,
To thee this day the word is given :
Bear thou with joy thy cross's weight,
And it will bear thee on to heaven !

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF PIUS IX.—The event of greatest interest to Catholic piety during the past month has undoubtedly been the celebration of the Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father.

The distinguishing feature of the celebration has been the deputations of Catholics who have gone to Rome to present their homage to the Holy Father. There has been no grand concourse of pilgrims at Rome to take part in some special solemn act, such as has been witnessed on other occasions during the reign of Pius IX., but there has been a continual succession of deputations of pilgrims coming from every part of the Catholic world, who have visited the Sovereign Pontiff,

offered him their address of congratulation and their presents, have listened to his words of exhortation, counsel, and warning, and then have given place to others come for the same purpose.

The first deputation was received by the Pope on April 30; it was that of Savoy. On the same day the Jubilee offering of the diocese of Armagh was presented. The Breton pilgrims were received on May 2, and the French pilgrims on May 5, the feast of St. Pius V. The next deputation received by the Holy Father was that from England, on May 10. In our last number we gave the text of the Pope's address to the pilgrims. Then followed in quick succession the receptions of the deputations from Canada, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Belgium, the United States, the Irish Members of Parliament, Switzerland, Austria, Portugal, Croatia, Poland, besides many others from various dioceses of Italy and France, and from other places, amongst which must be especially mentioned that from the diocese of Spoleto, to which Pius IX. was consecrated fifty years ago.

Sunday, June 3, was the actual anniversary of the consecration of the Holy Father as Bishop. It was celebrated in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, in which, as our readers are probably aware, the chains with which St. Peter was bound in prison are preserved; it was in this church that Pius IX. was consecrated bishop. The noble Basilica was magnificently decorated for the occasion with splendid hangings, and with medallions containing paintings of the principal canonized bishops of the Church.

The High Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Simeoni, the titular of the church, and at it nearly all the cardinals and nearly 200 bishops assisted. The music, which was Palestrina's, and was sung without accompaniment by a choir of 150 voices, is described as being sublimely beautiful.

The Pope himself said Mass in the Sistine Chapel, this being the first time it has been used since the Italian occupation of Rome.

Later on in the day the Italian deputation was received by the Holy Father, who spoke to the pilgrims of his joy at receiving the congratulations of his own countrymen, and blessed them great tenderness and affection.

The next day the reception of deputations again began. Many thousands of pilgrims from various dioceses of Italy and France were received, and a deputation from Corfu.

Since then the Irish pilgrims, headed by Cardinal Cullen, have been received, as well as those of Spain, and deputations from Malta, Dalmatia, and Tyrol.

The *Weekly Register* gives the following estimate of the pilgrims who have visited Rome for the Holy Father's Jubilee, which it rightly calls a very moderate one:—6,000 French, including Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops; 4,000 Spaniards; 3,000 Italians; 1,000 Belgians, under Cardinal Deschamps; 800 Germans; 1,000 Austrians, among them Cardinal Schwarzenberg; 500 from the United States; 160 Canadians; 250 Brazilians; 200 Portuguese, under the Cardinal Patriarch; 300 English and Irish; in all 17,210.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE OUTSIDE ROME.—The 3rd of June was not celebrated at Rome alone; the whole Catholic world seems to have taken part in it. In England and Ireland there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the day in all places where it could be done, and innumerable Communion sanctified the day. In all countries there have been similar exercises of devotion.

In many places there have been public manifestations of rejoicing, by illuminations and processions.

In Tyrol and Styria the mountains were lit up with bonfires, and there were illuminations and processions in the towns.

The excellent American *Catholic Review* says of the celebration in the United States:—"We gladly doubt if any part of the world felt more filial enthusiasm than did the Catholics of America. If it did not everywhere assume the proportions of the demonstration in New Orleans, or of the procession in St. Louis, which put 30,000 men in line, or the outward enthusiasm of the Germans of New York, who made every house of their quarter gay with the flags of America, the Rhineland, the Pope, and Ireland, it was everywhere throughout the land deep, hearty, and consolatory. The number who went to Communion for the Pope's intentions was simply marvellous."

From Ireland we hear of illuminations, bonfires, and public processions. The city of Cork seems to have excelled the rest of the Irish towns. The public rejoicing was postponed until Thursday, June 8, in order to give more time for preparation, and it is said that within the memory of man nothing has been seen at Cork to approach the brilliancy of the display. The whole city was illuminated and adorned with trees, ever-

greens, and flags. Whole districts of the town and suburbs were converted into beautiful groves, in the midst of which an endless variety of flags, mottoes, and devices gleamed in rich variety. Not only were the principal streets adorned, but even the humblest lanes and alleys, and the brilliant illumination turned night into day. Triumphal arches spanned the streets in many places, and everywhere portraits of Pius IX. held a prominent place, together with representations of the Immaculate Conception, which he has been privileged to define. The churches in particular were magnificently illuminated. The Cathedral tower was illuminated to its summit; rockets and coloured lights were displayed. The Dominican Church of St. Mary's on the Quay was one of the most tastefully decorated, with flags, lamps, and gas jets, while the statue of our Lady on the portico was encircled and crowned with fire.

The decorations and illuminations were extended to the neighbouring towns of Queenstown, Blackrock, etc., while the hills about the harbour were ablaze with light. The population behaved with great enthusiasm, but also with the greatest order and sobriety, so that there was nothing to mar the beauty of this demonstration of loyalty to Pius IX.

The city of Bruges, in Belgium, celebrated its public manifestations of joy on Sunday, the 10th. The day began, as elsewhere, with numerous communions offered for the Holy Father, and the churches were crowded again in the afternoon to listen to the special sermons preached for the occasion. The whole town was decorated, even the poorest streets, with festoons of the Papal colours, yellow and white, with banners, pictures of the Pope and saints, and the like. At night there was a display of fireworks on the Grand Canal, and a general illumination of the whole city, the most striking feature of which was an electric light on the top of the great tower of the Cathedral of St. Saviour, which lit up the towers and spires of the entire town. Of course the city was thronged with people, but the greatest order and decorum prevailed.

INTENTIONS FOR PRAYER.

The following Intentions for Prayer are recommended to the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary:—

The Sovereign Pontiff.

Those suffering from persecution in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere.

The Missions and Missionaries of the Church, and especially those of the Order of St. Dominic.

The Catholic interests of the countries now engaged in war, and the restoration of peace.

Means to accomplish an important undertaking.

A mother asks prayers for her son's vocation to the priesthood.

Concord in a family.

Detachment of heart.

The safe return of a father to his family.

The intentions of a religious.

Some persons out of the Church.

The recovery of a young man.

The repose of the souls of some parents and friends.

The recovery of a friend.

Means to pay heavy engagements, and relief for one in suffering, if it be God's will.

A religious community earnestly beg prayers for help in a great trial.

That obstacles to a religious vocation may be removed.

A religious community.

The removal of a calumny.

The conversion of parents and of a young lady.

A person in delicate health.

A special favour, if it be God's will.

Safety through a trial, and another special intention.

That a person may be able to go frequently to Communion with proper dispositions.

That a person's eyesight may be restored.

The conversion of a husband addicted to drink, and that he may obtain a situation.

A religious vocation.

A spiritual favour.

The conversion of one who has left his religion to please his wife.

A husband and children.

A son who has not been heard of for twenty years.

Two very particular intentions.

A young man easily led into evil.

The repose of the soul of a mother, and other intentions.

The conversion of a father and son.

That a member may have the grace to know her vocation.

The conversion of a Protestant family.

The cure of a poor woman.

The particular intention of a young man.

A vocation to the religious life of a young man.

Many other intentions.

Thanks are returned for great improvement in the health of a person placed in the intention list.

Thanks are returned for a spiritual favour—also for a temporal favour, and for a special grace.

N.B. Intentions for prayer are not inserted unless authenticated by the address and name of the sender. Intentions must be forwarded by the 15th of the month to ensure insertion.



